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HYMNS OF WESTERN EUROPE

Selected and Edited by

Sir H. Walford Davies

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With a Preface by

THE RIGHT HON. D. LLOYD GEORGE

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HYMNS OF WESTERN EUROPE

PREFACE

THERE is evidently a growing dissatisfaction with the choice of hymns for Divine Service. The number and variety of our Hymnals bear witness to the need of an accepted standard: this need is accentuated by a diversity of use and practice which has already passed beyond the bounds of a reasonable freedom. It is the more to be lamented because of the important part which hymn-singing occupies in corporate worship: by its appeal to the congregation as a whole, by its contribution to the Service of Praise, and by its power, if rightly employed, of stimulating and ennobling religious emotion. By the melody of a great hymn, not less than by its words, the souls of the worshippers are fired until the House of the Lord is filled with His Glory.

A grave responsibility, therefore, attaches to those on whom it falls to select and present this part of the Service. Yet there is no part which, in current practice, is treated with more indifference and neglect. Most Hymnals intended for congregational use are far too large and far too comprehensive; they admit examples, both of words and of music, the counterparts of which would be excluded without question from prayer or homily: it is a matter of common experience that this vital portion of our service has been marred by the intrusion of verses and melodies which in point of purity, of dignity, of reverence, fall short of the ideal which worship rightly should demand. And this is not because there is an insufficiency of great and noble work: this plea, even if it could be offered, is ruled out by the abundance that already exists. The real reason is an apathy and indifference which, at the present day, as on more than one previous occasion, has allowed abuses to creep in unchecked and unnoticed. This collection is an attempt to show that the standard, which all would admit to be desirable, can in practice be realized. It is frankly a compilation: with one exception no tune by a living composer is included: a few sets of words have been specially written when the tune adopted has some special characteristics of rhythm or stanza; otherwise the hymns have been taken from the chief accepted treasuries of Western Europe. The Editors, in short, have been not originators but transmitters: choosing and here presenting the best examples that they could find in hymnaries which have stood the test of time and have shown themselves

1340-B

most worthy of acceptance. To some of the more recent of these, and especially to the Oxford, the English, and the Yattendon Hymnals, and the Songs of Syon, they have been deeply indebted. The total number of hymns has been fixed at two hundred and eighty, together with twenty more elaborate settings which can be sung as anthems; and these are amply sufficient for use during the Christian year. It should be noted that they include a large number of the finest Welsh melodies. Previous collections have, as a rule, made insufficient use of these, and have needlessly impoverished their store by the disregard of one of its richest sources. Such tunes as Braint and Moab should be part of the religious inheritance of our whole people: it is full time that they and their like should be brought into the common service of the Church.

One word may be added on the difficult problem of Hymn-singing. The lyric side of worship covers a wide emotional range: praise and meditation, penitence and thanksgiving, all alike have their own place and require their own methods of treatment. But there is a tendency at the present time to sing almost all hymns too fast, and particularly those which have broad and simple melodies. This means a loss of dignity and reverence which has no countervailing excuse: it may easily degenerate into a tone of levity which is equally unsuited to place and purpose. A due discrimination should, of course, be observed: much depends on the occasion and on the character of the words: but the noblest and most monumental of our tunes have a stateliness of movement which is fully compatible with religious fervour and which is degraded by light or hasty utterance. Hymns are for the service of God and for the spiritual benefit of those who worship Him: neither of these aspects can be impaired without grave detriment to the other.

D. LLOYD GEORGE

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Particular acknowledgements are made below to these and to the other owners of copyright words or melodies who have kindly permitted the use of them for the present book:

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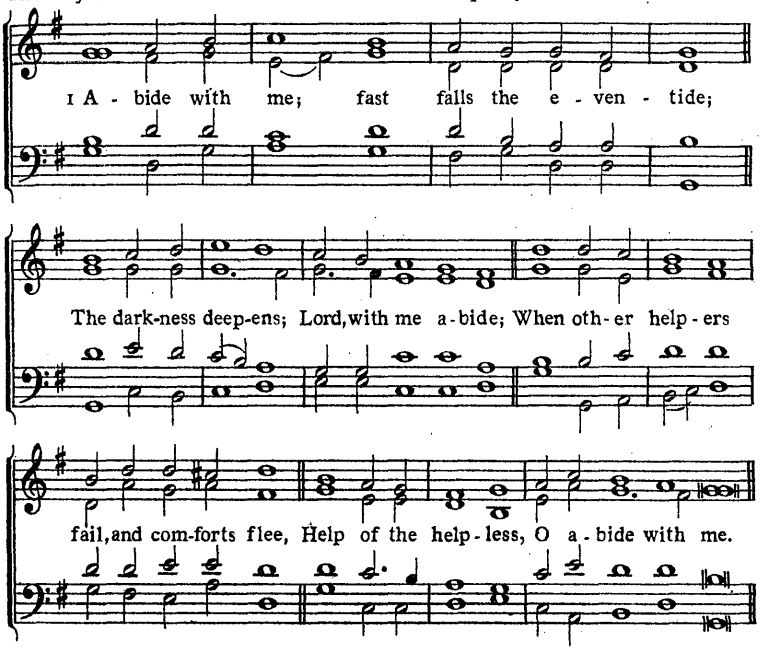
ABIDE WITH ME; FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE

I

Old 124th (10. 10. 10. 10)

H. F. Lyte

Adapted from the Genevan Psalter

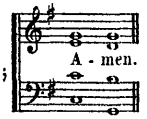


2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

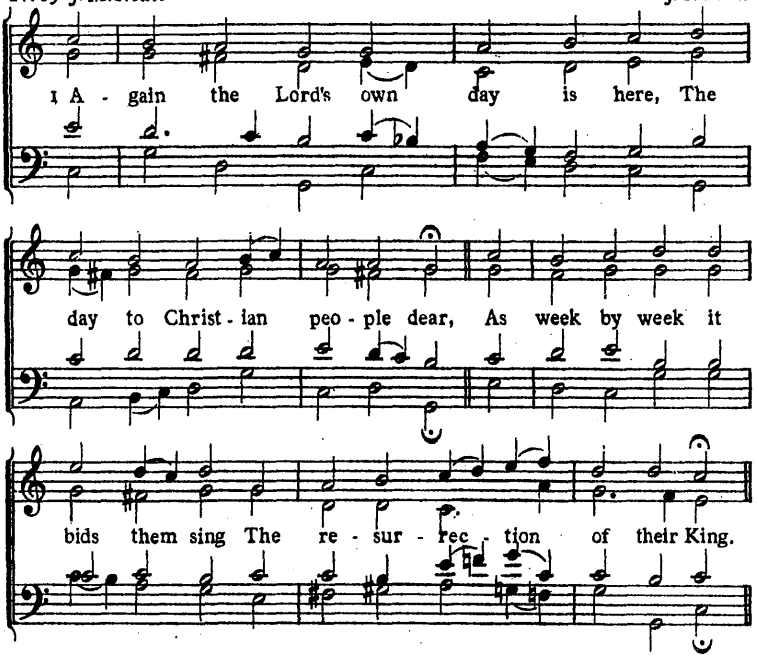


AGAIN THE LORD'S OWN DAY IS HERE

Beccles (L.M.)

Thomas à Kempis
Tr. by J. M. Neale

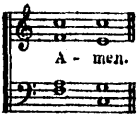
J. S. Bach



2 For his return to live and reign
Is our most sure and certain gain;
And we, who trust in him to save,
With him are risen from the grave.

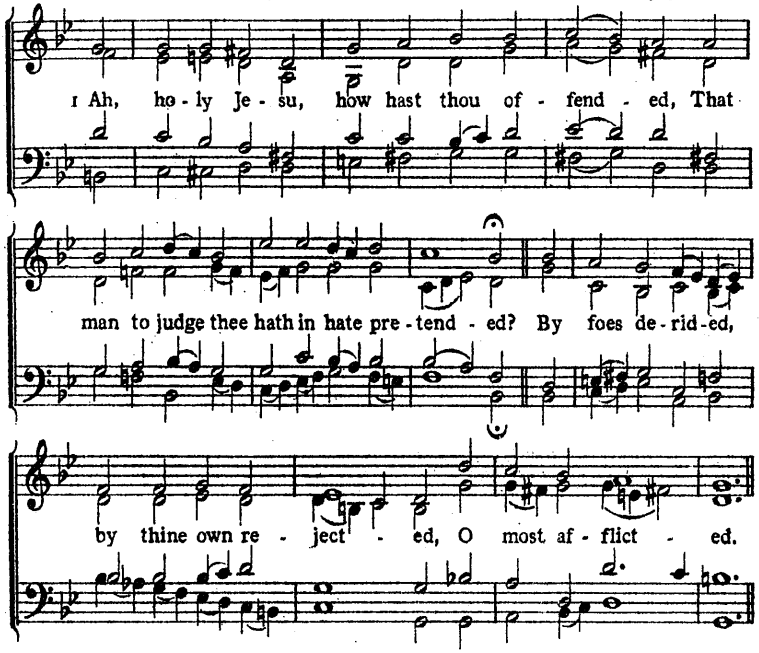
3 We, one and all, of him possess'd,
Are with exceeding riches bless'd;
For all he did, and all he bare,
And all he won, with him we share.

4 Eternal glory, rest on high,
A blessèd immortality,
True peace and gladness, and a throne,
Are all his gifts, and all our own.

5 To thee, who art the soul's true rest,
Who times and seasons orderest,
Be glory, honour, thanks, and praise,
To-day and through the length of days. Amen.

AH, HOLY JESU

Herzliebster Jesu (II. II. II. 5)

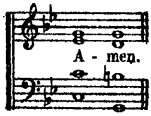
J. Hermann — *Yattendon Hymnal, No. 42*

J. Crüger — *Harm. by J. S. Bach*

2 Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon thee?
Alas, my treason, Jesu, hath undone thee.
'Twas I, Lord Jesu, I it was denied thee:
I crucified thee.

3 Lo, the good shepherd for the sheep is offered;
The slave hath sinned, and the Son hath suffered;
For man's atonement, while he nothing heedeth,
God intercedeth.

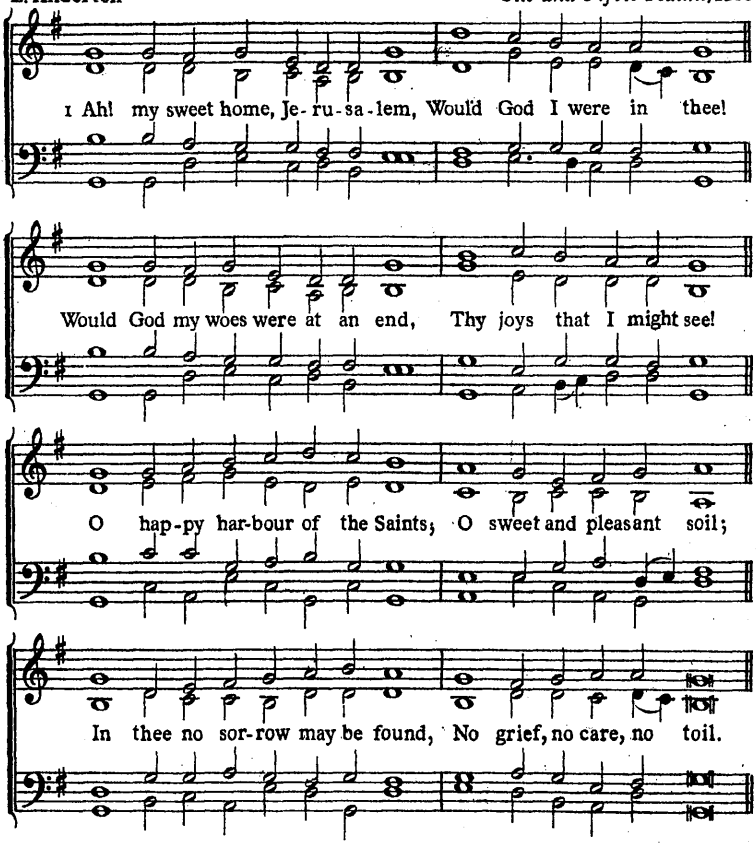
4 For me, kind Jesu, was thy incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation;
Thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

5 Therefore, kind Jesu, since I cannot pay thee,
I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee
Think on thy pity and thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving. Amen.



AH! MY SWEET HOME JERUSALEM.

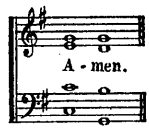
Old 44th (D.C.M.)

L. Anderton — *One and Fiftie Psalms, 1556*

2 In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore;
In thee there is no dread of death,
But life for evermore.
Thy saints are crown'd with glory great;
They see God face to face:
They triumph still, they still rejoice;
Most happy is their case.

3 Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnishèd with trees and fruits
Most wonderful and rare:
Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

4 Quite through the streets with silver sound
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.
There trees for evermore bear fruit
And evermore do spring;
And evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

5 There David stands with harp in hand
As master of the choir;
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might that music hear.
Ah! my sweet home Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee;
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see. Amen.



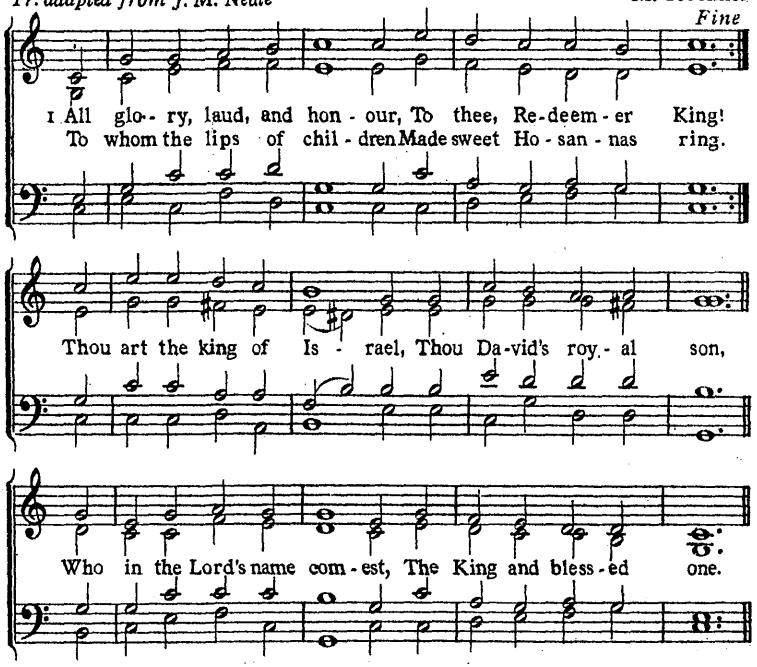
ALL GLORY, LAUD, AND HONOUR

St. Theodulph of Orleans
Tr. adapted from J. M. Neale

St. Theodulph (76.76 D.)

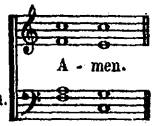
M. Teschner

Fine



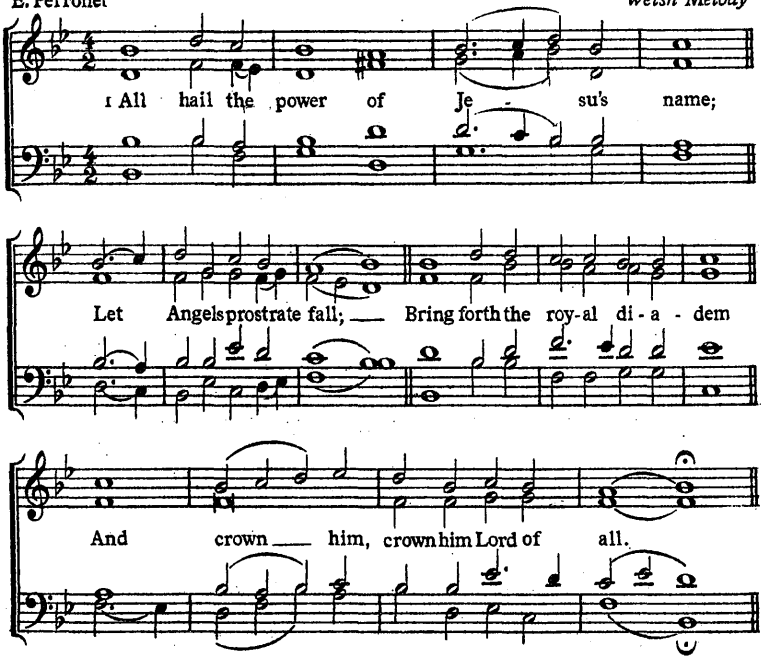
2 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.
All glory, &c.

3 To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, &c. Amen.



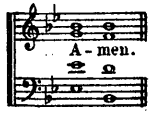
ALL HAIL THE POWER

Brynhyfryd (C. M.)

E. Perronet — *Welsh Melody*

2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, man divine,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound Creation's call
Acclaim in universal song
The crowned Lord of all. Amen.

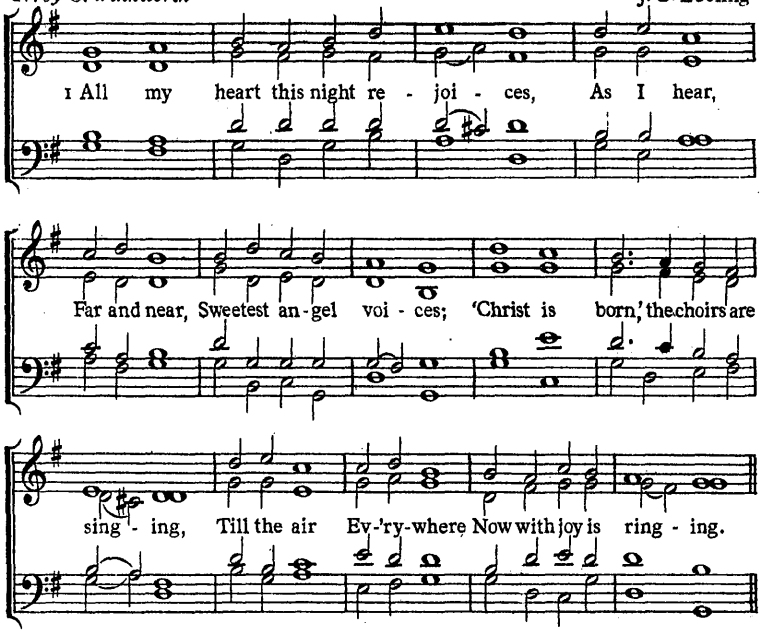


ALL MY HEART THIS NIGHT REJOICES

Ebeling (8 3 3 6. D.)

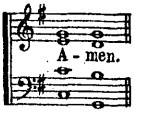
P. Gerhardt
Tr. by C. Winkworth

J. G. Ebeling



2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
'Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you.'

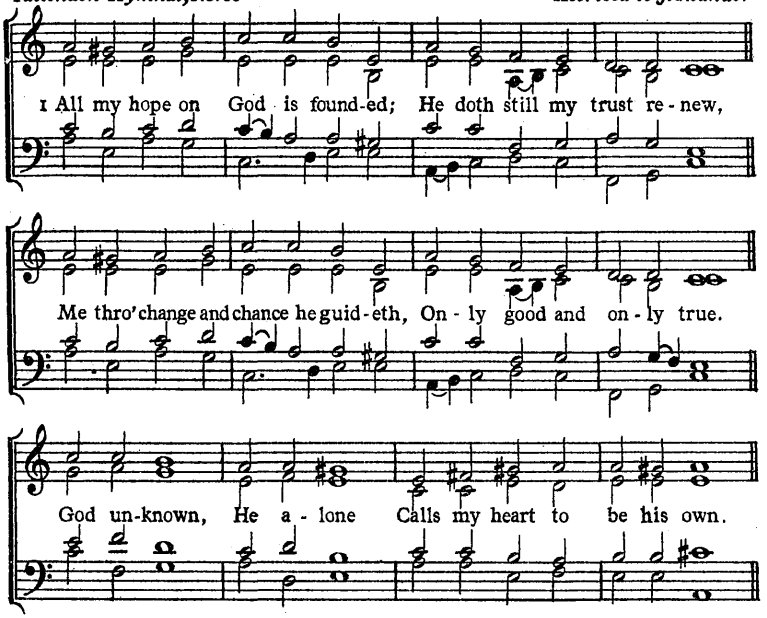
3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love him who with love is yearning!
Hail the star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning.

4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish;
Live to thee,
And with thee
Dying shall not perish;
But shall dwell with thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never. Amen.

ALL MY HOPE ON GOD IS FOUNDED

Meine Hoffnung (87. 87. 33. 7)

J. Neander

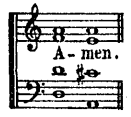
Yattendon Hymnal, No. 69 — *Ascribed to J. Neander*



2 Pride of man and earthly glory,
Sword and crown betray his trust:
What with care and toil he buildeth,
Tower and temple fall to dust.
But God's pow'r,
Hour by hour,
Is my temple and my tow'r.

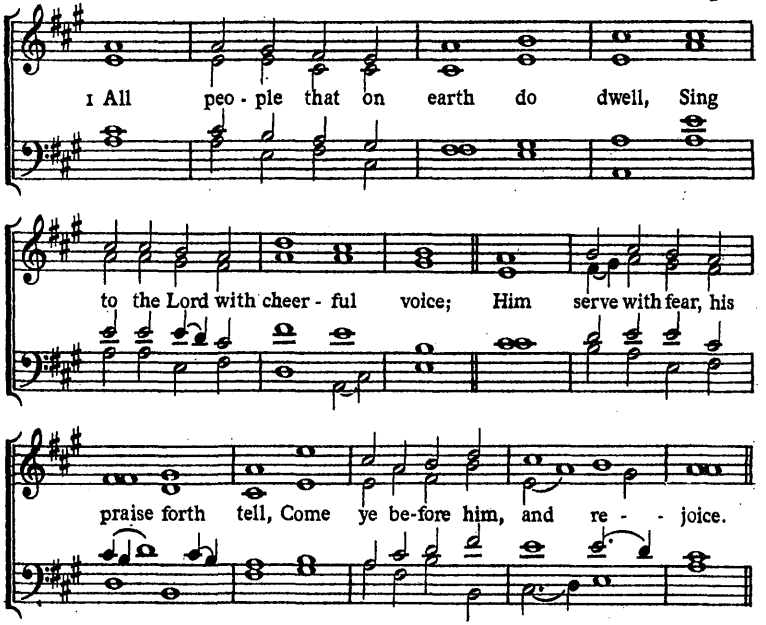
3 God's great goodness aye endureth,
Deep his wisdom passing thought:
Splendour, light and life attend him,
Beauty springeth out of nought.
Evermore
From his store
New-born worlds rise and adore.

4 Daily doth th' Almighty Giver
Bounteous gifts on us bestow.
His desire our soul delighteth,
Pleasure leads us where we go.
Love doth stand
At his hand;
Joy doth wait on his command.

5 Still from man to God eternal
Sacrifice of praise be done,
High above all praises praising
For the gift of Christ his Son.
Christ doth call
One and all;
Ye who follow shall not fall. Amen.

ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL

Old Hundredth (L.M.)

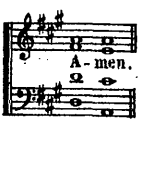
W. Kethe L. Bourgeois



2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his folk, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 Oh enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

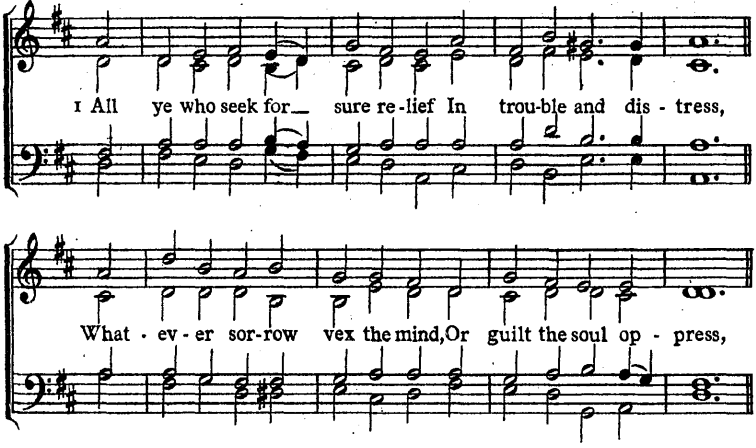
5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

ALL YE WHO SEEK FOR SURE RELIEF

10

St. Bernard (C.M.)

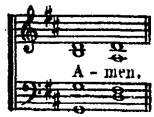
XVIIIth Century

Tr. by E. Caswall

From *Tochter Sion, 1741*

2 Jesus, who gave himself for you
Upon the cross to die,
Opens to you his sacred heart;
O to that heart draw nigh.

3 Ye hear how kindly he invites;
Ye hear his words so blest;
'All ye that labour come to me,
And I will give you rest.'

4 O Jesus, joy of saints on high,
Thou hope of sinners here,
Attracted by those loving words
To thee we lift our prayer.

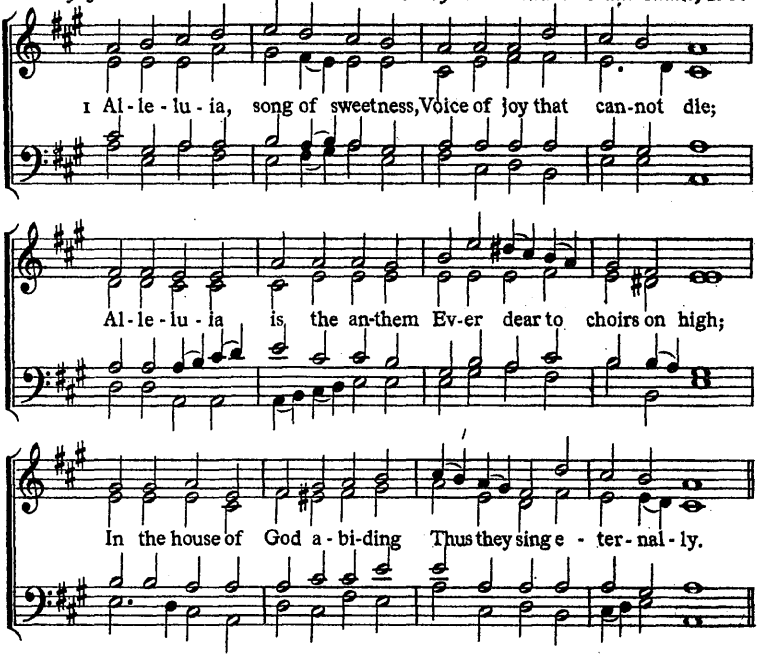
5 Wash thou our wounds in that dear blood
Which from thy heart doth flow;
A new and contrite heart on all
Who cry to thee bestow. Amen.

II

ALLELUIA, SONG OF SWEETNESS

Corinth (87. 87. 87.)

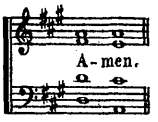
XIth Century

Tr. by J. M. Neale

Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful Mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forgo:
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray thee,
Grant us, Blessèd Trinity,
At the last to keep thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky,
There to thee for ever singing
Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

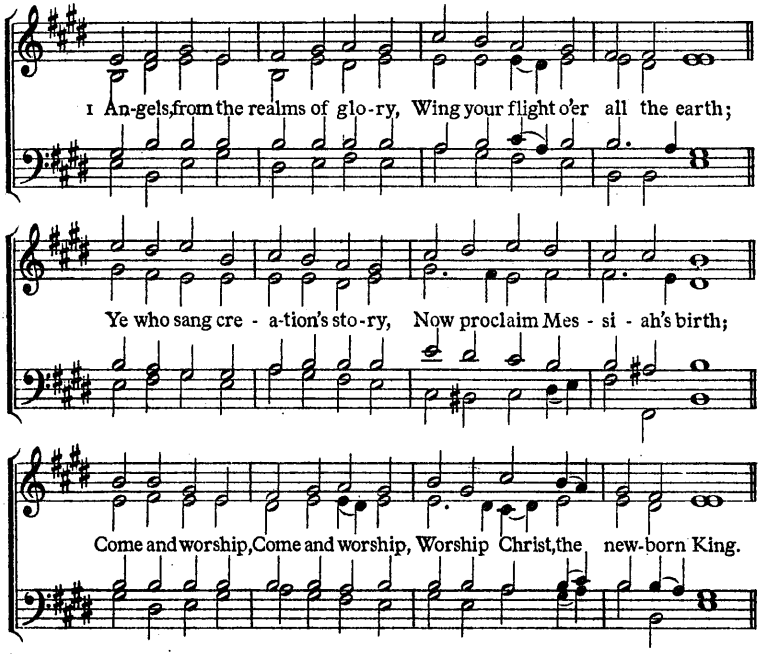


12

ANGELS, FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

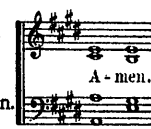
St. Thomas (87. 87. 47.)

J. Montgomery — *From* S. Webbe



2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the Infant Light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

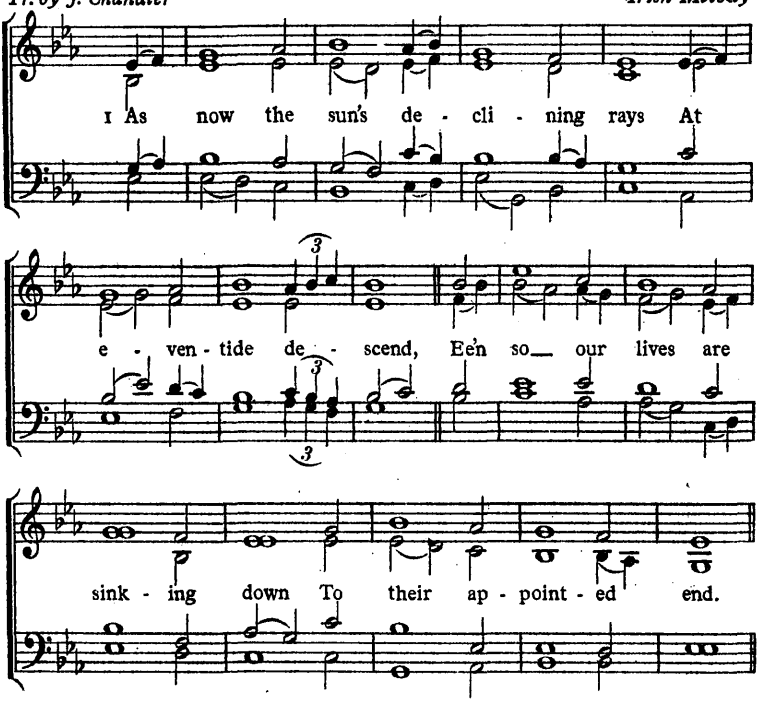
3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations,
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 All creation, join in praising
God the Father, Spirit, Son—
Evermore your voices raising
To th' Eternal Three in One;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. Amen.

13

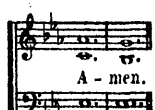
AS NOW THE SUN'S DECLINING RAYS

St. Columba (C.M.)

C. Coffin
Tr. by J. Chandler

Irish Melody

2 Lord, on the Cross thine arms were stretched
To draw thy people nigh;
O grant us then that Cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

3 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

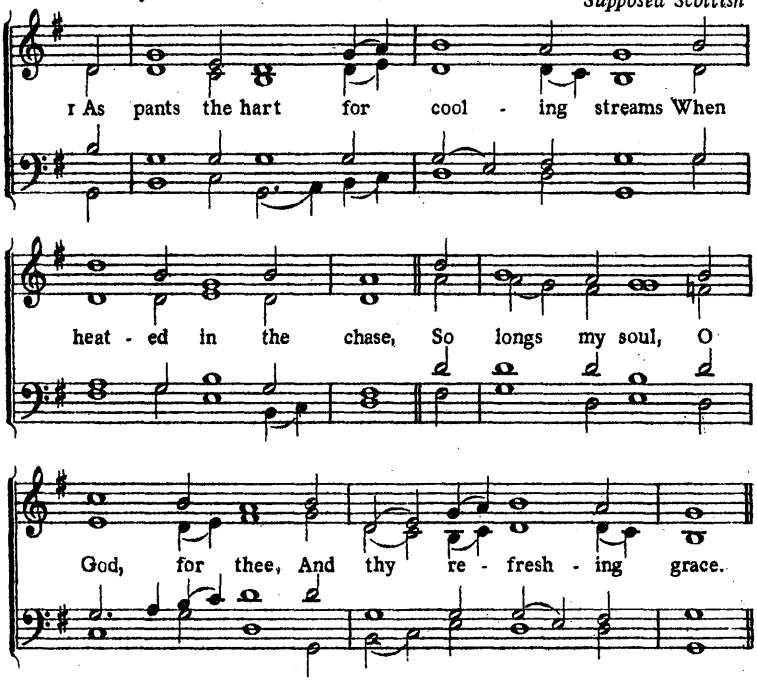


14

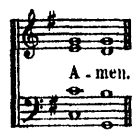
AS PANTS THE HART FOR COOLING STREAMS

Martyrdom (C.M.)

Tate and Brady

Smith, *Sacred Music, 1825*
Supposed Scottish

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

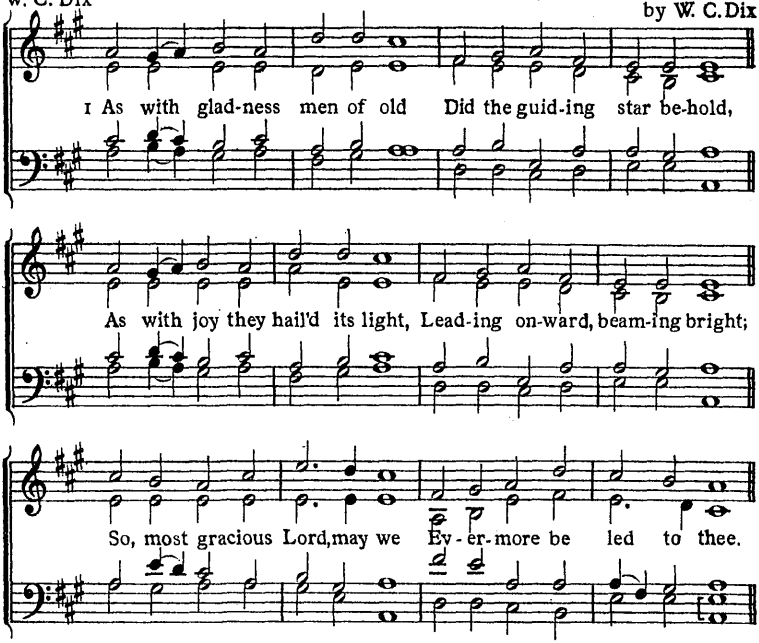
4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

15

AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD.

Dix (Treuer Heiland)(77. 77. 77)

W. C. Dix

Adapted from Conrad Kocher by W. C. Dix

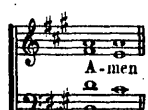


2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heav'n and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offer'd gifts most rare
At thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransom'd souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

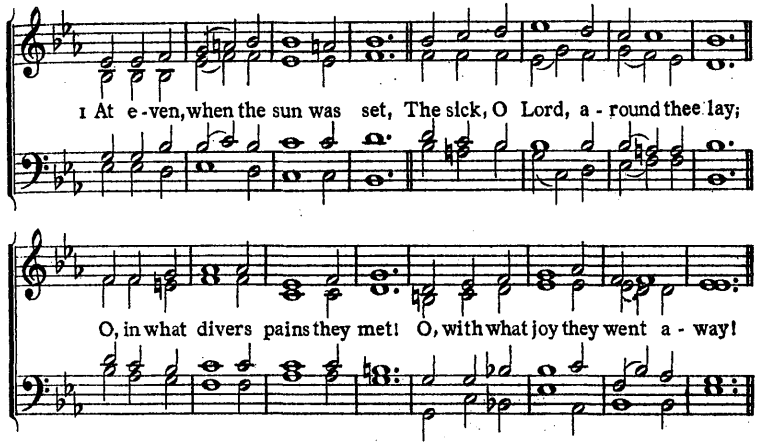
5 In the heav'nly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our king. Amen.



AT EVEN WHEN THE SUN WAS SET

Angelus (L. M.)

H. Twells G. Joseph



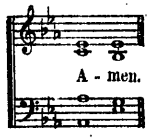
2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppress'd with various ills draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee;

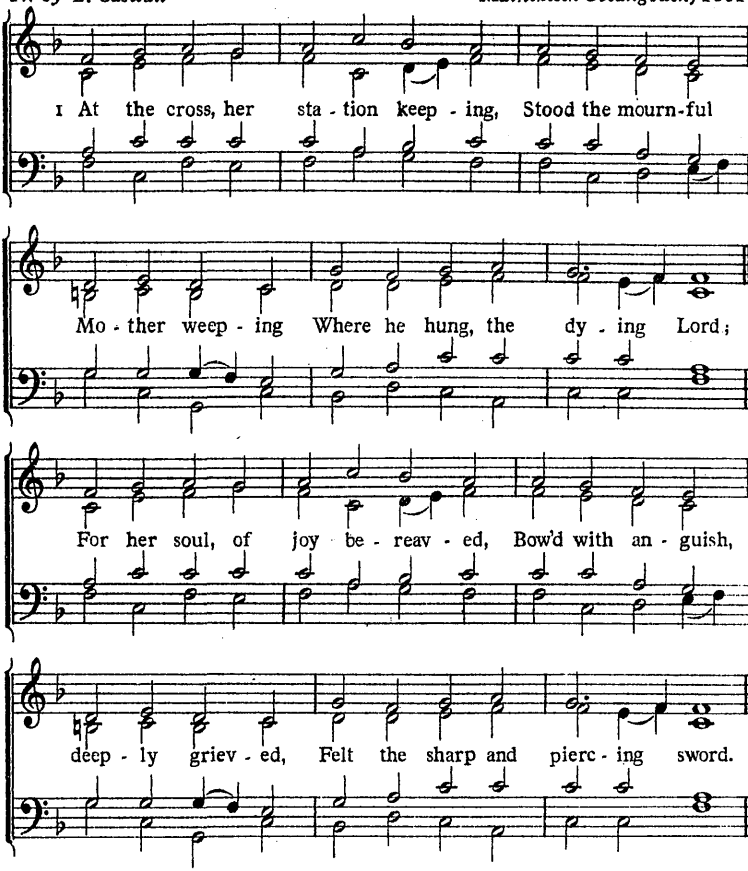
5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

17 AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING

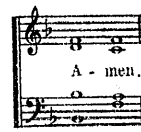
Stabat Mater (88.6 D.)

Ascribed to Jacopone da Todi

Tr. by E. Caswall *Maintzisch Gesangbuch, 1661*

2 Oh, how sad and sore distressèd
Now was she, that Mother blessèd
Of the sole-begotten One;
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.

3 Who, on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's dear Mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrow deep?

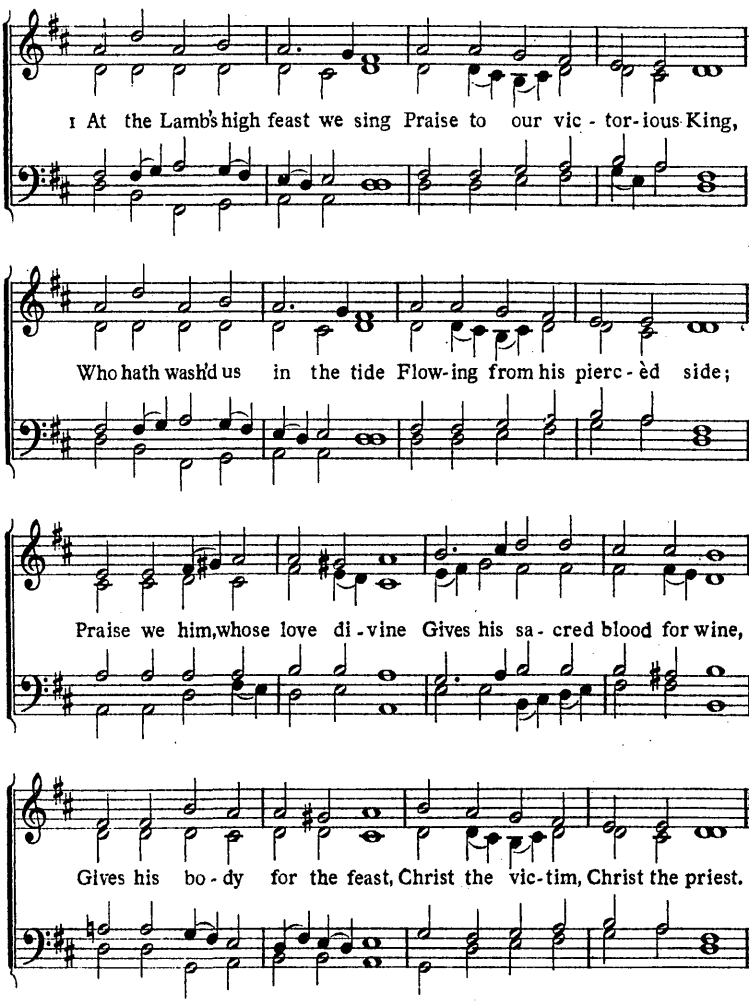
4 For his people's sins chastised,
She beheld her Son despised,
Scourged and crown'd with thorns entwin'd;
Saw him then from judgement taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till his spirit he resign'd.

5 Jesu, may her deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind;
That my heart fresh ardour gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with thee acceptance find. Amen.

AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE SING

Salzburg (7 7 7 7. D)

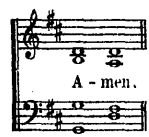
R. Campbell
Adapted from Ad cenam Agni

J. Hinze
Harm. by J. S. Bach

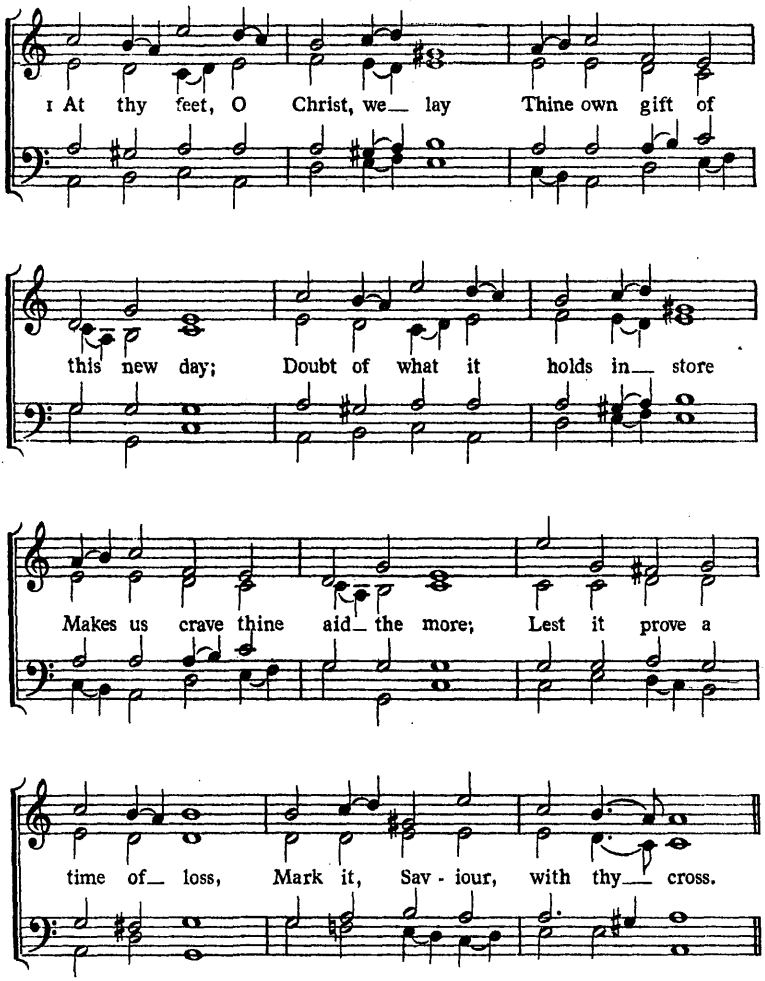


2 Where the paschal blood is pour'd
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
Thou hast conquer'd in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast open'd Paradise,
And in thee thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to thee,
With the Spirit ever be. Amen.

AT THY FEET, O CHRIST

Nicht so Traurig (77. 77. 77)

W. Bright J. S. Bach

2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

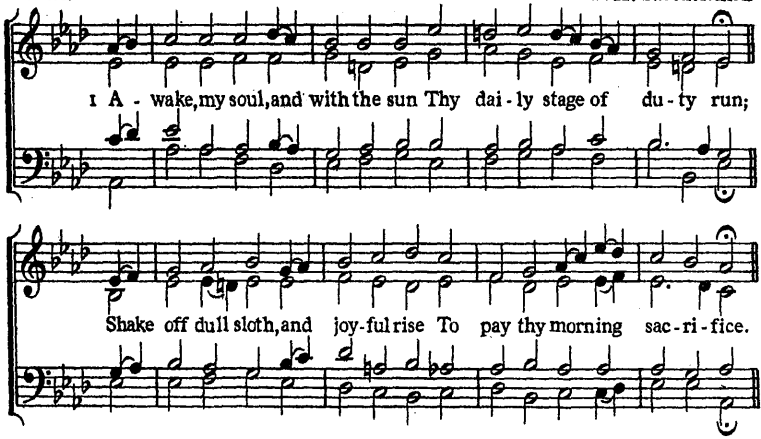
4 Fain would we thy word embrace,
Live each moment on thy grace,
All our selves to thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases thee.

5 Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth thy praise. Amen.

AWAKE, MY SOUL, AND WITH THE SUN

Barthélémon (L.M.)

T. Ken F. H. Barthélémon



2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

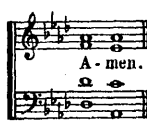
3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

5 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

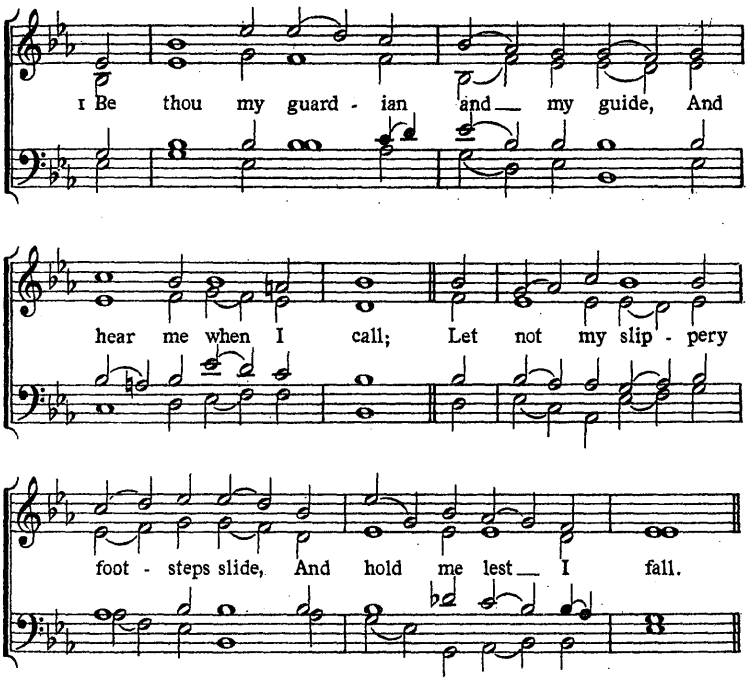
7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.



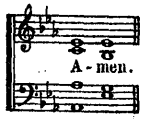
21

BE THOU MY GUARDIAN AND MY GUIDE

Abridge (C. M.)

I. Williams — I. Smith

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
Around the path I tread;
O save me from the snares of hell,
Thou quickener of the dead.

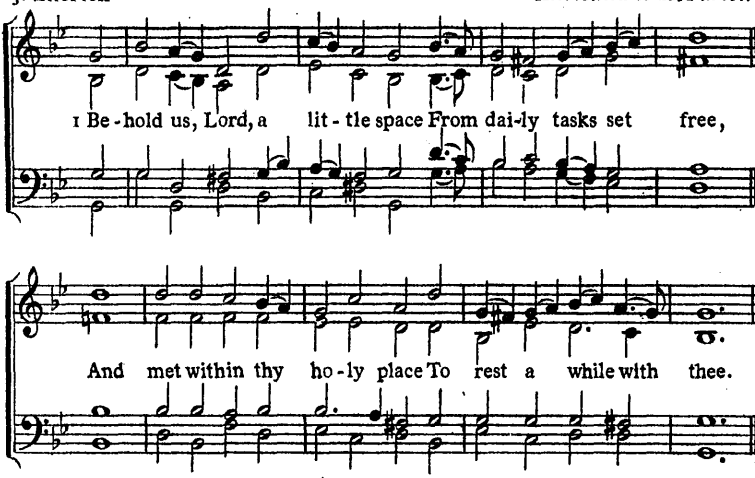
3 And if I tempted am to sin,
And outward things are strong,
Do thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
And save my soul from wrong.

4 Still let me ever watch and pray,
And feel that I am frail;
That if the tempter cross my way,
Yet he may not prevail. Amen.

22

BEHOLD US, LORD, A LITTLE SPACE

Walsall (C.M.)

J. Ellerton *Attributed to H. Purcell*

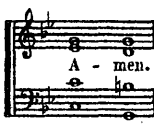


2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

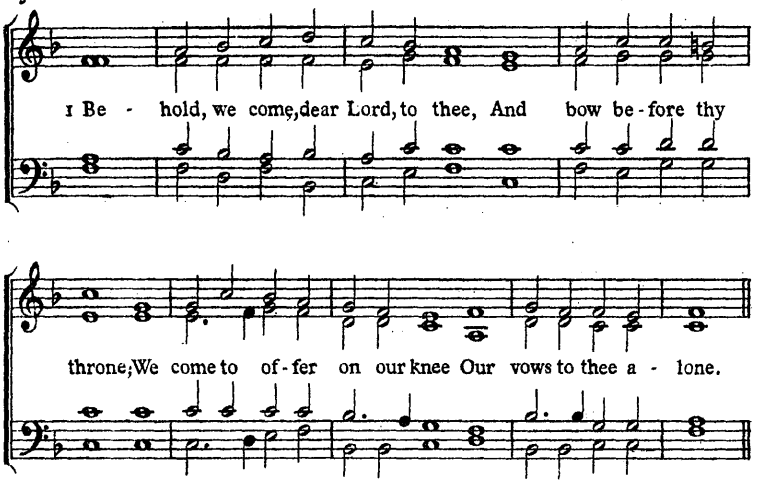
3 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and see;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by thee.

4 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherin thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the Kingdom of the earth
For thee, and not thy foe.

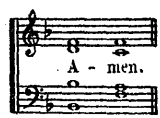
6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer by thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one. Amen.

23 BEHOLD, WE COME, DEAR LORD, TO THEE

Glenluce (C.M.)

J. Austin *Scottish Psalter*

2 Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
Thy bounty freely gave;
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
And wilt hereafter save.

3 Come then, my soul, bring all thy powers,
And grieve thou hast no more;
Bring every day thy choicest hours,
And thy great God adore.

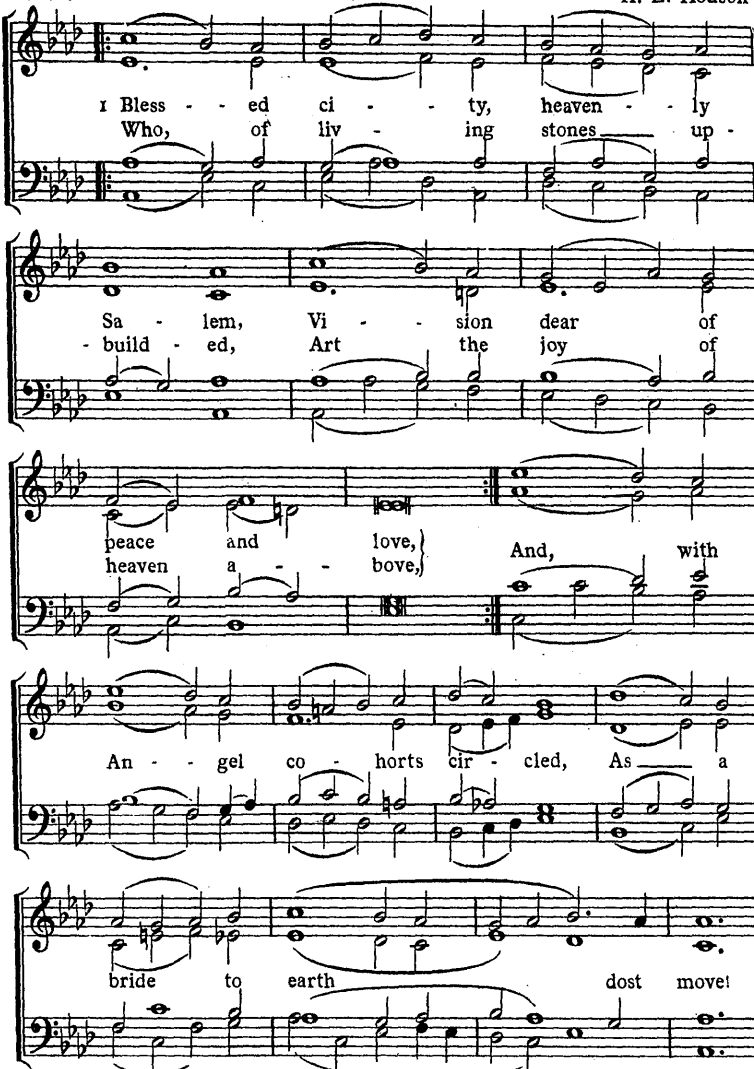
4 But, above all, prepare thine heart
On this, his own blest day,
In its sweet task to bear thy part,
And sing, and love, and pray. Amen.



BLESSED CITY, HEAVENLY SALEM

Urbs Caelestis (87. 87. 87.)

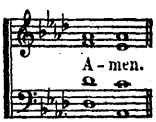
VIIth or VIIIth Century
Tr. by J. M. Neale

H. E. Hodson

2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round her shed,
To his presence, decked with jewels,
By her Lord shall she be led:
All her streets, and all her bulwarks,
Of pure gold are fashioned.

3 Bright with pearls her portals glitter,
They are open evermore;
And, by virtue of his merits,
Thither faithful souls may soar,
Who for Christ's dear name in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Fashioned well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That his palace should be decked.

5 Laud and honour to the Father;
Laud and honour to the Son;
Laud and honour to the Spirit;
Ever Three, and ever One:
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.



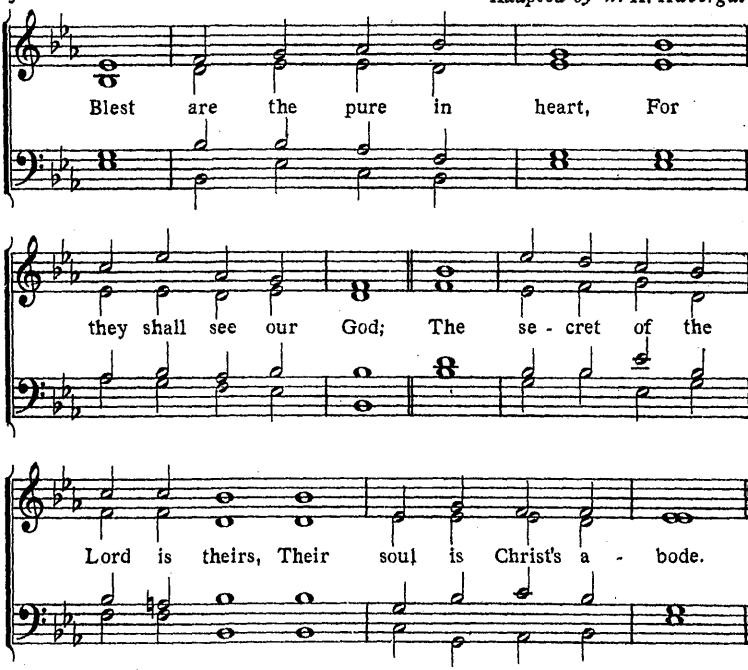
25

BLEST ARE THE PURE IN HEART

Franconia (S.M.)

J. Keble

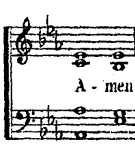
J. B. König
Adapted by W. H. Havergal



2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King;

3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

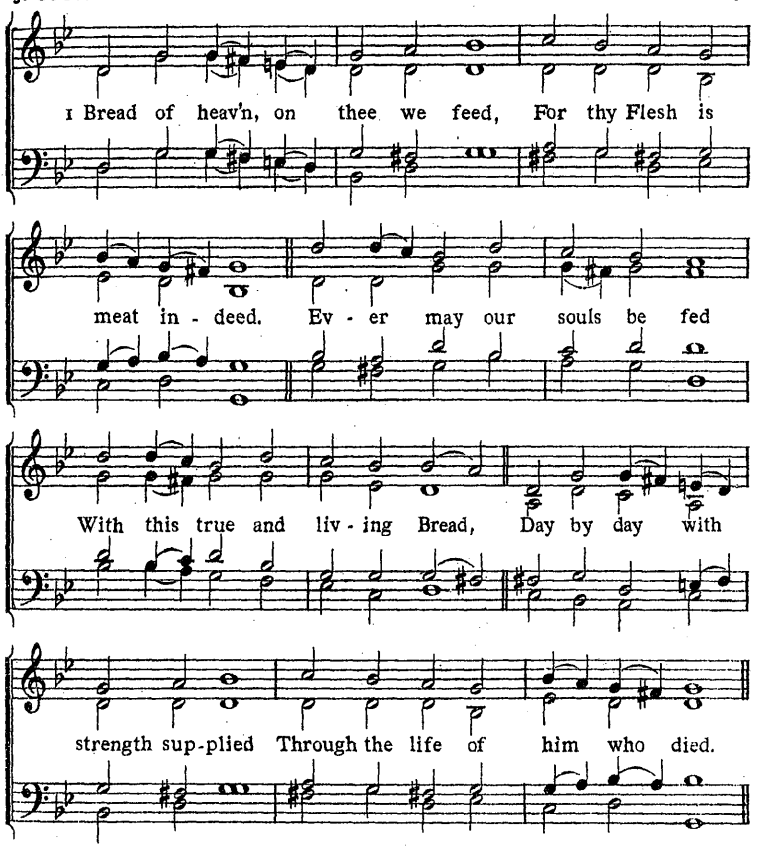
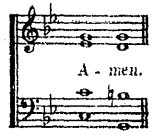
4 Lord, we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee. Amen.



26

BREAD OF HEAVEN, ON THEE WE FEED

Arfon (77.77.77)

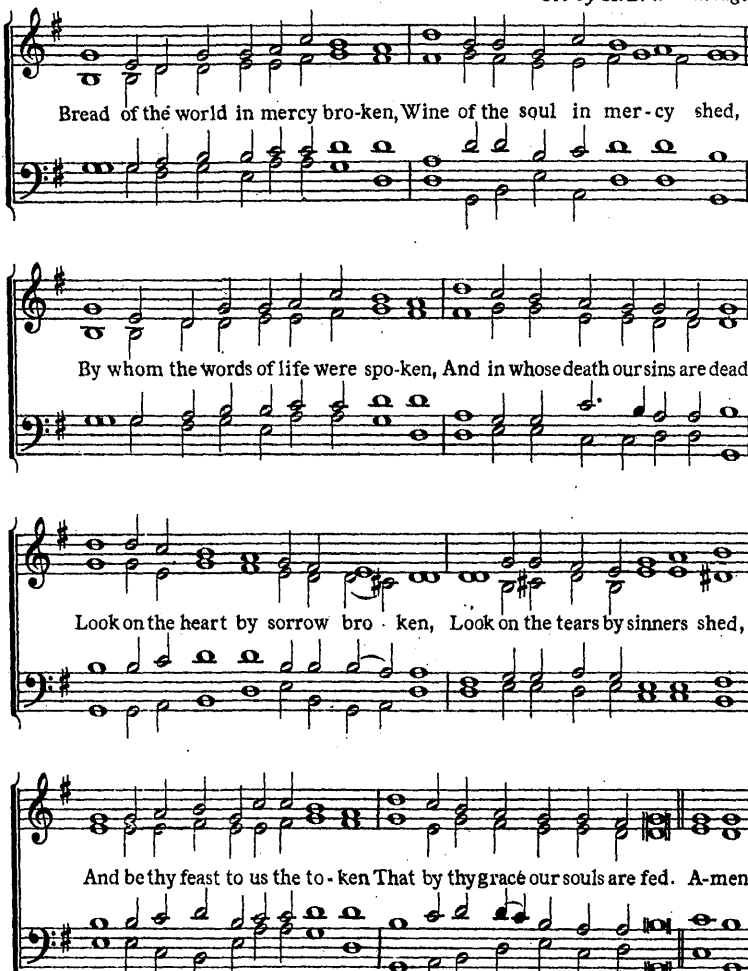
J. Conder — *Welsh Melody*

2 Vine of heaven, thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built on thee. Amen.

27

BREAD OF THE WORLD IN MERCY BROKEN

Rendez à Dieu (98.98 D)

R. Heber

L. Bourgeois
Set by H. E. Wooldridge



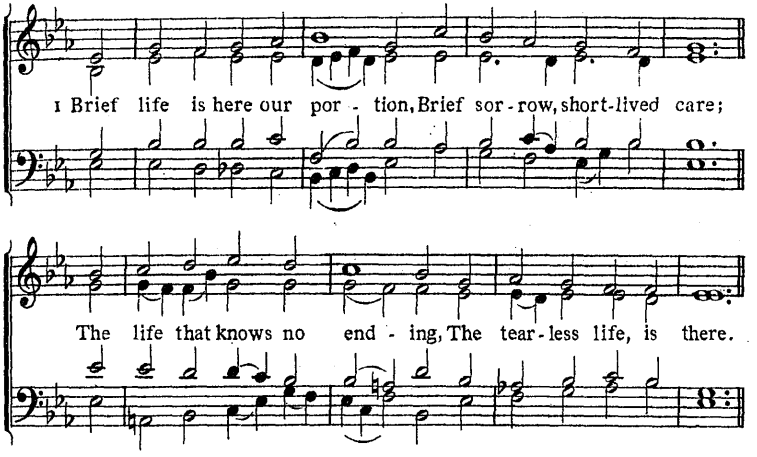
28

BRIEF LIFE IS HERE OUR PORTION

Christus der ist mein Leben (76.76)

Bernard of Cluny
Tr. by J. M. Neale

M. Vulpius
Adapted by J. S. Bach

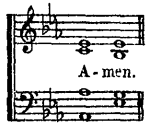


2 O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest,
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

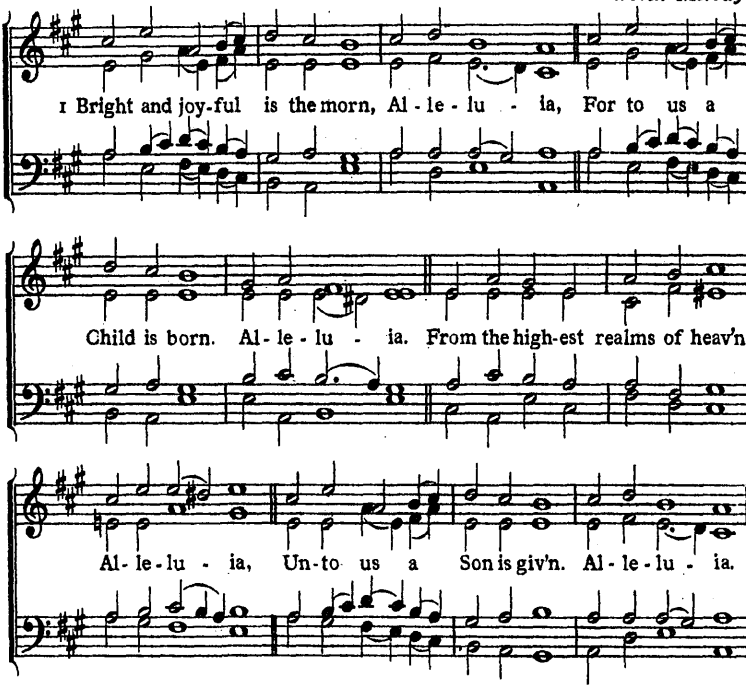
3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

5 But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

6 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day. Amen.

BRIGHT AND JOYFUL IS THE MORN

Gwalchmai (74.74.D)

Cotterill's *Psalter, 1819* — *Welsh Melody*

2 On his shoulder he shall bear Alleluia,
Power and majesty, and wear Alleluia,
On his vesture and his thigh Alleluia,
Names most awful, names most high Alleluia,

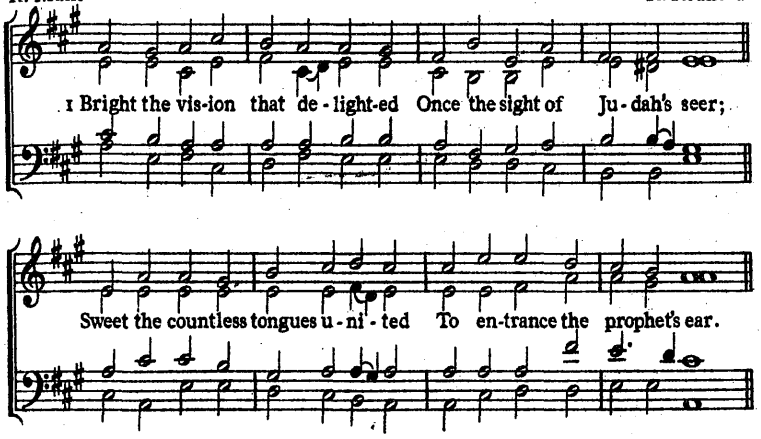
3 Wonderful in counsel he, Alleluia,
The incarnate Deity: Alleluia,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease; Alleluia,
King of kings, and Prince of peace Alleluia,

4 Come and worship at his feet, Alleluia,
Yield to Christ the homage meet, Alleluia,
From his manger to his throne Alleluia,
Homage due to God alone. Alleluia. Amen.

BRIGHT THE VISION THAT DELIGHTED

Dresden (Redhead No. 46) (87.87)

R. Mant R. Redhead



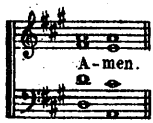
2 Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Fill'd his temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn;

3 'Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord.'

4 Heav'n is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,' singing,
'Lord of hosts, the Lord most high.'

5 With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow;

6 'Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord.' Amen.

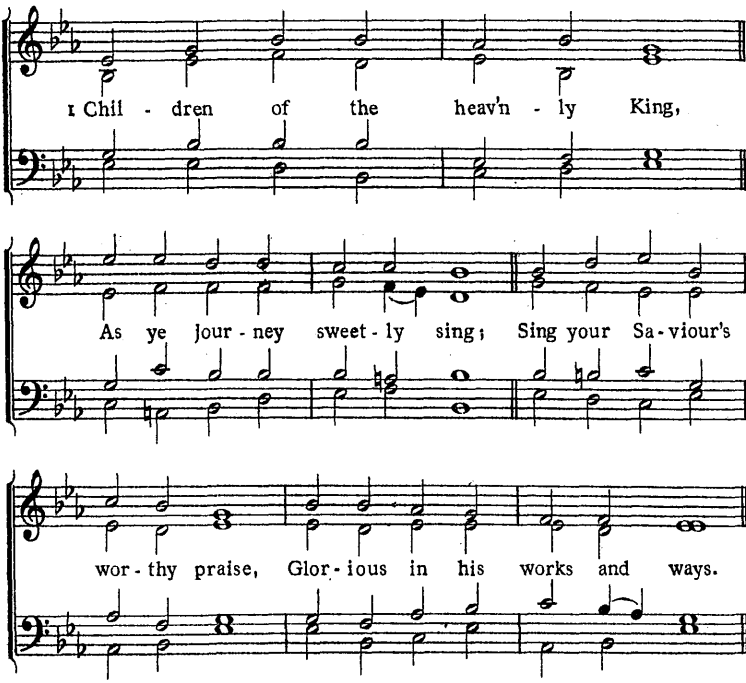


CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING

Culbach (77.77)

J. Cennick

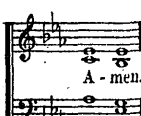
Scheffler's *Heilige Seelenlust, 1652*



2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee. Amen.

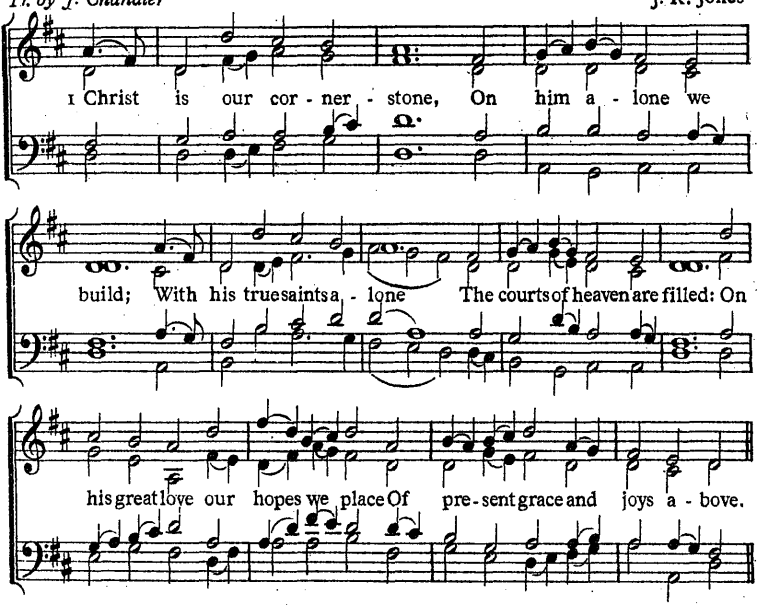


32

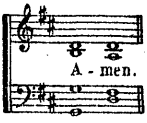
CHRIST IS OUR CORNER-STONE

Ramoth (666688)

From the Latin (VIIth Century)
Tr. by J. Chandler

J. R. Jones

2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

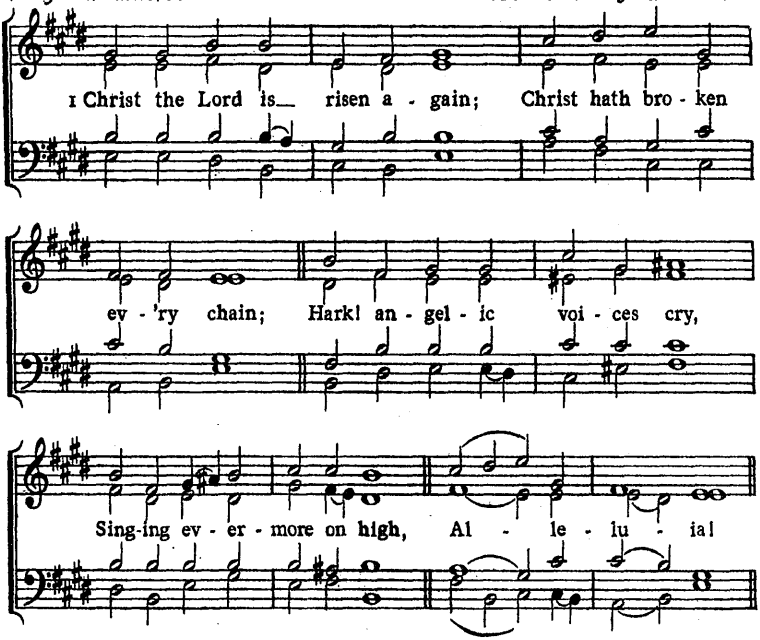
3 Here, gracious God, do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower on all who pray,
Each holy day thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore;
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away. Amen.

33

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN AGAIN

M. Weisse
Tr. by C. Winkworth

Wurtemburg (77774)
Attributed to J. Rosenmüller

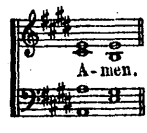


2 He who gave for us his life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia!

3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry;
Alleluia!

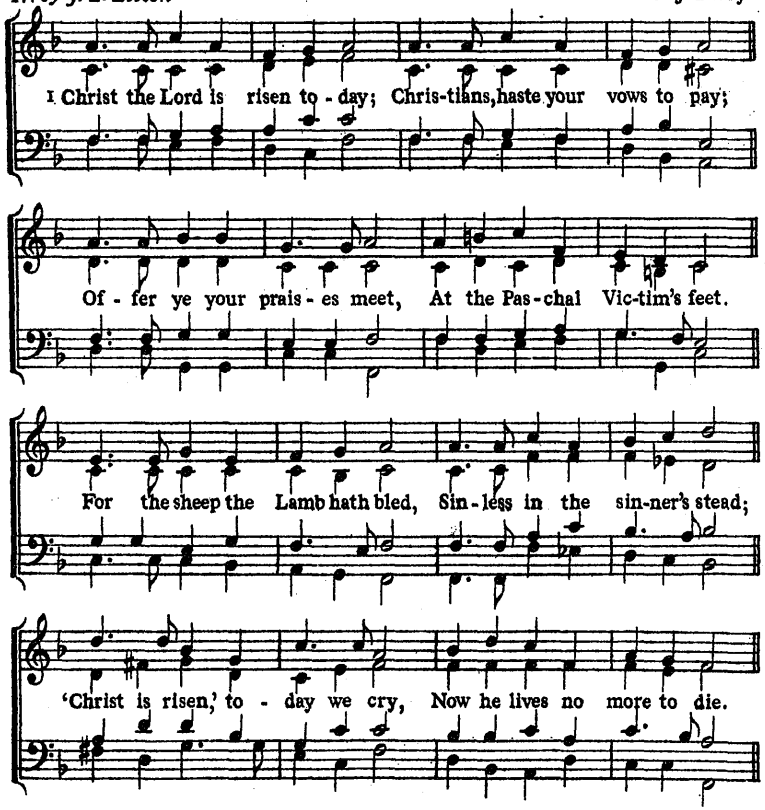
4 He who slumber'd in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia!

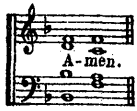
5 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heav'n.
Alleluia!

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, thy ransom'd people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day,
Alleluia! Amen.

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY

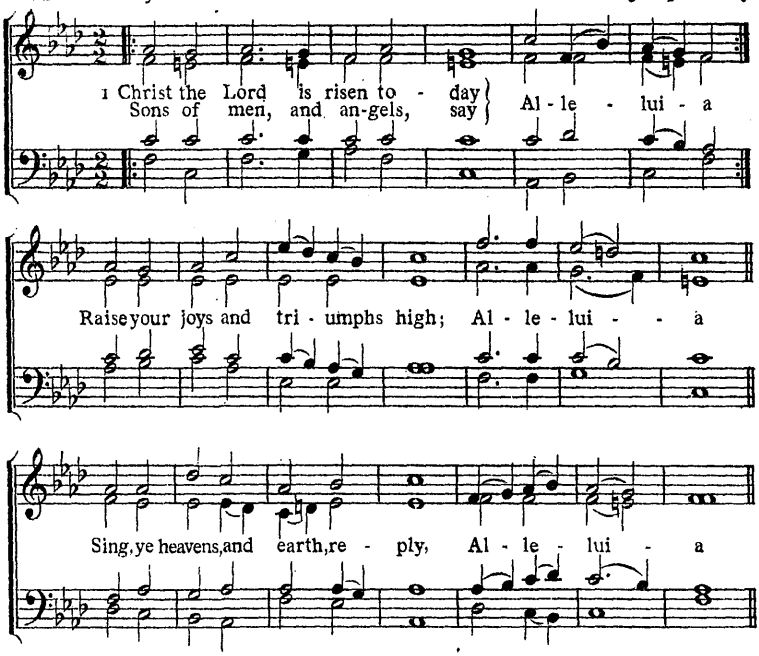
St. George's (77.77.D.)

Xth or XIth Century
Tr. by J. E. Leeson

G. J. Elvey

2 Christ, the Victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled;
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together Death and Life:
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay;
'Christ is risen,' to-day we cry;
Now he lives no more to die.

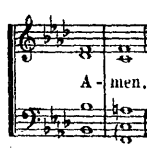
3 Christ, who once for sinners bled,
Now the First-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, Eternal Hope on high!
Hail, thou King of victory!
Hail, thou Prince of life adored!
Help and save us, gracious Lord. Amen.

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY

*Gogerddan (74.74.D)

From C. Wesley — Joseph Parry

2 Love's redeeming work is done; Alleluia.
Fought the fight, the battle won: Alleluia
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er; Alleluia.
Lo! he sets in blood no more. Alleluia.

3 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven, Alleluia.
Praise to thee by both be given; Alleluia.
Thee triumphant now we greet, Alleluia.
Singing at thy mercy-seat. Alleluia.

4 King of glory, soul of bliss, Alleluia.
Everlasting life is this, Alleluia.
Thee to know thy power to prove; Alleluia.
Thus to sing and thus to love. Alleluia. Amen.



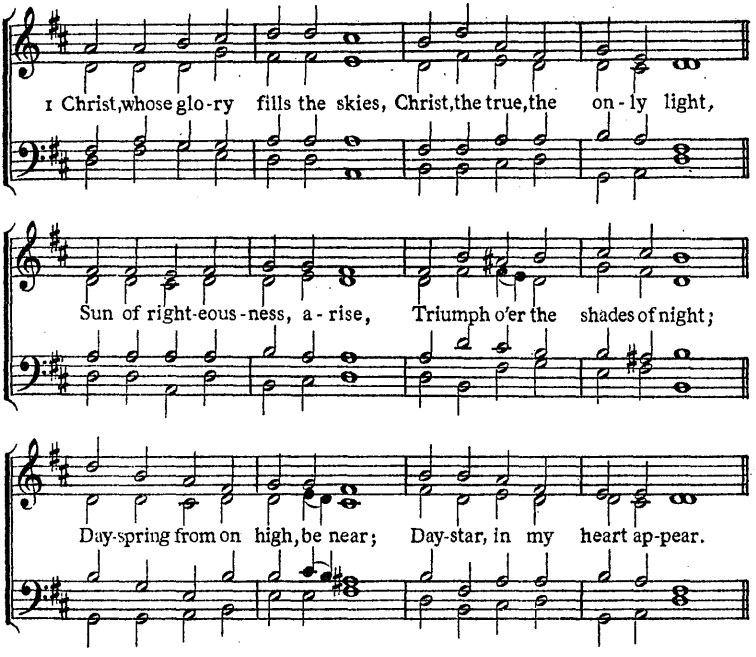
[* *By permission of Hughes & Son, Publishers, Wrexham.*]

36

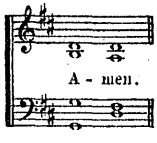
CHRIST, WHOSE GLORY FILLS THE SKIES

Ratisbon (77·77·77)

C. Wesley — Werner's *Choralbuch, 1875*



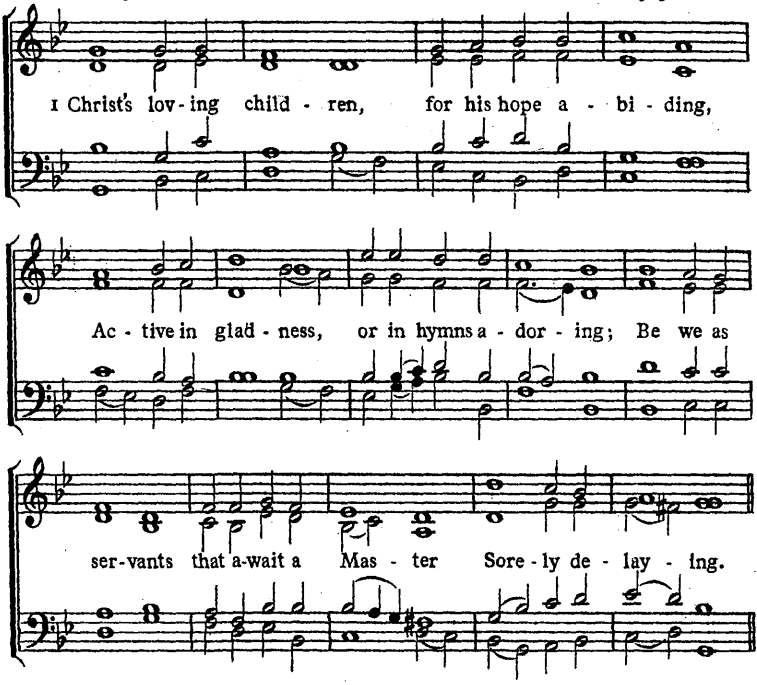
2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

CHRIST'S LOVING CHILDREN

Herzliebster Jesu (11.11.11.5)

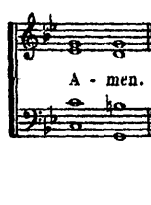
H. Gregory
Yattendon Hymnal, No. 49

J. Crüger
Harm. by J. S. Bach



2 Happy those servants, whether he returneth
At dead of midnight, or at early morning:
Happy those servants, if he only find them
Faithfully watching.

3 Father of mercies, give us holy comfort
Here in our pains, and Paradise hereafter:
Where in eternal vision uncreated
Joy never endeth. Amen.

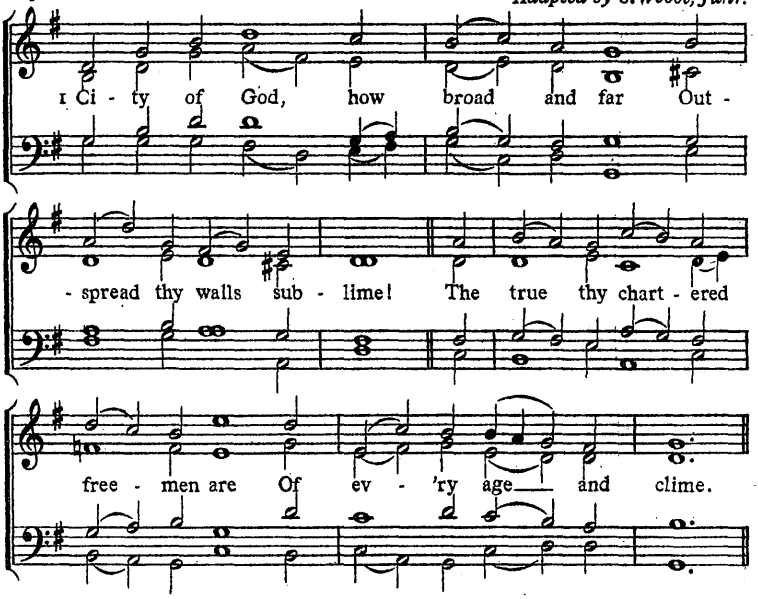


38

CITY OF GOD, HOW BROAD AND FAR

Richmond (C.M.)

S. Johnson

T. Haweis
Adapted by S. Webbe, Junr.

2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast, high intent;
One working hand, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent.

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primæval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love and truth!

4 How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands:
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
The eternal City stands. Amen.

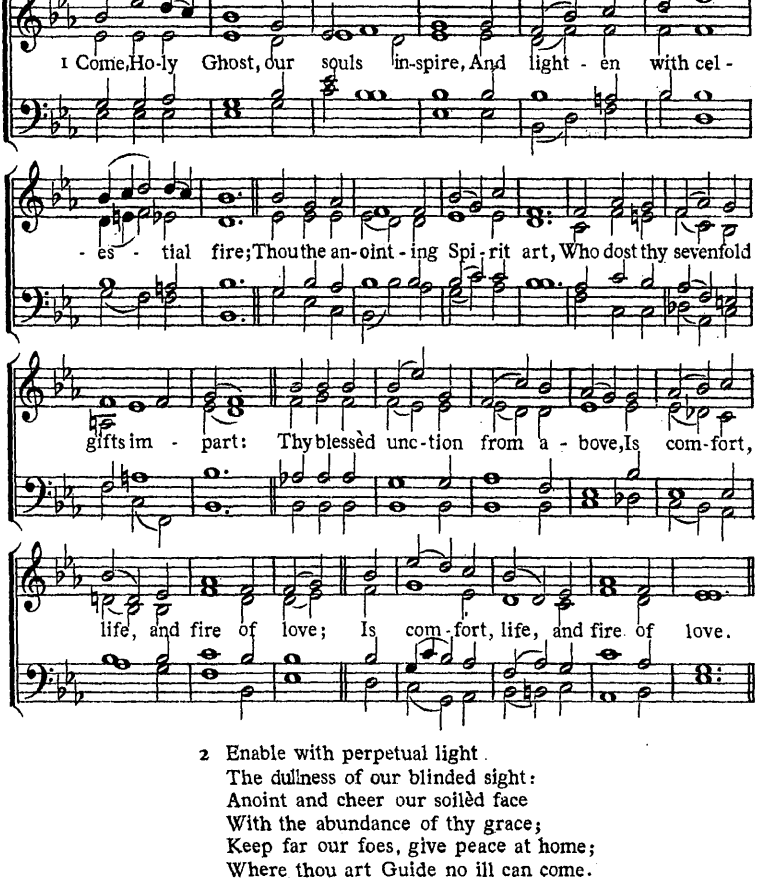
39

COME, HOLY GHOST, OUR SOULS INSPIRE

Veni Creator (88.88.88)

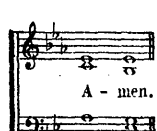
Rabanus Maurus from St. Ambrose
Tr. J. Cosin

T. Attwood



2 Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight:
Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art Guide no ill can come.

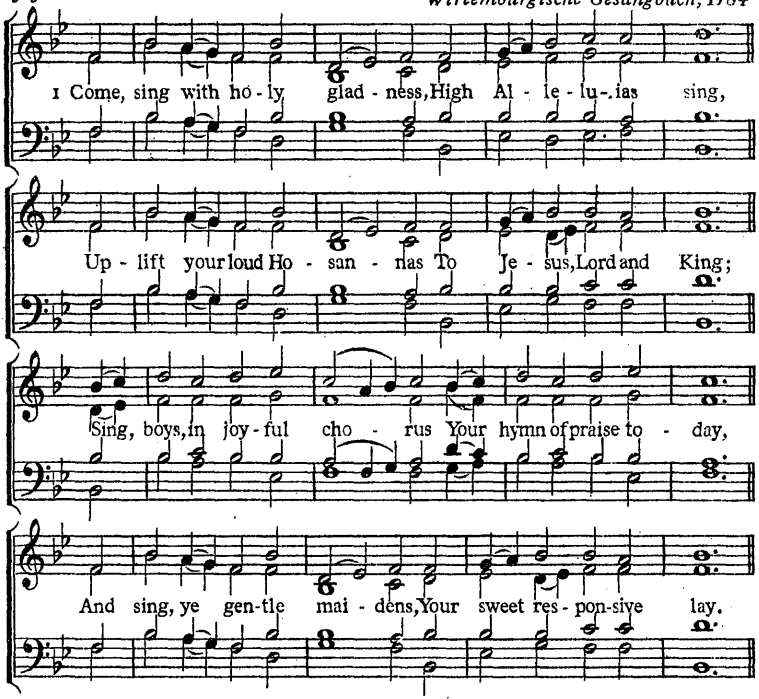
3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but one;
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song,
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.



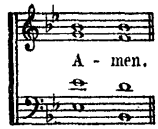
40 J. J. Daniell

COME, SING WITH HOLY GLADNESS

Ellacombe (76.76.D)

Wirtemburgische Gesangbuch, 1784

2 O boys, be strong in Jesus;
To toil for him is gain,
And Jesus wrought with Joseph
With chisel, saw, and plane.
O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's Son;
Be patient, pure, and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

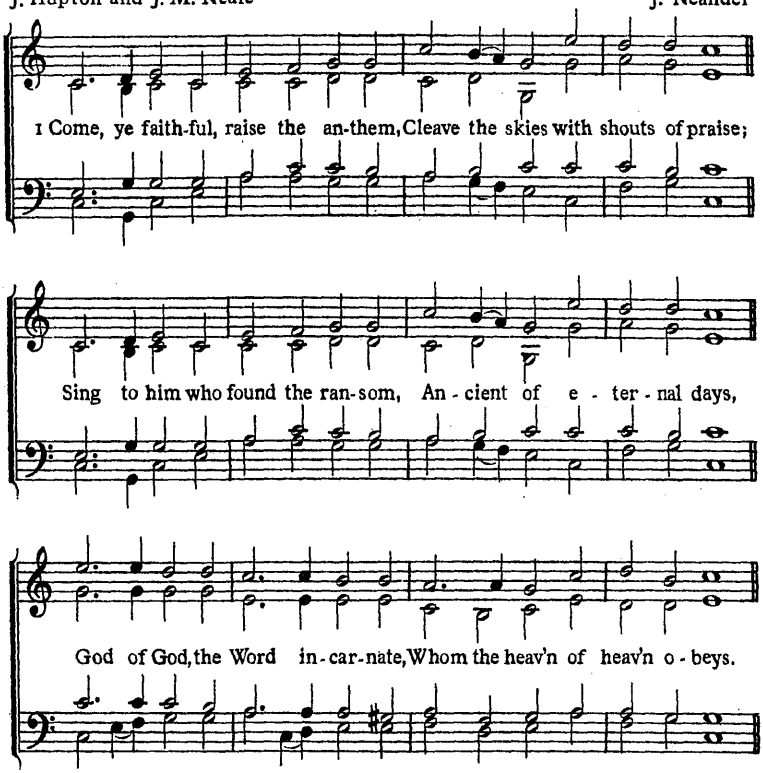
3 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing;
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King;
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden
The one Redeemer blest. Amen.



41

COME, YE FAITHFUL, RAISE THE ANTHEM

Neander (87.87.87)

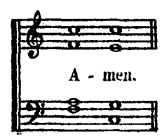
J. Hupton and J. M. Neale — J. Neander

2 Ere he raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the seas, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free, and boundless,
Moved the Lord of Life to die,
Fore-ordain'd the Prince of princes
For the throne of Calvary.

3 There, for us and our redemption,
See him all his life-blood pour;
There he wins our full salvation,
Dies that we may die no more;
Then, arising, lives for ever,
Reigning where he was before.

4 High on yon celestial mountains
Stands his gem-built throne, all bright,
'Midst unending alleluias
Bursting from the sons of light;
Sion's people tell his praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.

5 Bring your harps, and bring your odours,
Sweep the string and pour the lay;
Let the earth proclaim his wonders,
King of that celestial day;
He, the Lamb once slain, is worthy,
Who was dead, and lives for aye.

6 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever three and ever one,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.



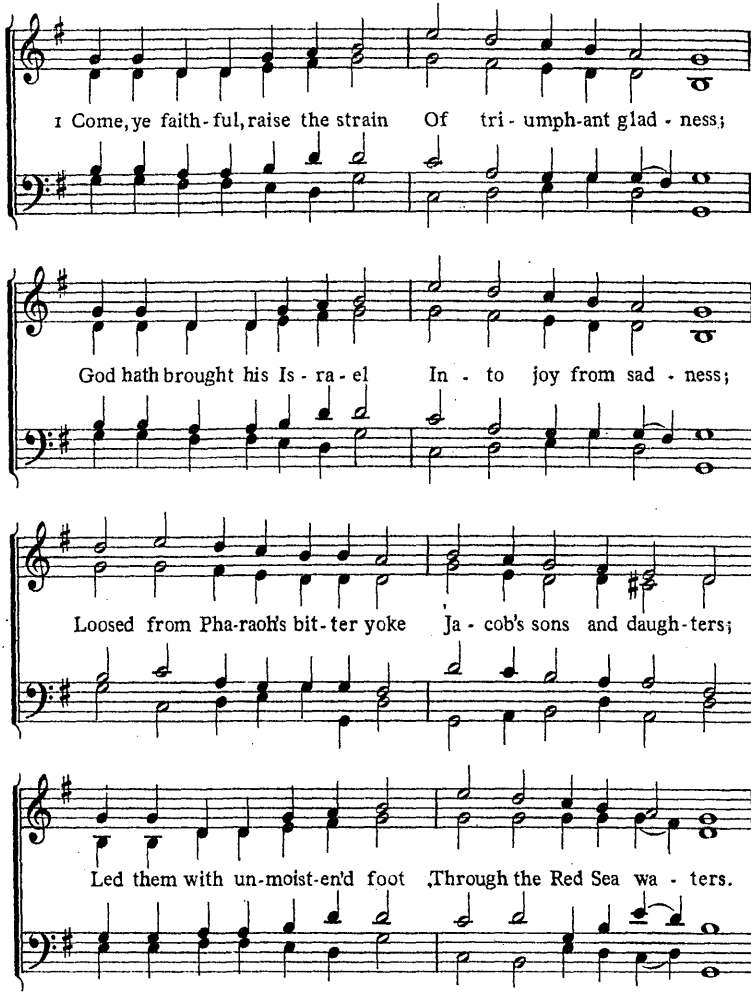
COME, YE FAITHFUL, RAISE THE STRAIN

Ave Virgo Virginum (76.76.D)

S. John Damascene

Tr. by J. M. Neale

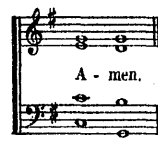
Leisentritt's *Gesangbuch, 1584*



2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst his prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
Like a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

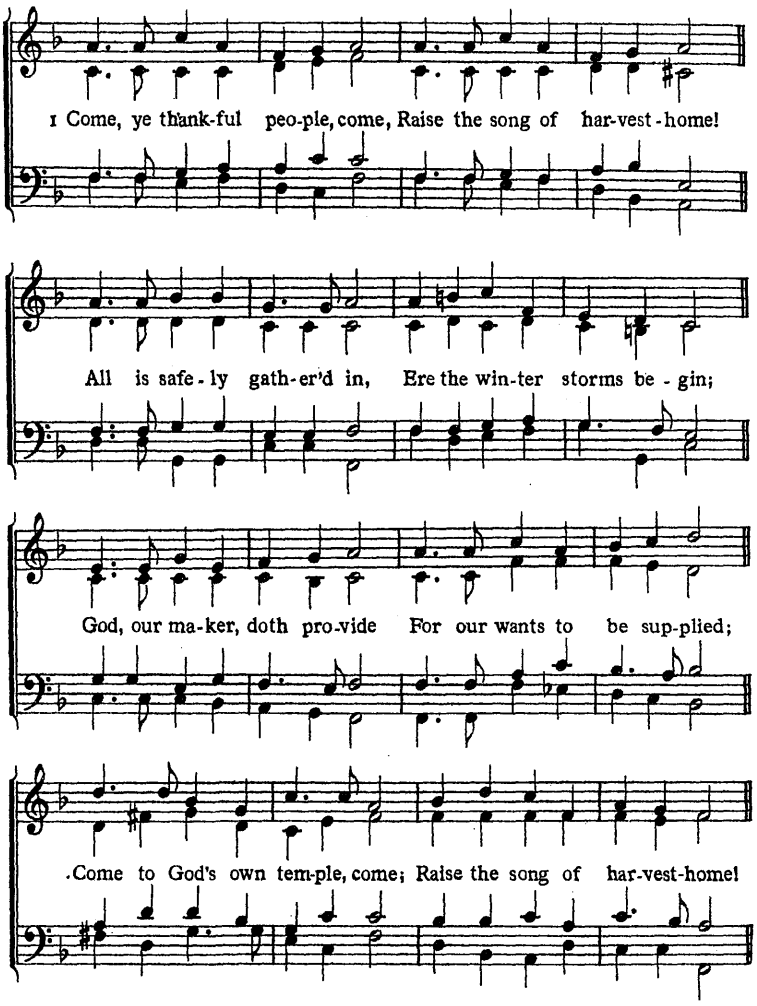
3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's resurrection.

4 Alleluia now we cry
To our King immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia, with the Son
God the Father praising;
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising. Amen.



COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME

St. George (Elvey) (77.77.D)

H. Alford G. J. Elvey

2 All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
Ripening with a wondrous power
Till the final Harvest-hour:
Grant, O Lord of life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

3 For we know that thou wilt come,
And wilt take thy people home;
From thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
And thine angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In thy garner evermore.

4 Come then, Lord of mercy, come,
Bid us sing thy harvest-home:
Let thy saints be gather'd in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
All upon the golden floor
Praising thee for evermore:
Come, with all thine angels come;
Bid us sing thy harvest-home. Amen.

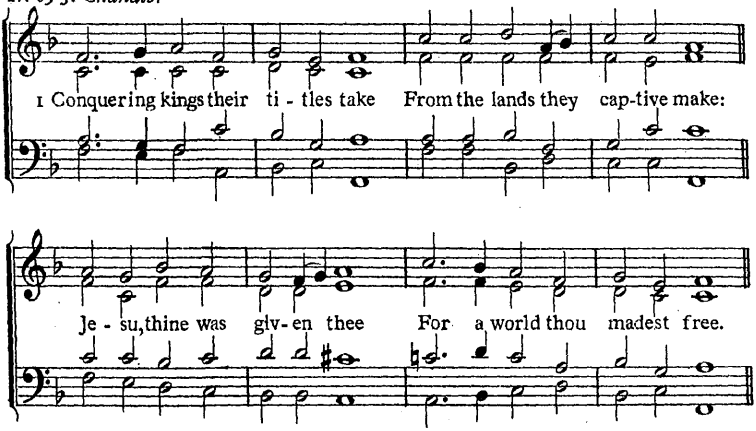
44

CONQUERING KINGS THEIR TITLES TAKE

Orientis Partibus (L. M.)

XVIIIth Century

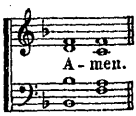
Tr. by J. Chandler

Attributed to Pierre de Corbeil

2 Not another name is given
Power possessing under heaven,
Strong to call dead souls to rise
And exalt them to the skies.

3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which he so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will ye madly cast away?

4 Rather gladly for that name
Bear the Cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for him to die
Is not death but victory.

5 Jesu, if thou condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Ours the joy and glory be
Thus to make our boast of thee.

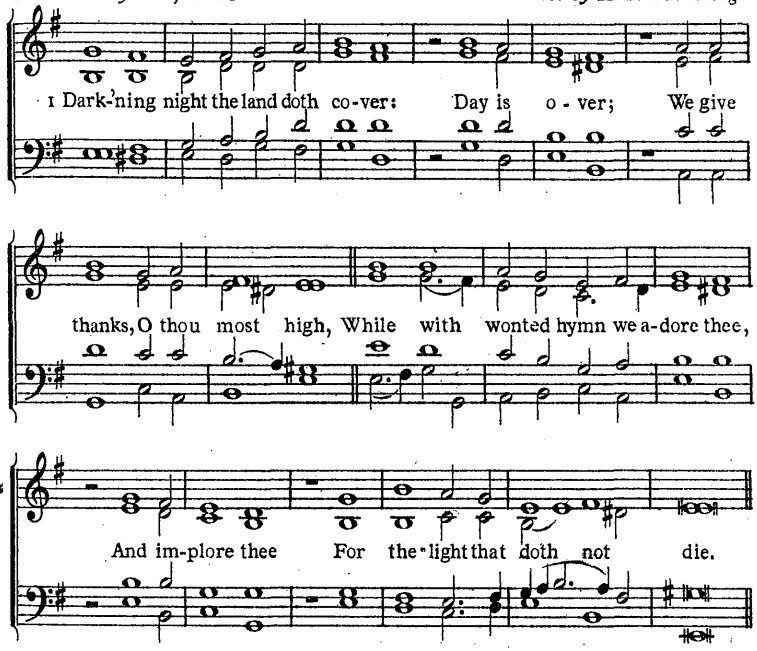
6 Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Virgin-born, to thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Ever from the heavenly host. Amen.

45

DARK'NING NIGHT THE LAND DOTH COVER

Marot 38 (8 47.D.)

From the Greek — L. Bourgeois

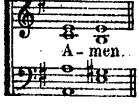
Yattendon Hymnal, No. 64 — *Set by H. E. Wooldridge*



2 Like a day our short life hasteth,
Soon it wasteth;
Cometh surely its sad eve.
O do thou that eve enlighten,
Save and brighten:
Nor old age of joy bereave.

3 Come no pain nor pity near it,
Bless and cheer it,
That in peace we our peace win.
As thou wilt do thou us gather,
Gracious Father,
Only without shame and sin.

4 Now we pray for rest, that sleeping
In thy keeping,
We may joy in the sun's ray.
So thro' death's last darkness take us,
So awake us
To heav'n's everlasting day. Amen.

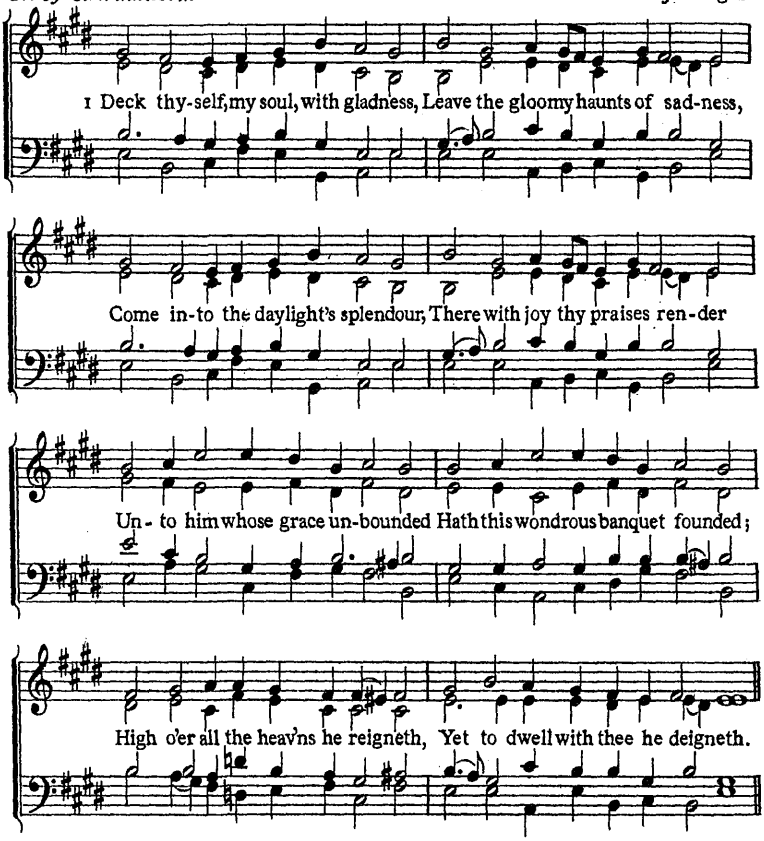


46 DECK THYSELF, MY SOUL, WITH GLADNESS

Schmücke dich (88.88.D)

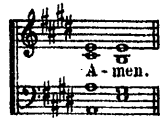
J. Franck

Tr. by C. Winkworth

J. Crüger

2 Now I sink before thee lowly,
Filled with joy most deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On thy mighty works I ponder;
How, by mystery surrounded,
Depths no man hath ever sounded,
None may dare to pierce unbidden
Secrets that with thee are hidden.

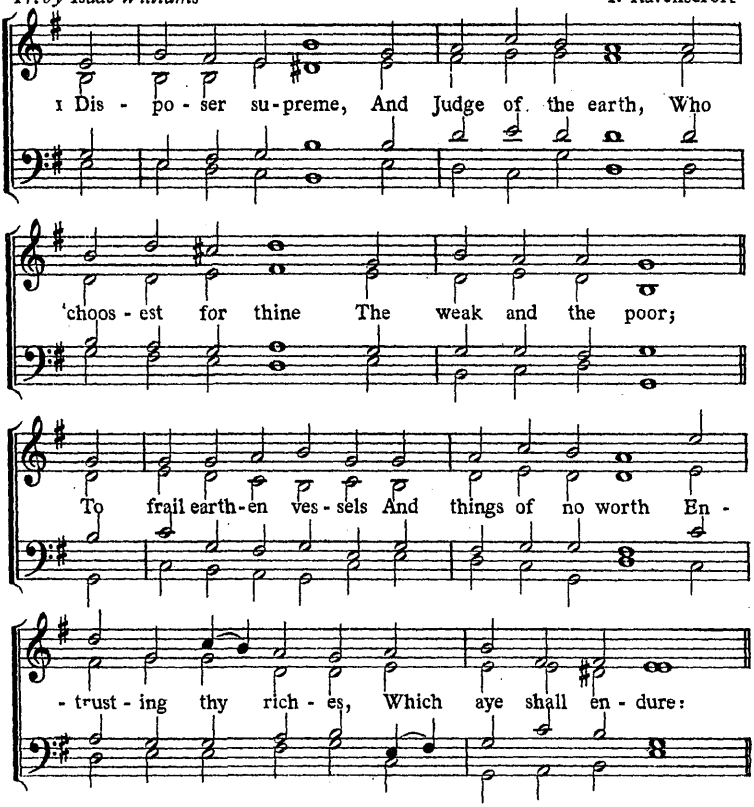
PART II

3 Sun, who all my life dost brighten;
Light, who dost my soul enlighten;
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth;
Fount, whence all my being floweth:
At thy feet I cry, my Maker,
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessed food from heaven,
For our good, thy glory, given.

4 Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray thee;
Let me gladly here obey thee;
Never to my hurt invited.
Be thy love with love requited:
From this banquet let me measure,
Lord, how vast and deep its treasure;
Through the gifts thou here dost give me,
As thy guest in heaven receive me. Amen.

DISPOSER SUPREME, AND JUDGE OF THE EARTH

Old 104th (5555.65.65)

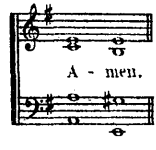
J. B. de Santeüil
Tr. by Isaac Williams

T. Ravenscroft

2 Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of thy light,
And at thy decree
Are broken and gone;
Thence brightly appeareth
Thy truth in its might,
As through the clouds riven
The lightnings have shone.

3 Like clouds are they borne
To do thy great will,
And swift as the winds
About the world go;
The Word with his wisdom
Their spirits doth fill,
They thunder, they lighten,
The waters o'erflow.

4 Their sound goeth forth,
'Christ Jesus the Lord;'
Then Satan doth fear,
His citadels fall:
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at thy Word,
And one long blast shatter'd
The Canaanite's wall.

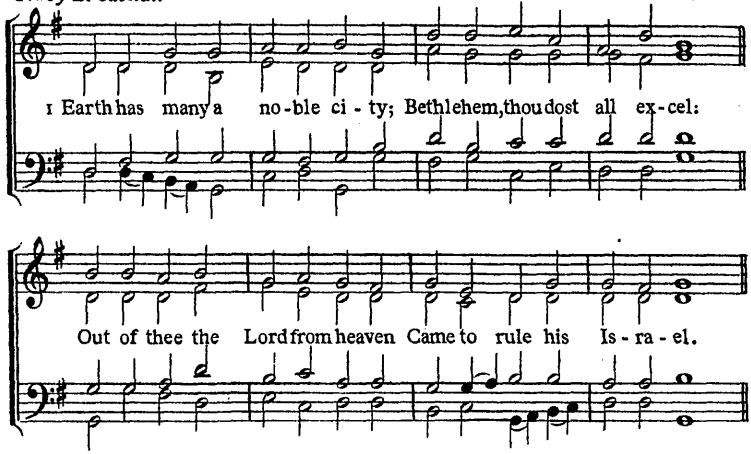
5 O loud be their trump,
And stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord,
From slumber of sin;
The lights thou hast kindled
In darkness around,
O may they illumine
Our spirits within.

6 All honour and praise,
Dominion and might,
To God, Three in One,
Eternally be,
Who round us hath shed
His own marvellous light,
And call'd us from darkness
His glory to see. Amen.

EARTH HAS MANY A NOBLE CITY

Stuttgart (87.87)

Prudentius
Tr. by E. Caswall

From *Psalmodia Sacra, 1715*

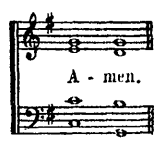


2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth,
To the world its God announcing,
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

3 Eastern sages at his cradle
Make oblation rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
God the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh his sepulchre foreshows.

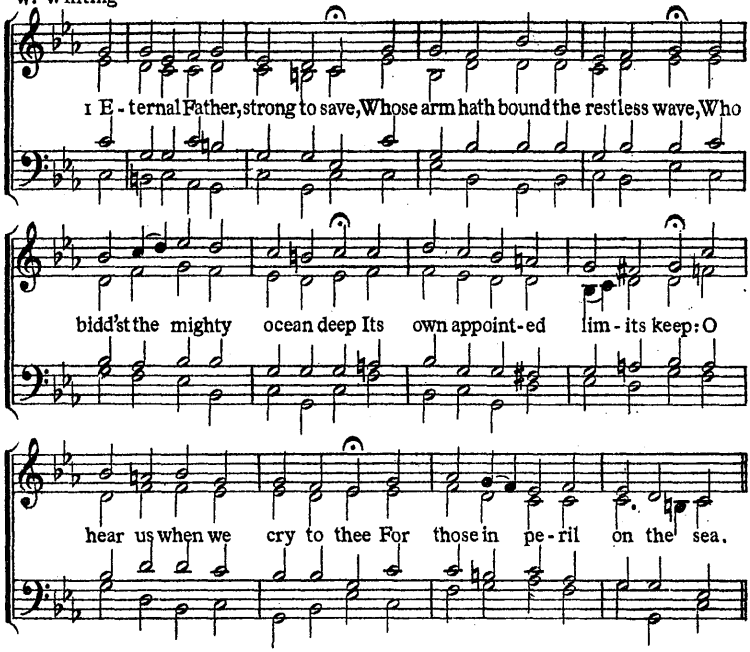
5 Jesu, whom the Gentiles worshipp'd
At thy glad Epiphany,
Unto thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be. Amen.



ETERNAL FATHER, STRONG TO SAVE

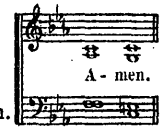
Vater unser (88.88.88)

W. Whiting

From M. Luther

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hush'd their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

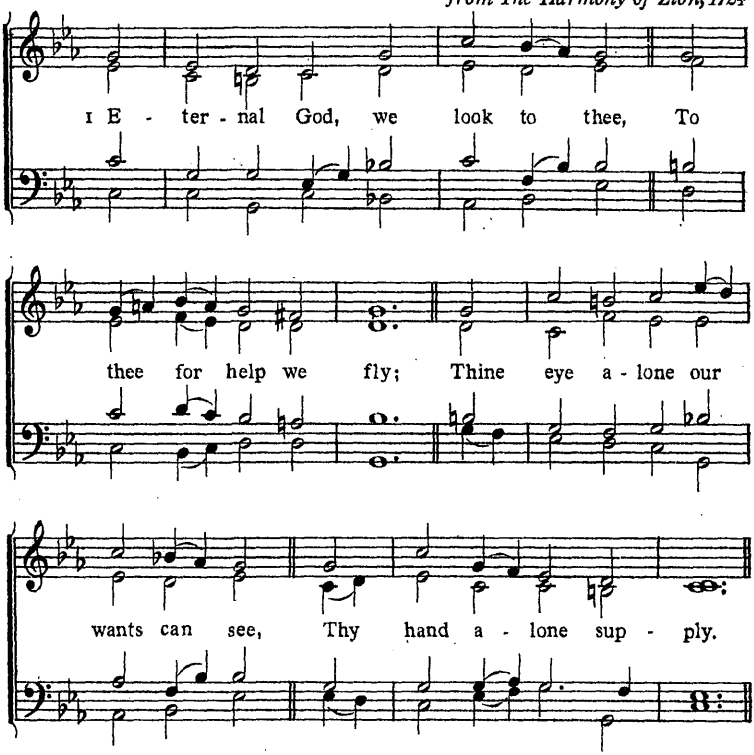
3 O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

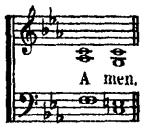
4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them whereso e'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.
Amen.



Bangor (C.M.)

James Merrick

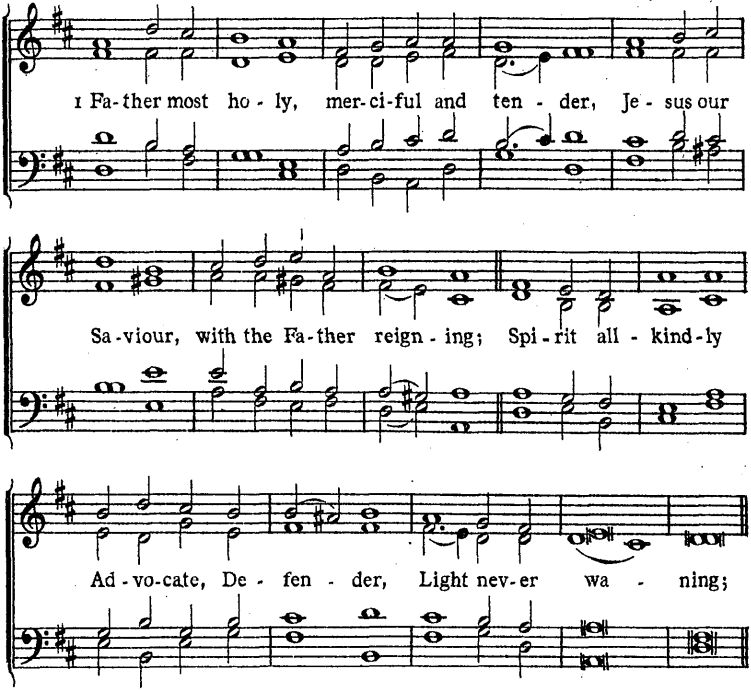
William Tans'ur
from The Harmony of Zion, 1724

2 Lord, let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide;
That love will all vain love expel,
That fear, all fear beside.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
O let thy grace supply;
The good, unasked, in mercy grant,
The ill, though asked, deny. Amen.

51 FATHER MOST HOLY, MERCIFUL AND TENDER

Herr Deiner Zorn (11.11.11.5)

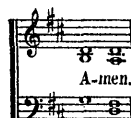
X th. Century

Tr. P. D.

J. Crüger.

2 Trinity sacred, Unity unshaken;
Deity perfect, giving and forgiving,
Light of the Angels, Life of the forsaken,
Hope of all living;

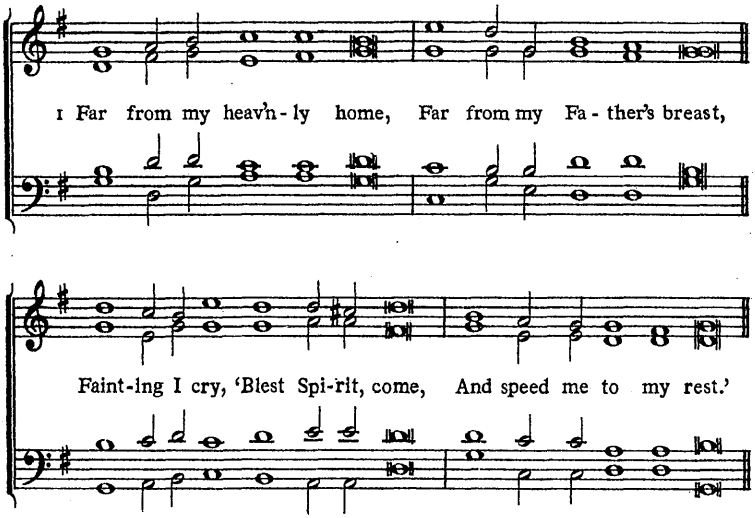
3 Maker of all things, all thy creatures praise thee;
Lo, all things serve thee through thy whole creation:
Hear us, Almighty, hear us as we raise thee
Heart's adoration.

4 To the all ruling triune God be glory:
Highest and greatest, help thou our endeavour;
We too would praise thee, giving honour worthy,
Now and for ever. Amen.



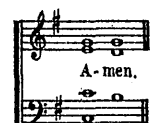
FAR FROM MY HEAVENLY HOME

Yattendon 46 (S. M.)

H. F. Lyte — H. E. Wooldridge

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee, I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

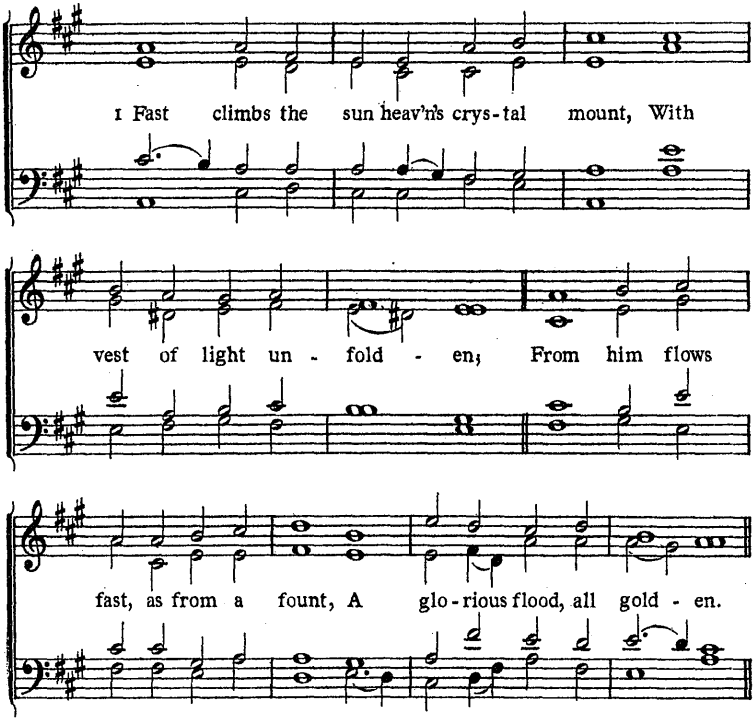
4 God of my life, be near,
On thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. Amen.

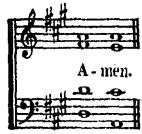


53

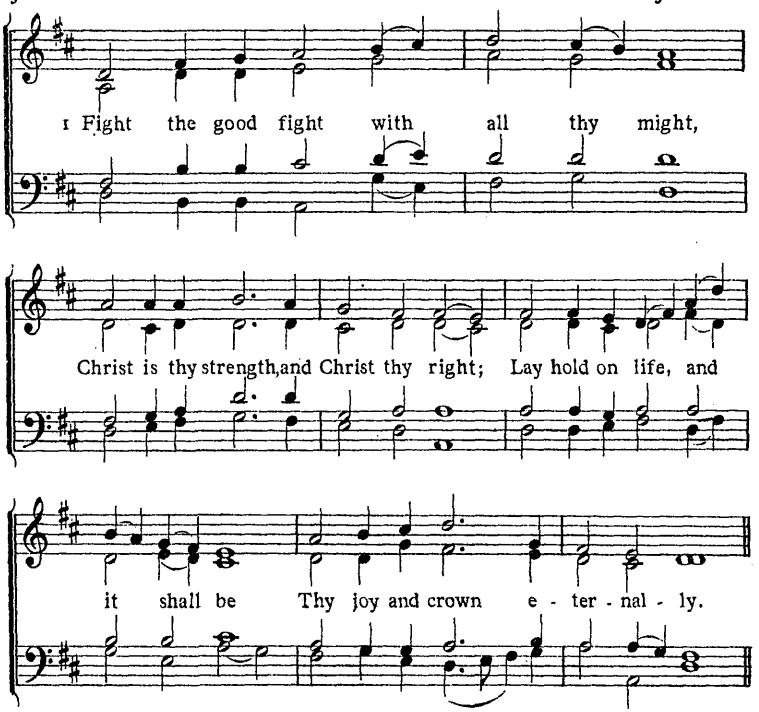
FAST CLIMBS THE SUN

Morganwg (87. 87)

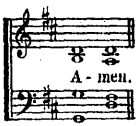
W. J. Blew — *Welsh Melody*

2 Lord Christ, as thou dost fill the stream
Of glory to o'erflowing,
So grant our charity may beam,
For ever freshly glowing.

3 All praise to thee, O Father, be
With thine, Lord Jesu, blending;
All praise, O Holy Ghost, to thee,
Through ages without ending, Amen.

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT WITH ALL THY MIGHT

Duke Street (L.M.)

J. S. B. Monsell — J. Hatton

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

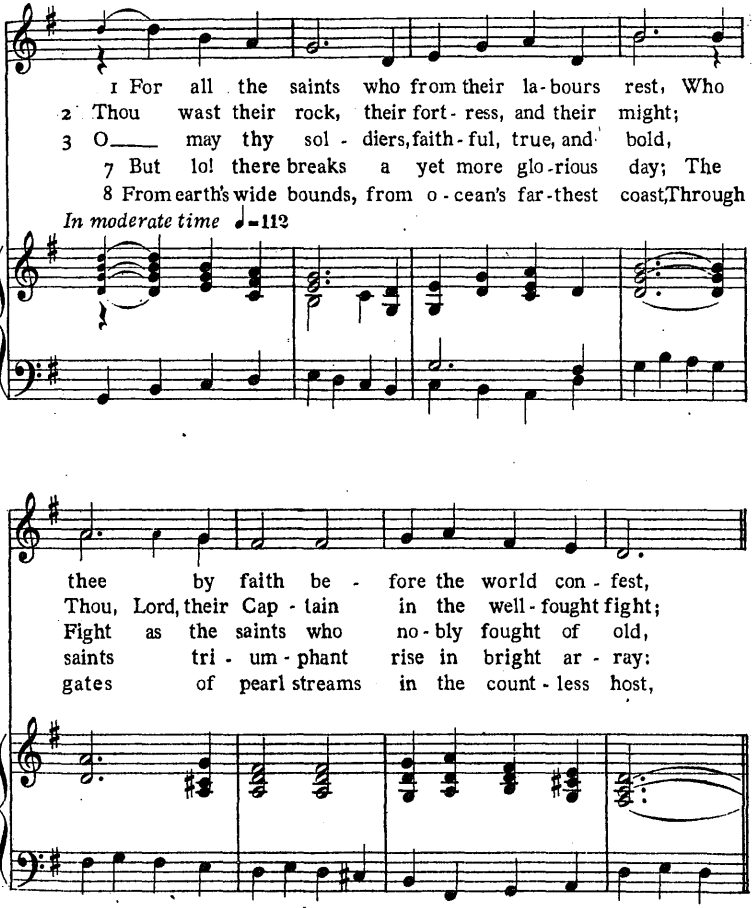
3 Cast care aside, lean on thy guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

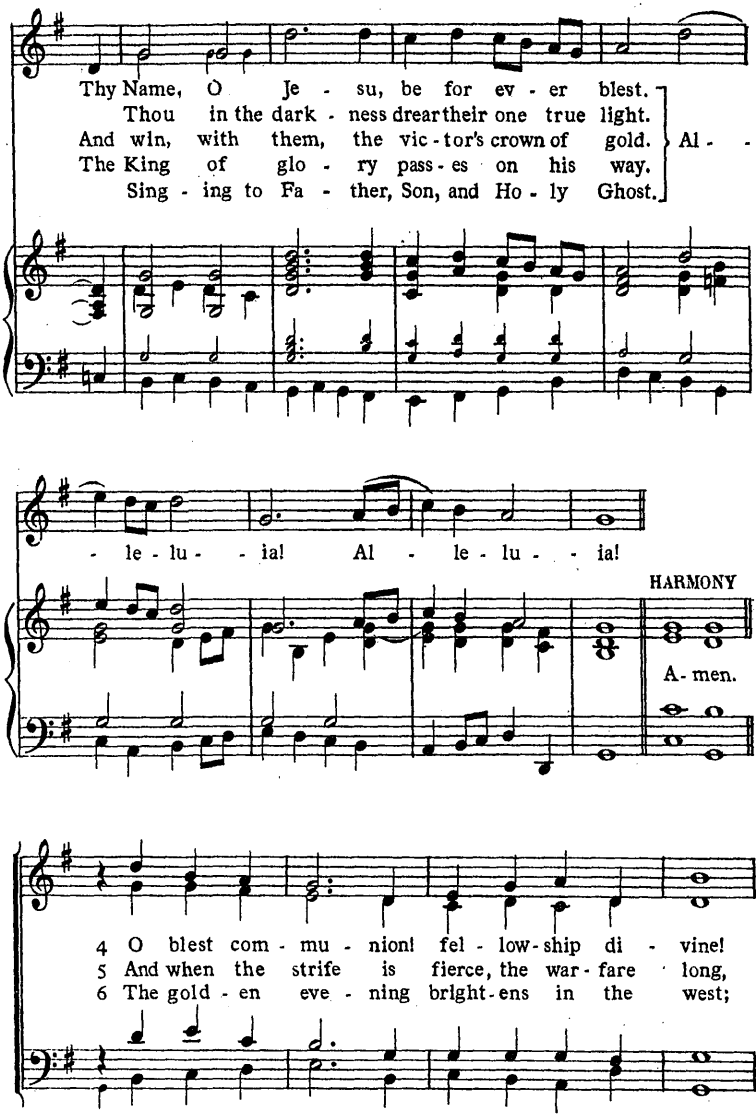
4 Faint not nor fear, his arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

FOR ALL THE SAINTS

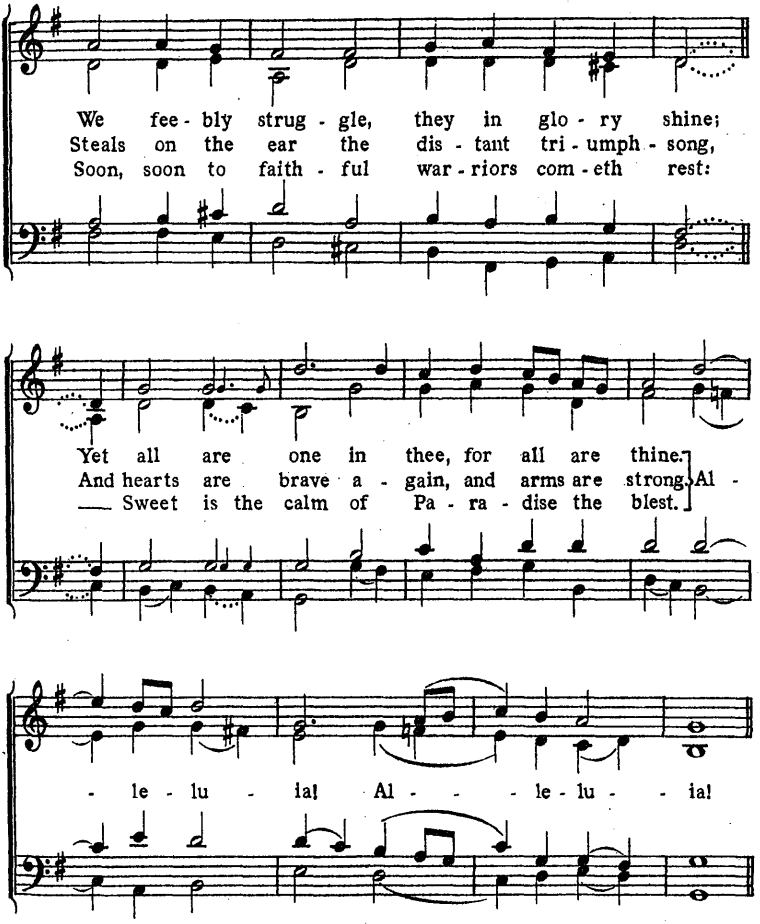
'Sine Nomine' (10.10.10 with Alleluia)

W. Walsham How — R. Vaughan-Williams

In moderate time

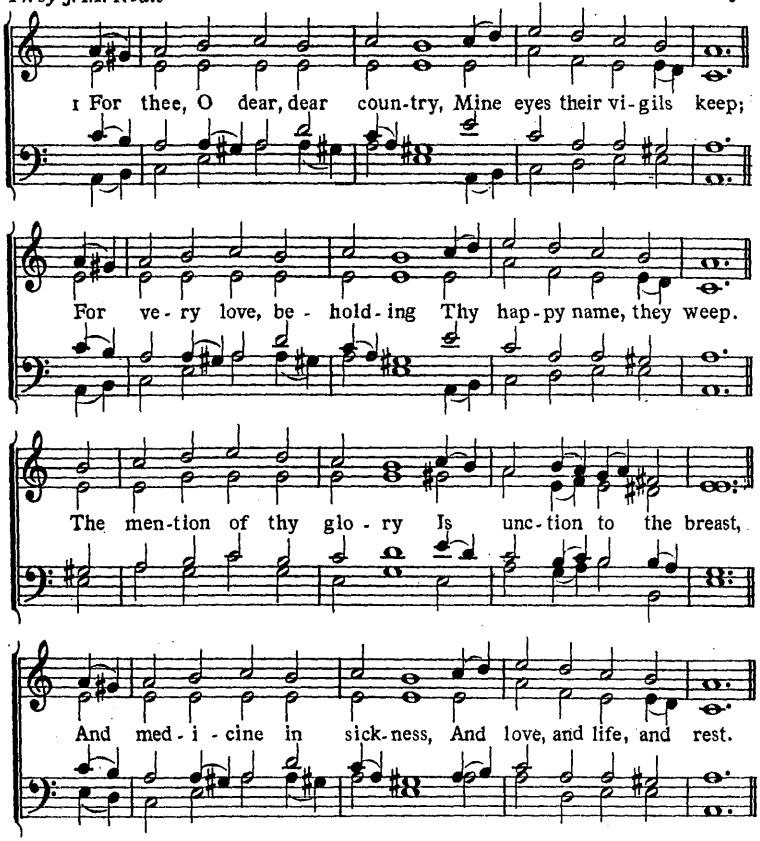


F

Thy Name, O Je - su, be for ev - er blest.
Thou in the dark - ness drear their one true light.
And win, with them, the vic - tor's crown of gold.
The King of glo - ry pass - es on his way.
Sing - ing to Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
HARMONY
A - men.
4 O blest com - mu - nion! fel - low - ship di - vine!
5 And when the strife is fierce, the war - fare long,
6 The gold - en eve - ning bright - ens in the west;


We fee - bly strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine;
Steals on the ear the dis - tant tri - umph - song,
Soon, soon to faith - ful war - riors com - eth rest:
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine:
And hearts are brave a - gain, and arms are strong. Al -
— Sweet is the calm of Pa - ra - dise the blest.
- le - lu - ia! Al - - - le - lu - - ia!

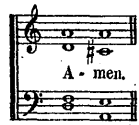
FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR COUNTRY

St. Bernard
Tr. by J. M. Neale

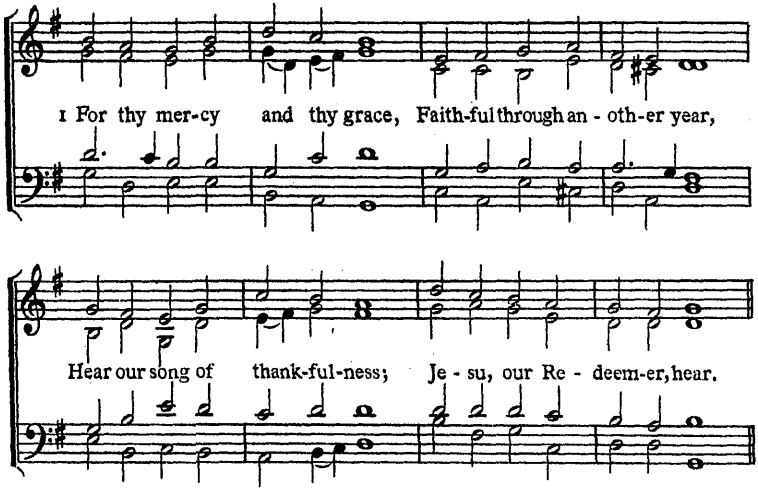
Jabez (76.76.D.)
Welsh Melody

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendour;
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransom'd people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

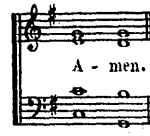
4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessèd country
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

FOR THY MERCY AND THY GRACE

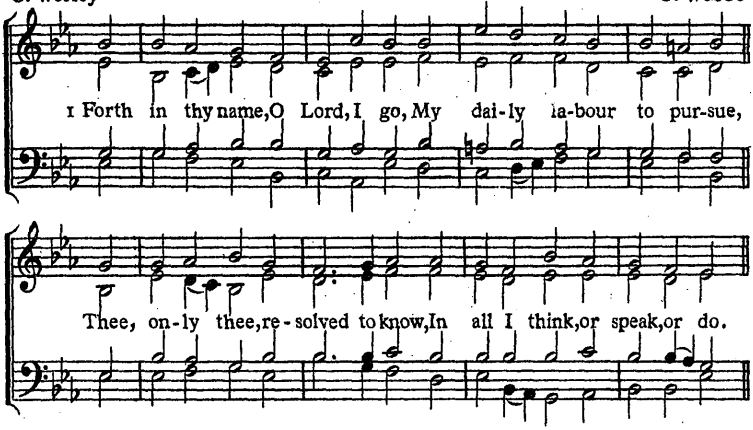
Vienna (77.77)

H. Downton J. A. Knecht

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort thou his dying bed.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own,
Help, O help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown. Amen.

FORTH IN THY NAME, O LORD, I GO

Melcombe (L. M.)

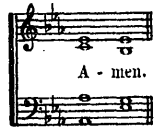
C. Wesley S. Webbe

2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thine acceptable will.

3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above,
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

4 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

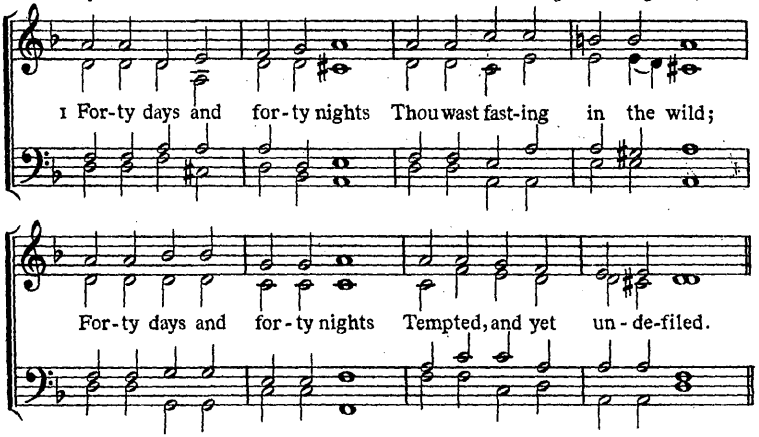
5 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

6 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.
Amen.



FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS

Aus der Tiefe (77.77)

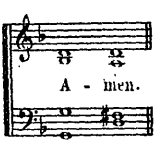
G. C. Smyttan — *Nürnberger Gesangbuch, 1677*

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about thy way;
Stones thy pillow, earth thy bed.

3 Shall not we thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with thee to suffer pain?

4 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

5 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us too shall angels shine,
Such as minister'd to thee.

6 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by thy side;
That with thee we may appear
At th' eternal Eastertide. Amen.



60

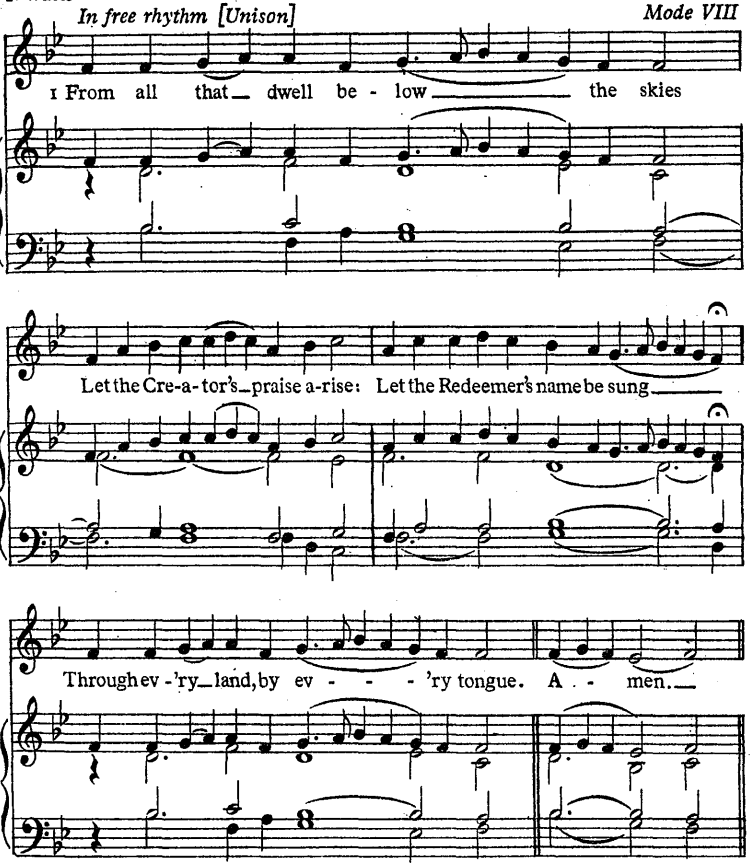
FROM ALL THAT DWELL BELOW THE SKIES

Aeterna Christi munera (L.M.)

I. Watts

Giovanni Guidetti

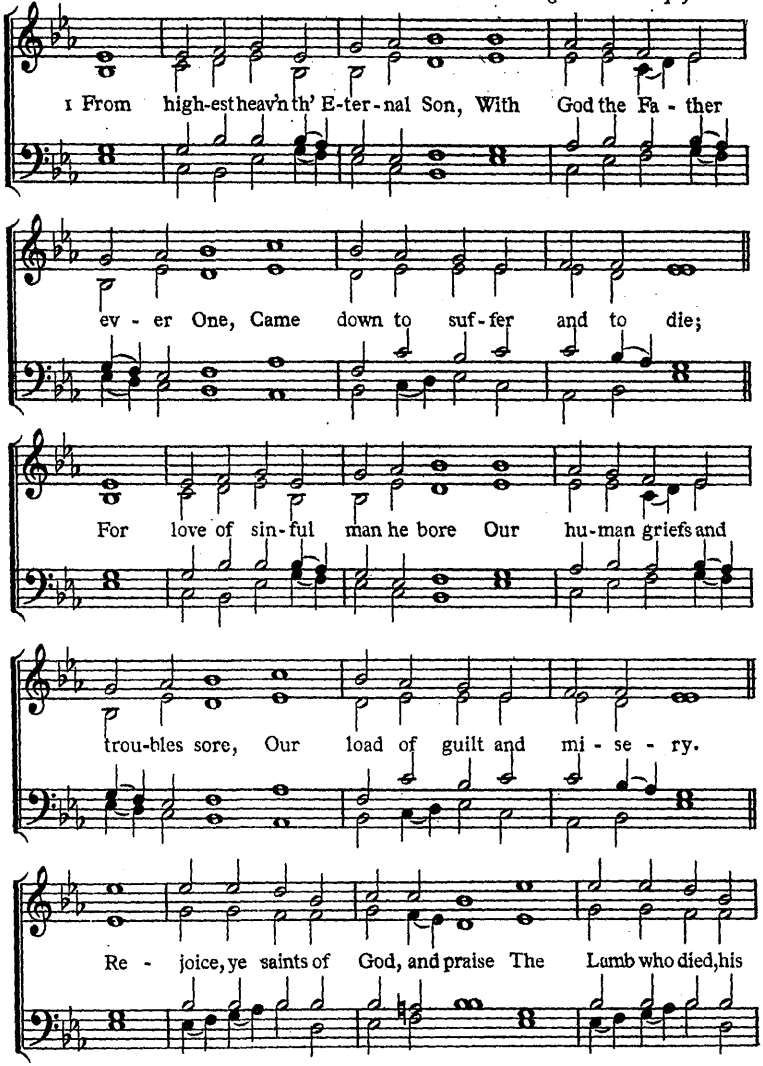
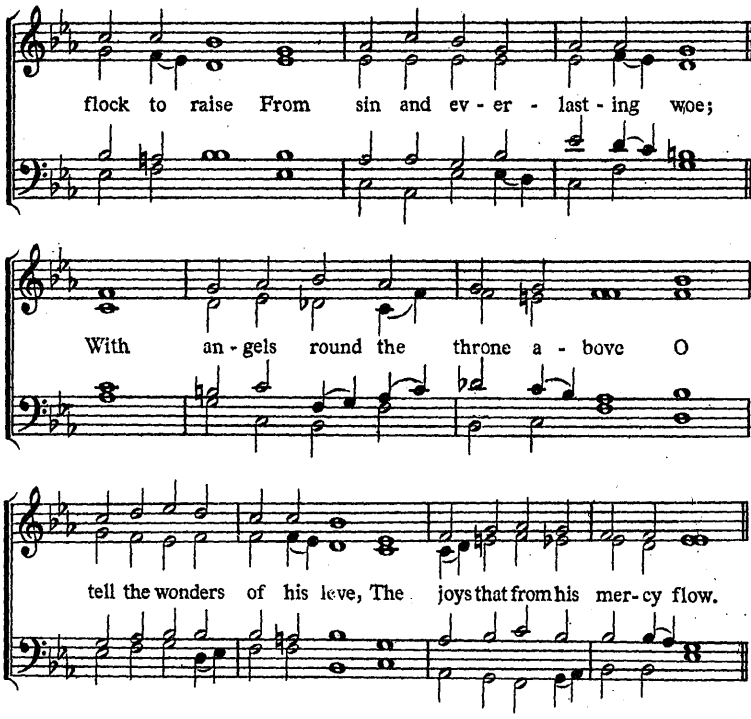
Mode VIII

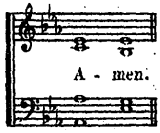
In free rhythm [Unison]

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. Amen.

61

FROM HIGHEST HEAV'N TH' ETERNAL SON

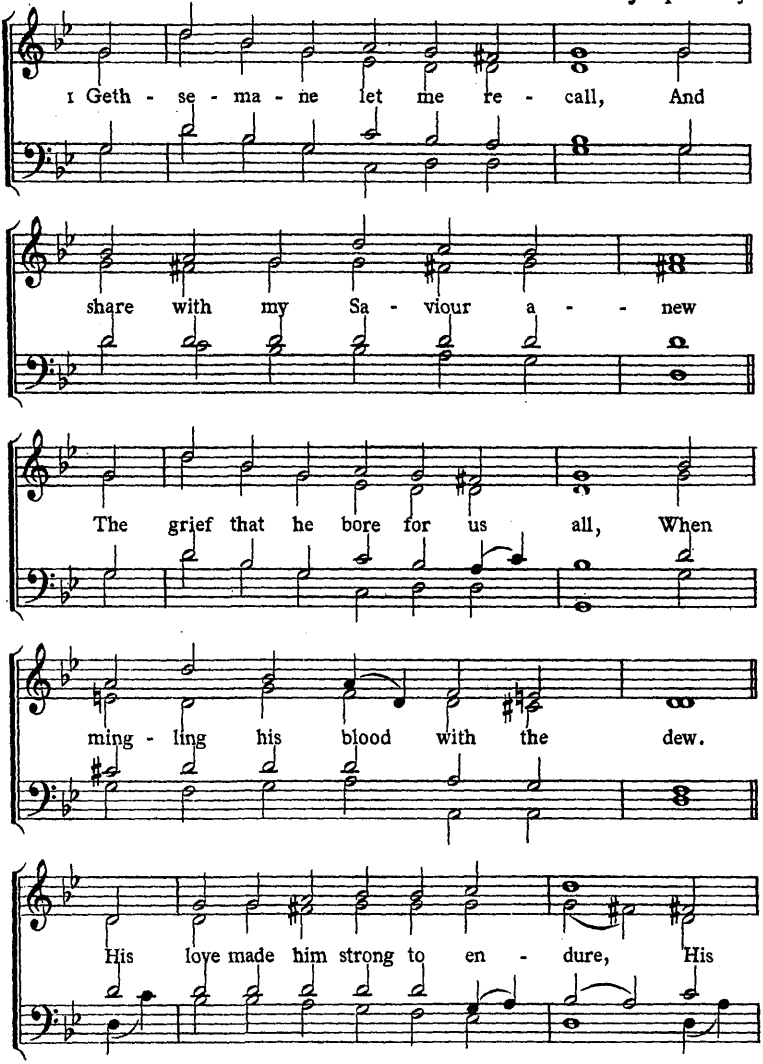
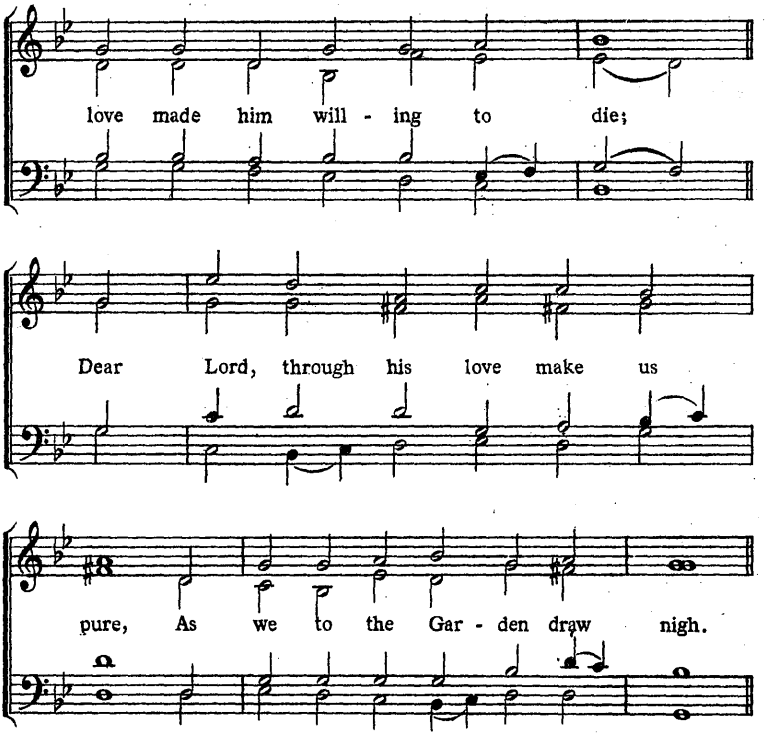
Old 113th (888.888 D.)

H.W. Baker — From the *Strasburg Kirchenampt, 1525*

2 In darkest shades of night we lay,
Without a beam to guide our way,
Or hope of aught beyond the grave;
But he has brought us life and light,
And open'd heaven to our sight,
And lives for ever strong to save.
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice;
Sing out, and praise with cheerful voice
The Lamb whom heav'n and earth adore;
To him who gave his only Son,
To God the Spirit, with them One,
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.



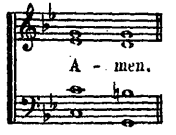
GETHSEMANE LET ME RECALL

Llangristiolus (D.L.M.)

H. Elvet Lewis — Joseph Parry



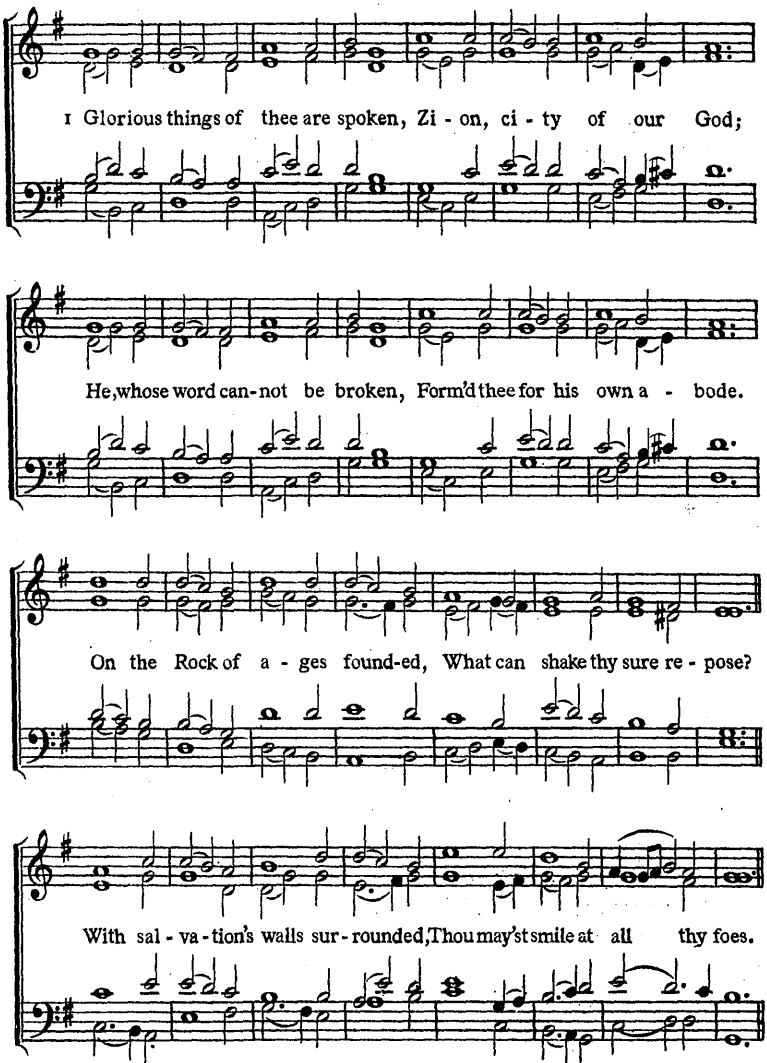
2 Rejected of men!– yet we turn
To gaze on the print of the nails:
What soul but with wonder will burn,
What heart but with sorrowing fails!
His life for us all he laid down–
No less for our sin would atone!
O give him your love for his crown,
And yield him your heart for his throne!

Amen.



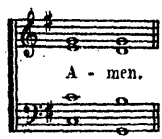
63

GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN
Tanycastell (87.87 D.)

John Newton — *Old Welsh*

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering–
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus they march, the pillar leading,
Light by night and shade by day;
Daily on the manna feeding
Which he gives them when they pray.

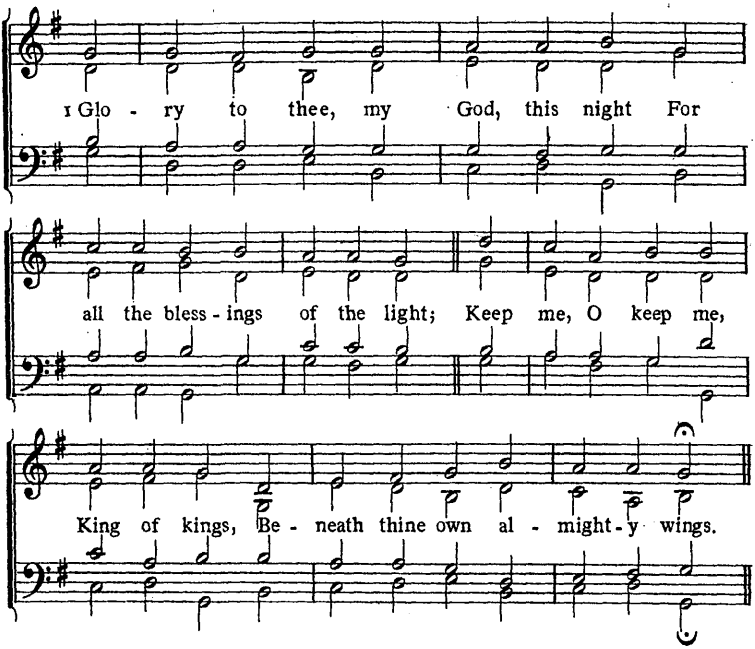
4 Saviour, since of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the world's best pleasure,
All its boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know. Amen.



GLORY TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS NIGHT

Tallis' Canon (L.M.)

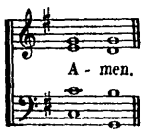
T. Ken T. Tallis



2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

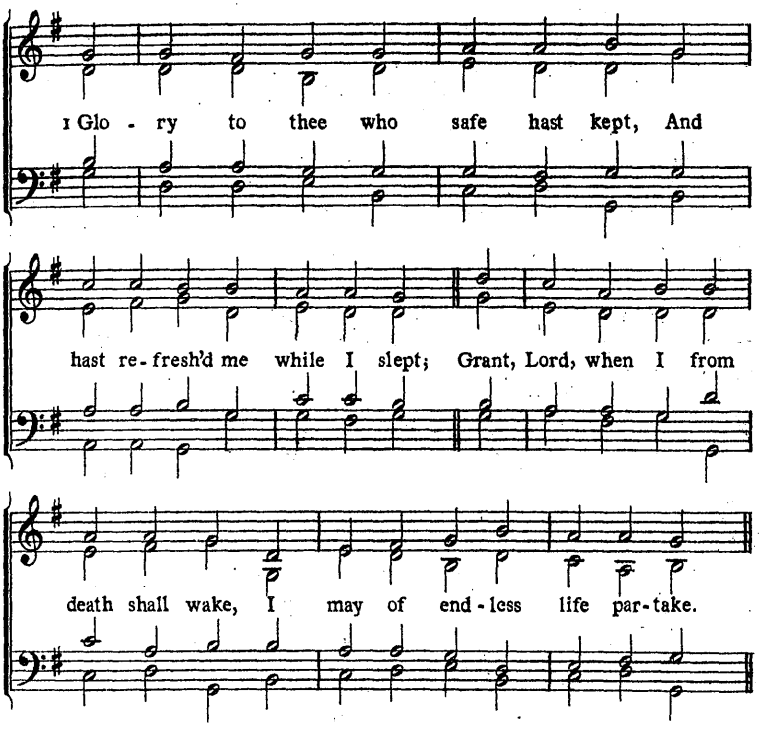
3 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

4 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

65 **GLORY TO THEE WHO SAFE HAST KEPT**

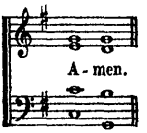
Tallis' Canon (L. M.)

T. Ken T. Tallis

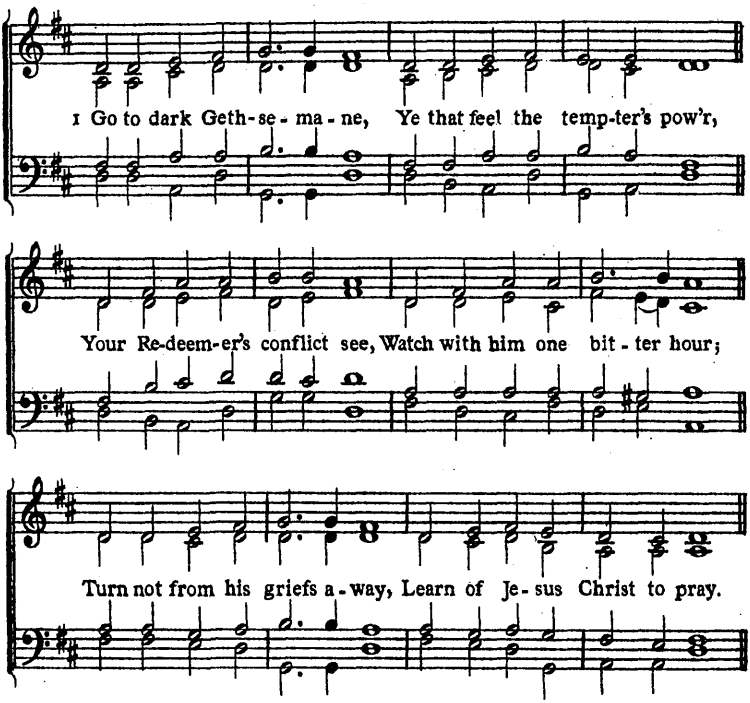


2 Heav'n is, dear Lord, where'er thou art,
O never then from me depart;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment without thee.

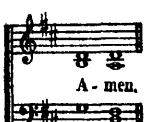
3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

GO TO DARK GETHSEMANE

Redhead No. 76 (77.77.77)

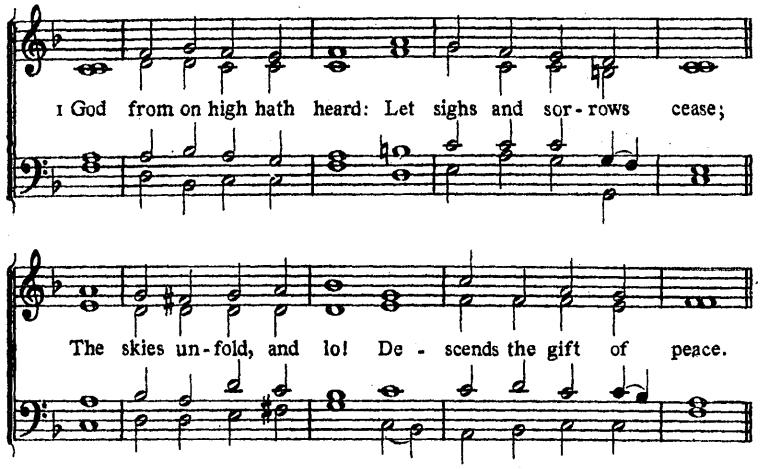
James Montgomery — R. Redhead

2 See him at the judgement-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned;
See him meekly bearing all!
Love to man his soul sustained.
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Christ to bear the Cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain view,
There the Lord of Glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on the accursèd tree:
'It is finished!' hear him cry;
Trust in Christ and learn to die. Amen.



67 GOD FROM ON HIGH HATH HEARD

Arran (66.66)

C. Coffin and J. R. Woodford S. S. Wesley

2 Hark! on the midnight air
Celestial voices swell;
The hosts of heaven proclaim
'God comes on earth to dwell!'

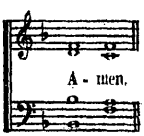
3 Haste with the shepherds; see
The mystery of grace:
A manger-bed, a child,
Is all the eye can trace.

4 Is this indeed the Christ?
Is this the eternal Son,
Who, ere the worlds began,
Was with the Father one?

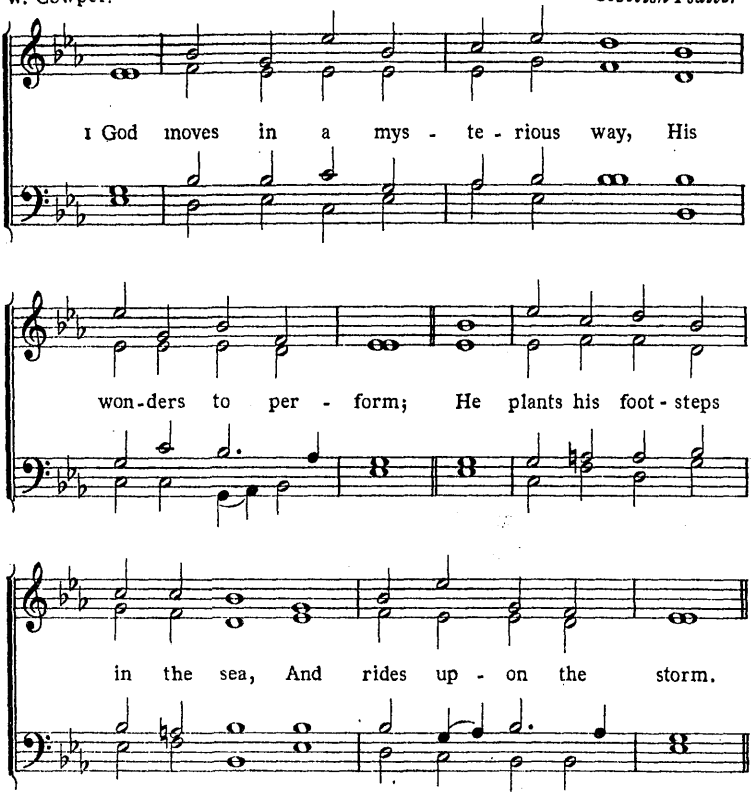
5 Yes, faith can pierce the cloud
Which shrouds his glory now,
And hails him Lord, and God,
To whom all creatures bow.

6 Faith sees the sapphire throne,
Where angels evermore
Adoring tremble still,
And trembling still adore.

7 O child, thy silence speaks,
And bids us not refuse
To bear what flesh would shun,
To spurn what flesh would choose.

8 Fill us with holy love;
Heal thou our earthly pride;
Be born within our hearts,
And ever there abide. Amen.

GOD MOVĔS IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

London New (C.M.)

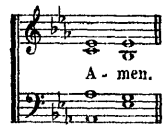
W. Cowper. *Scottish Psalter*

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

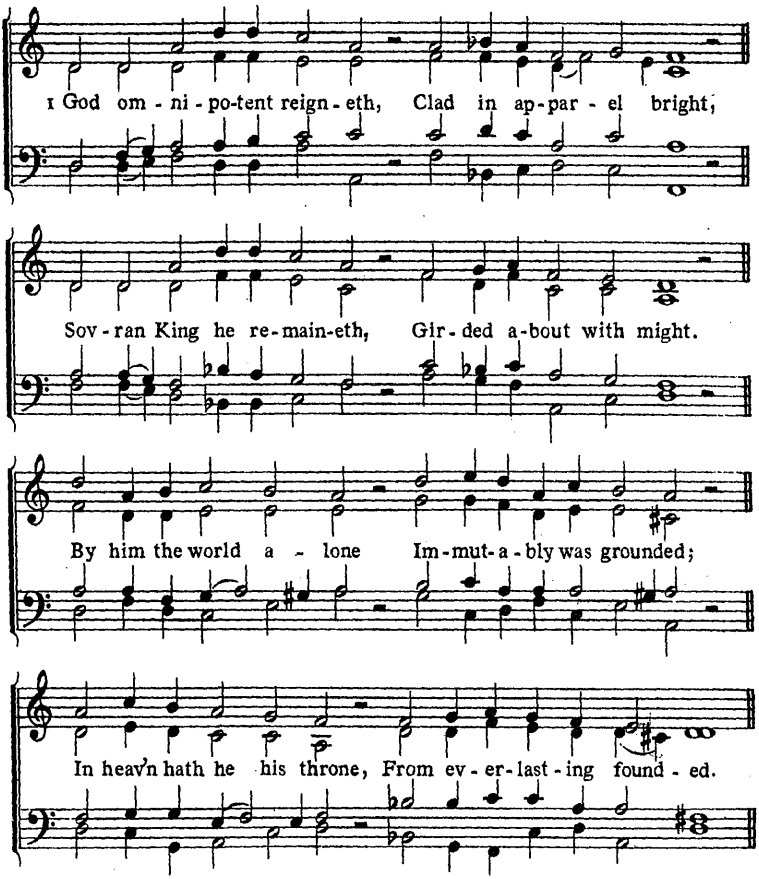
6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain. Amen.

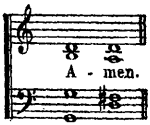


GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH

G. R. Woodward
From Psalm cvii

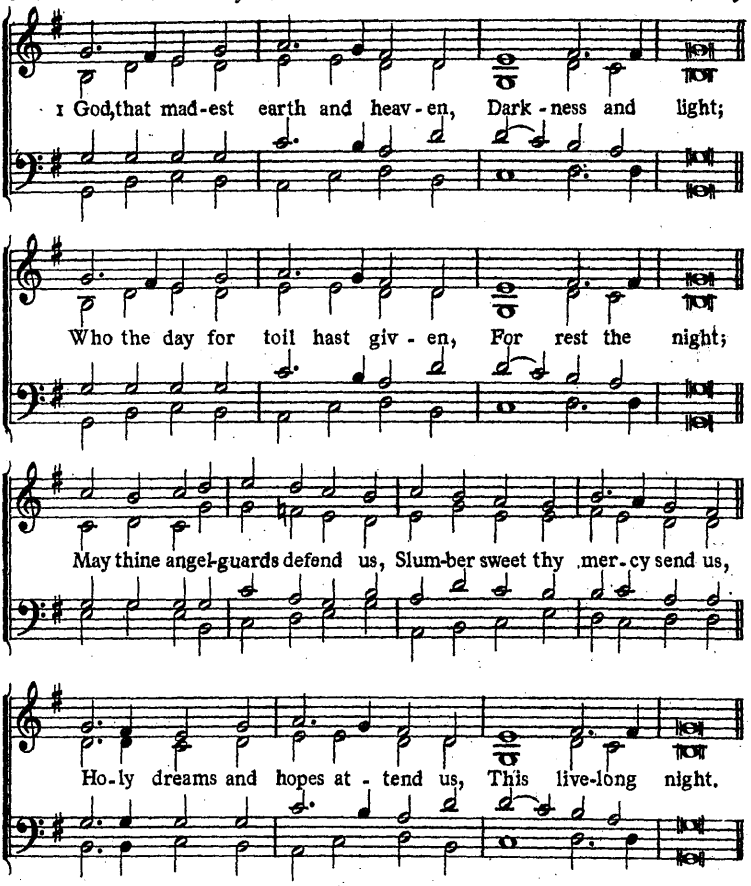
Donnez au Seigneur (Irregular)

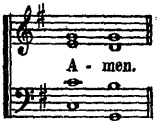
Pierre Dagnes

2 Ocean-billow and breaker
Uplift the voice of pride:
But their mightier maker
Governeth wind and tide:
His laws and sure decree
Of holiness are telling,
Which evermore shall be
Sole inmate of his dwelling. Amen.



GOD THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN

Ar hyd y nos (84.84.88.84)

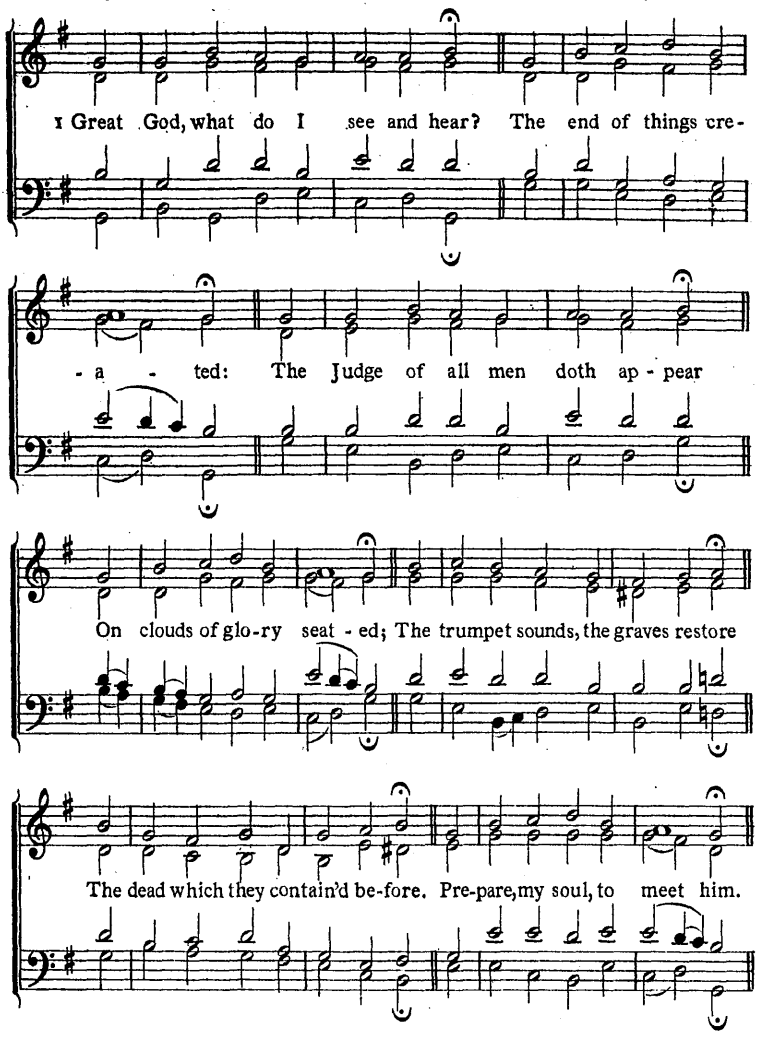
R. Heber and R. Whateley — *Welsh Melody*

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high. Amen.



GREAT GOD, WHAT DO I SEE AND HEAR?

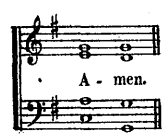
Nun freut euch (87.87.887)

Adapted from Ringwaldt by
W. B. Collyer and T. Cotterill

Klug's *Gesangbuch, 1535*

2 The dead in Christ are first to rise
At that last trumpets sounding;
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His Presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 The ungodly, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
In woe they rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before his throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

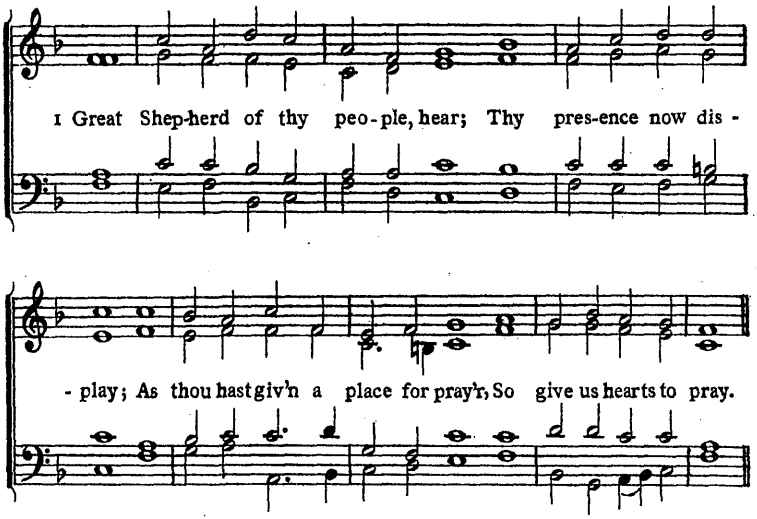
4 Great Judge, to thee our prayers we pour,
In deep abasement bending;
O shield us through that last dread hour,
Thy wondrous love extending:
May we, in this our trial day,
With faithful hearts thy word obey,
And thus prepare to meet thee. Amen.



GREAT SHEPHERD OF THY PEOPLE, HEAR

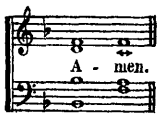
Durham (C.M.)

J. Newton *Scottish Psalter*



2 Within these walls let holy peace,
  And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
  The wounded spirit heal.

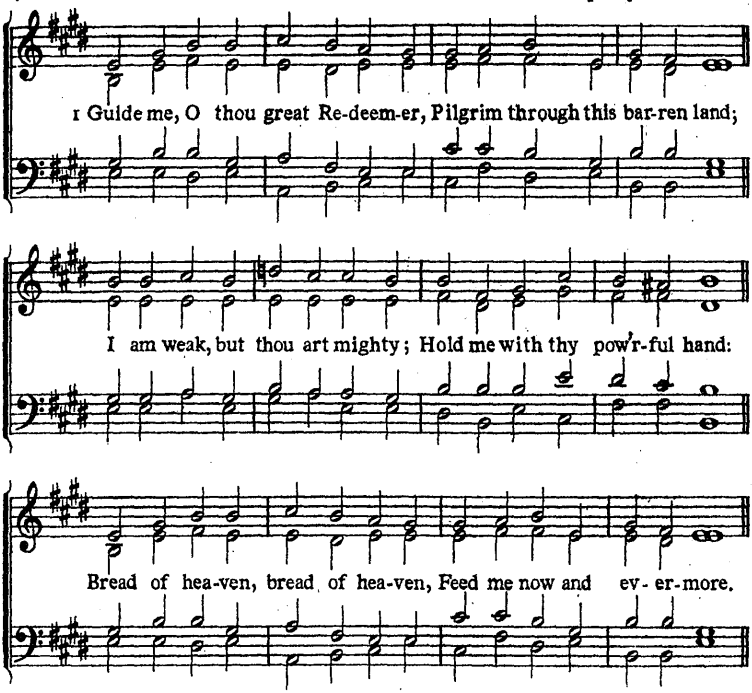
3 May we in faith receive thy word,
  In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
  Unbosom all our cares.

4 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
  The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
  That we in grace may grow. Amen.

73

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT REDEEMER

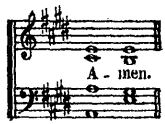
Mannheim (87.87.47)

W. Williams — *Adapted from F. Filitz*



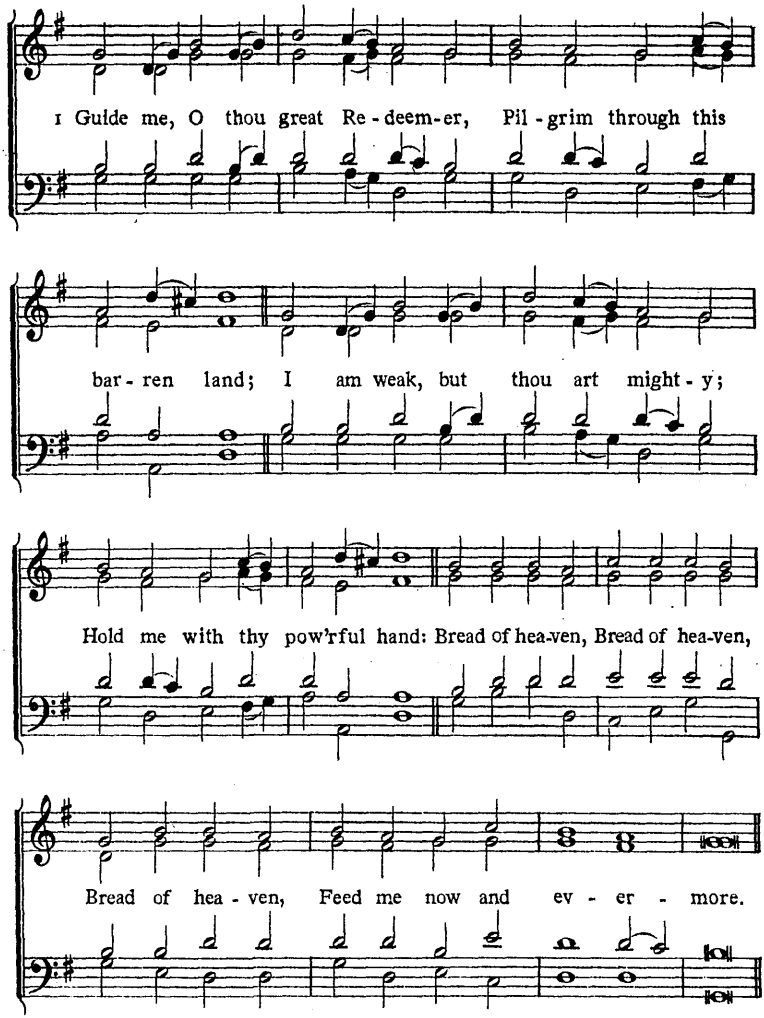
2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. Amen.

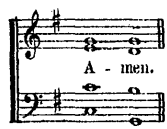


GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT REDEEMER

Caersalem (87.87.47)

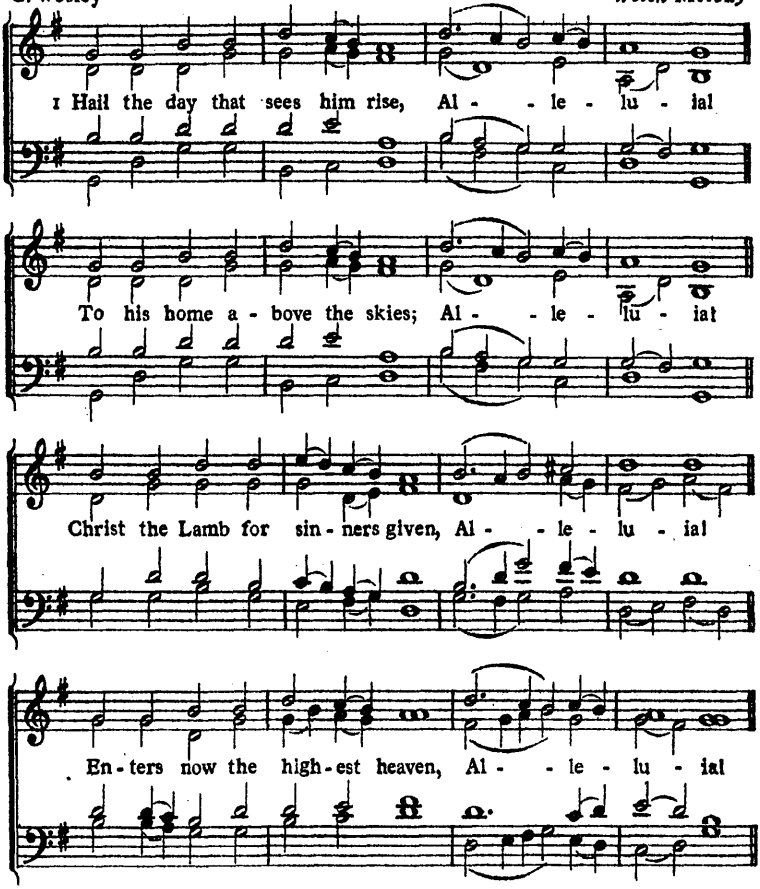
W. Williams *Welsh Melody*

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. Amen.



75 HAIL THE DAY THAT SEES HIM RISE

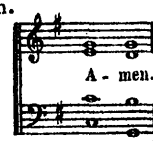
Llanfair (74.74.74.74)

C. Wesley *Welsh Melody*

2 There for him high triumph waits;
Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Alleluia!
He hath conquered death and sin;
Alleluia!
Take the King of Glory in.
Alleluia!

3 Lo! the heav'n its Lord receives,
Alleluia!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves;
Alleluia!
Though returning to his throne,
Alleluia!
Still he calls mankind his own.
Alleluia!

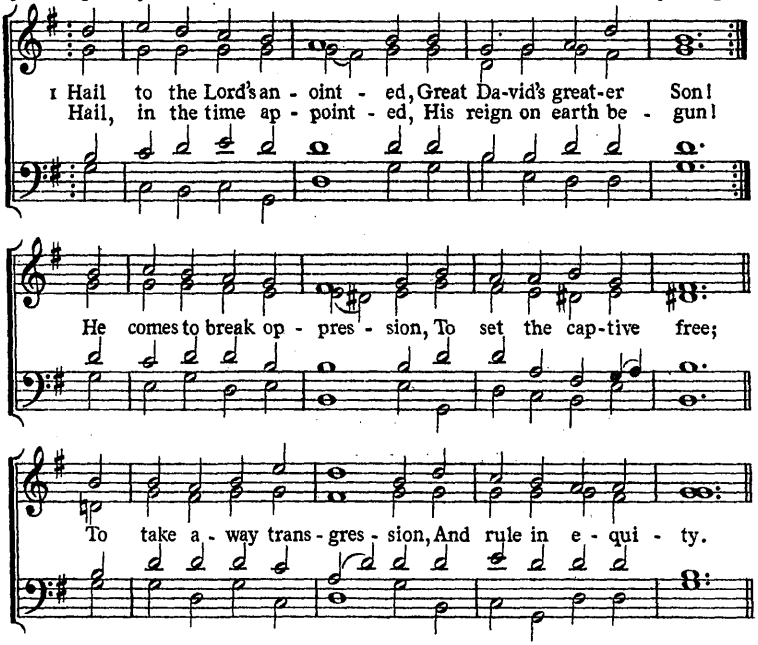
4 See! he lifts his hands above;
Alleluia!
See! he shows the prints of love;
Alleluia!
Hark! his gracious lips bestow
Alleluia!
Blessings on his church below.
Alleluia!

5 Still for us he intercedes,
Alleluia!
His prevailing death he pleads,
Alleluia!
Near himself prepares our place,
Alleluia!
He the first-fruits of our race.
Alleluia!

6 Lord, though parted from our sight
Alleluia!
Far above the starry height,
Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Alleluia!
Seeking thee above the skies.
Alleluia! Amen.

HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED

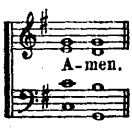
Crüger (76.76.D)

J. Montgomery J. Crüger



2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness o'erflow.

3 Kings shall bow down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

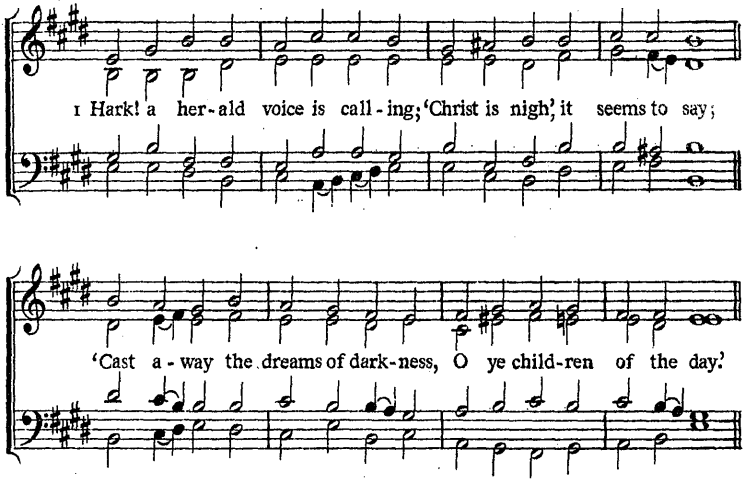
4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of love. Amen.

77

HARK! A HERALD VOICE IS CALLING

Merton (87.87)

From the Latin (VIth cent.)
Tr. by E. Caswall

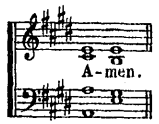
W. H. Monk



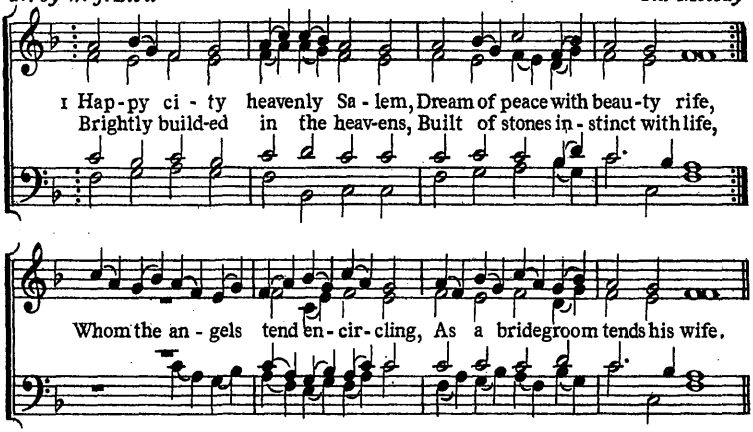
2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heav'n;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiv'n.

4 So, when next he comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May he then as our defender
On the clouds of heaven appear.

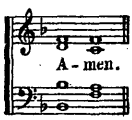
5 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the co-eternal Spirit,
While unending ages run. Amen.

78 HAPPY CITY, HEAVENLY SALEM

VIIth or VIIIth cent. Dwyfor (87.87.87, trochaic)

Tr. by W. J. Blew *Old Melody*

2 Bride from heav'n all fresh descending,
For the joyous bridal hour,
Deck'd and to her Lord betrothèd,
To the Lord of might and pow'r;
Golden are her streets and turrets,
And of purest gold her bow'r.

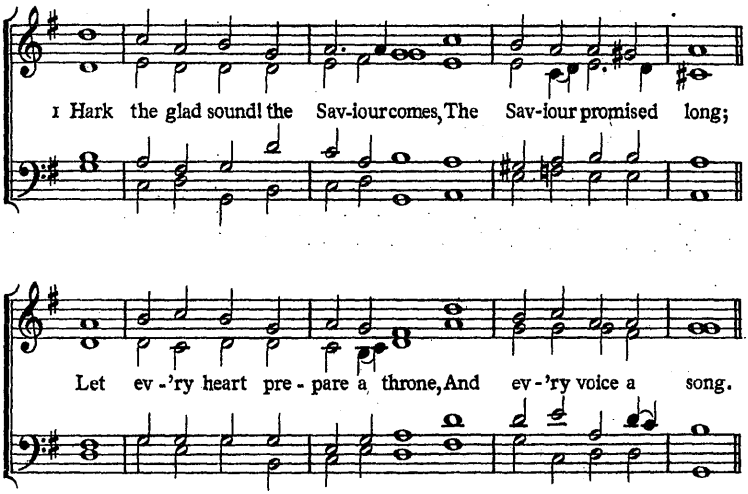
3 Brightly shine with pearls her portals,
Opening up each holy fane;
Where, by virtue of his merits,
They their happy entrance gain,
Who, for Christ's sweet name, refused not
In this world to suffer pain.

4 Blessèd city, hand and graver
Shape the polish'd stones for her,
For their several stations fitted
By the great Artificer,
Fitted for her many mansions,
Stones of strength that none may stir.

5 Glory be to God and honour;
Be to God most high all might,
To the Sire and Son be glory,
Glory to the Paraclite,
Unto whom be praise and power,
And through ages infinite. Amen.

79 HARK THE GLAD SOUND! THE SAVIOUR COMES

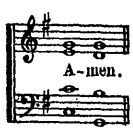
Bristol (C. M.)

P. Doddridge T. Ravenscroft



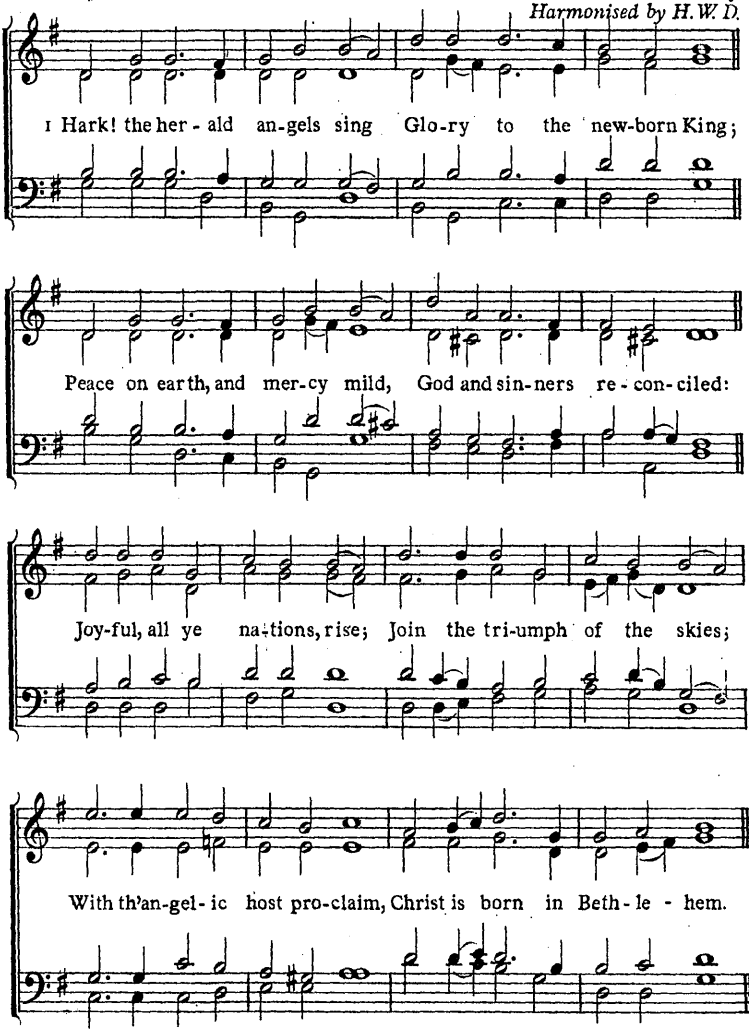
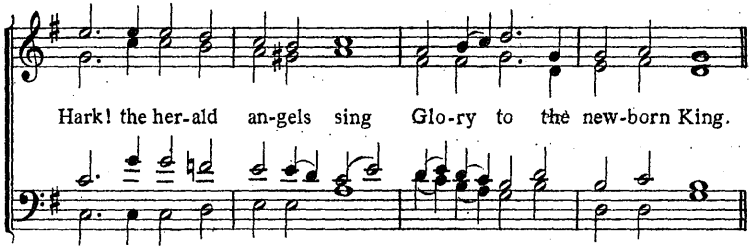
2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To bless the humble poor.

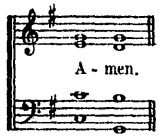
4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved Name. Amen.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Mendelssohn (7777.77/7.77)

C. Wesley

From F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
Harmonised by H. W. D.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

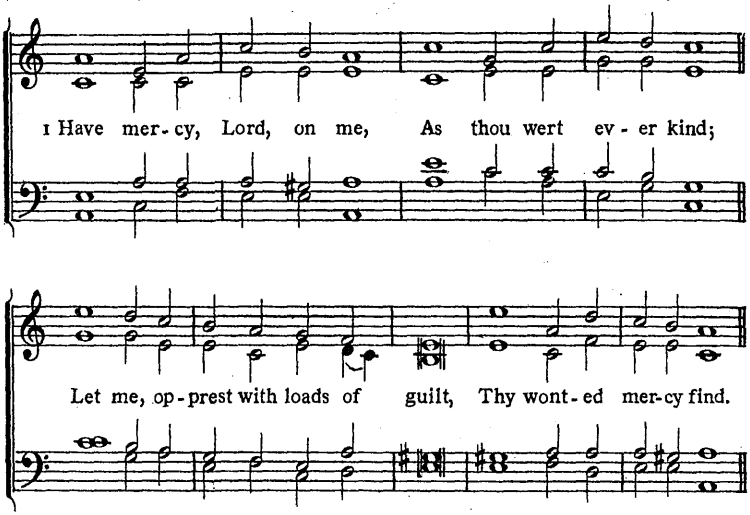
Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.



HAVE MERCY, LORD, ON ME

St. Bride (S.M.)

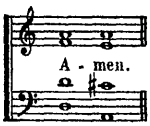
Tate and Brady S. Howard



2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain,
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

4 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity. Amen.

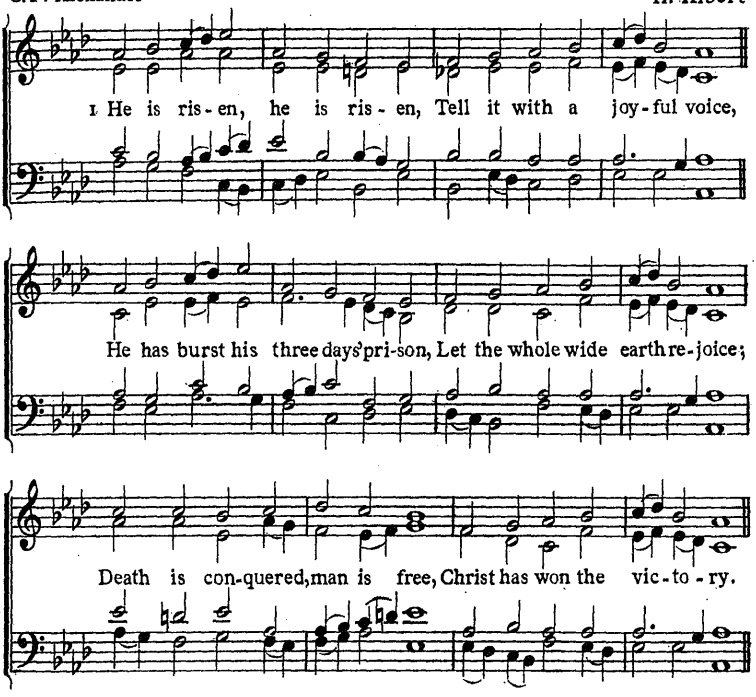


HE IS RISEN

Waltham (87.87.77)

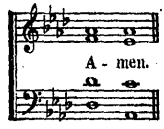
C. F. Alexander

J. S. Bach from H. Albert



2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow;
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All his woes are over now,
And the passion that he bore;
Sin and pain can vex no more.

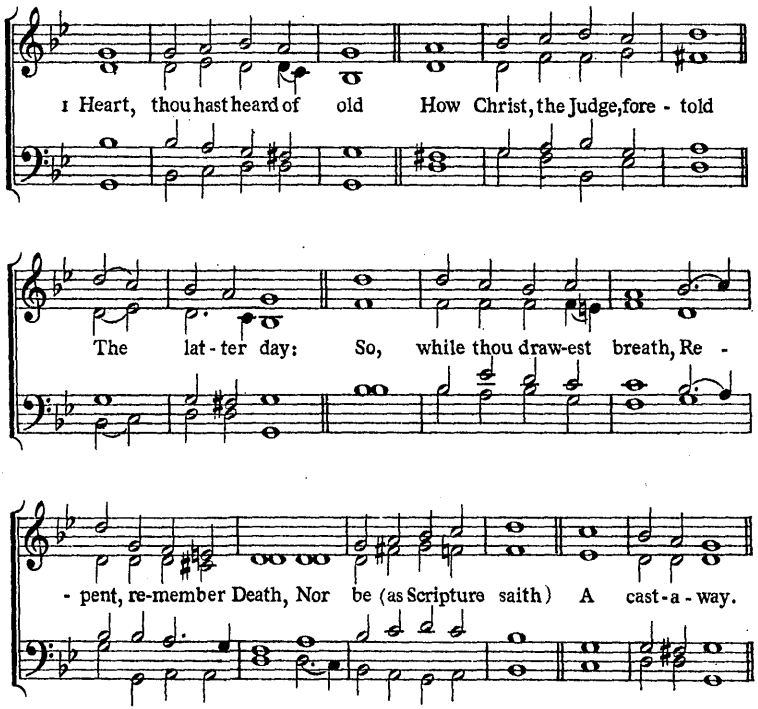
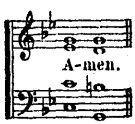
3 Come, with high and holy hymning,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple East,
Brighter far our Easter-feast. Amen.



83

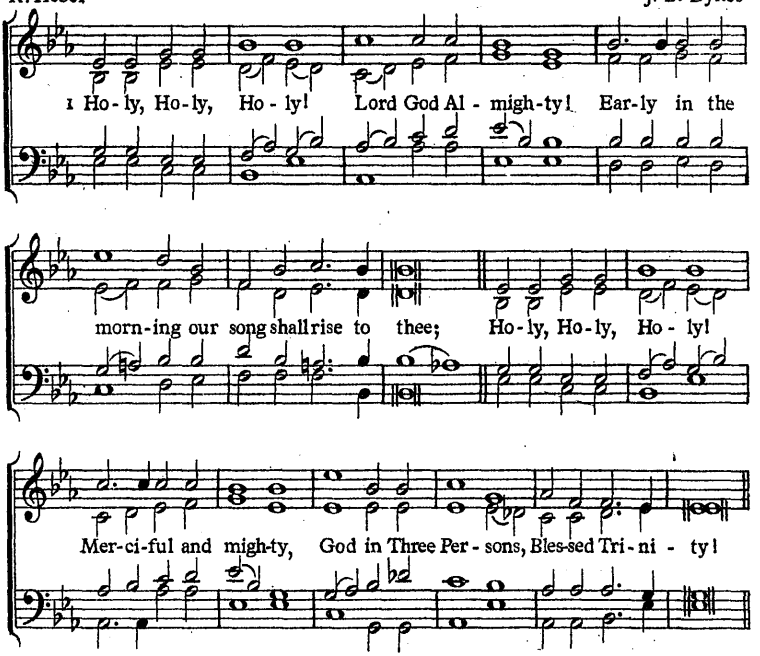
HEART, THOU HAST HEARD OF OLD

Dinbych (664.6664)

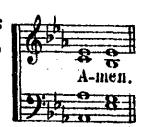
G. R. Woodward — *Old Welsh*

2 Prepare thy lamp, and see
That burning bright it be,
With oil replete:
That, like the wise, for whom
The Bridegroom oped the room,
Thou, at the day of doom,
Mayst find a seat. Amen.

84

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

Nicæa (11 12. 12 10)

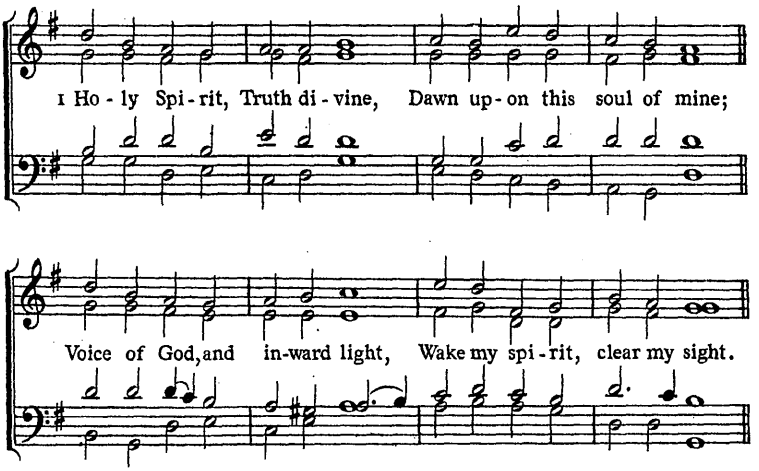
R. Heber J. B. Dykes

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art Holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty! [and sea:
All thy works shall praise thy Name, in earth, and sky,
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity. Amen.

85

HOLY SPIRIT, TRUTH DIVINE
Battishill (77.77)

S. Longfellow J. Battishill



2 Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire.

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Law divine,
Reign within this soul of mine;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

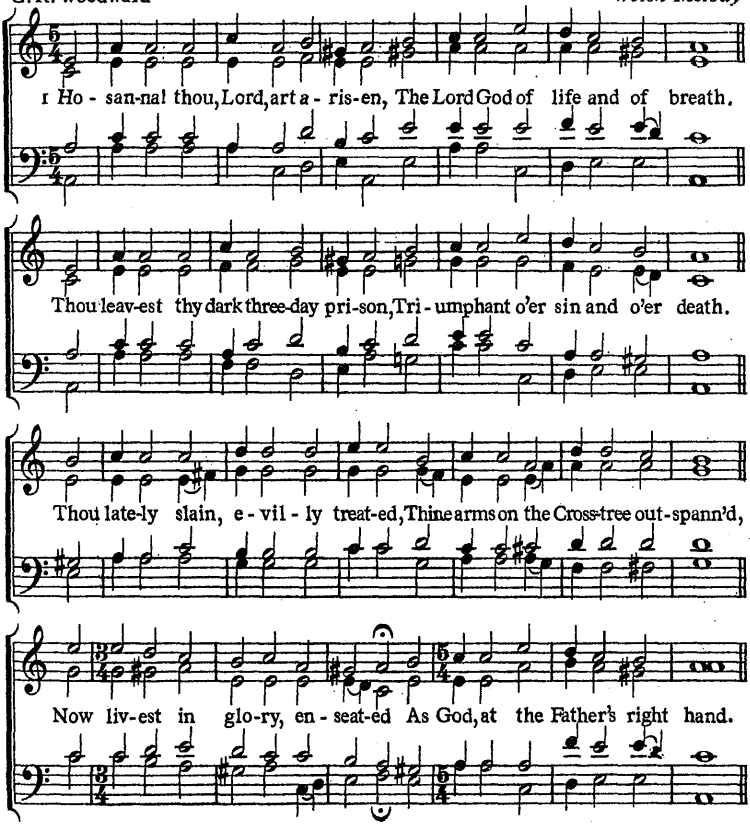
5 Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stay'd in thy tranquillity.

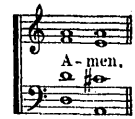
6 Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Gladden thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
Spring, O Well, for ever spring. Amen.

HOSANNA! THOU, LORD, ART ARISEN

Cyfamod (98.98.D.)

G. R. Woodward — *Welsh Melody*

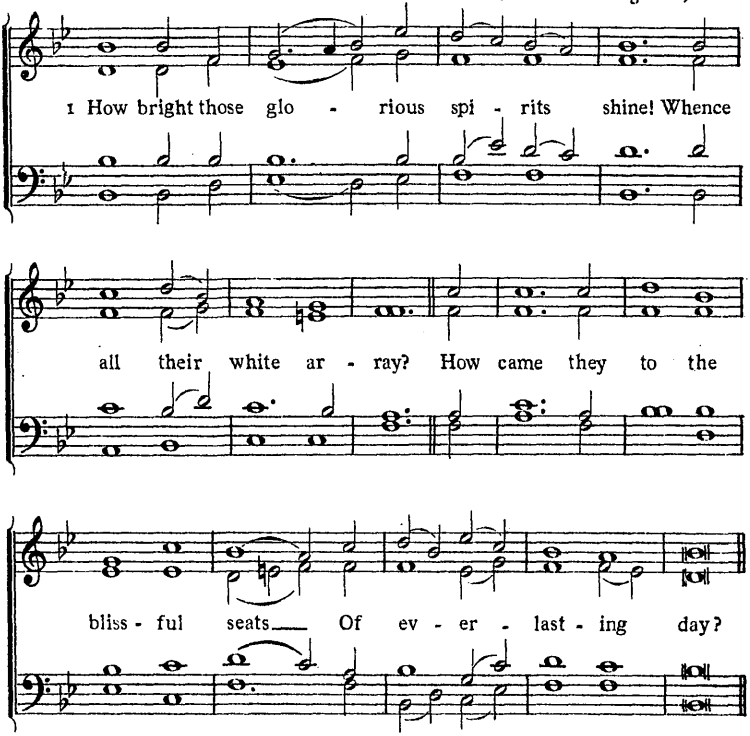


2 From thence ere thou comest, to sentence
Mankind, both the great and the small,
Vouchsafe us true hearty repentance;
And then to thy heavenly hall
Uplift us, that there we may praise thee,
With angels and hallows, above,
And evermore thankfully raise thee
Glad songs for thy mercy and love. Amen.

87 HOW BRIGHT THOSE GLORIOUS SPIRITS SHINE

Bromsgrove (C.M.)

I. Watts

T. Williams
Psalmodia Evangelica, 1789



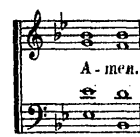
2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light;
And in the Blood of Christ have washed
Those robes that shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

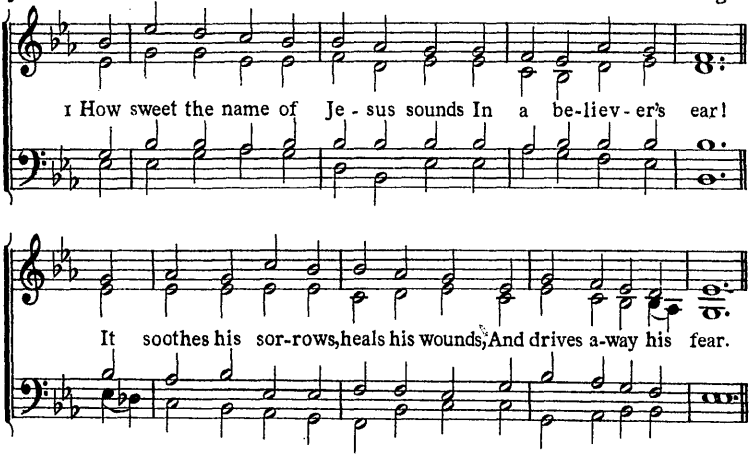
5 The Lamb, which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

6 'Midst pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

7 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS

St. Peter (C. M.)

J. Newton — A. R. Reinagle

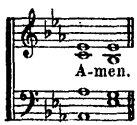


2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

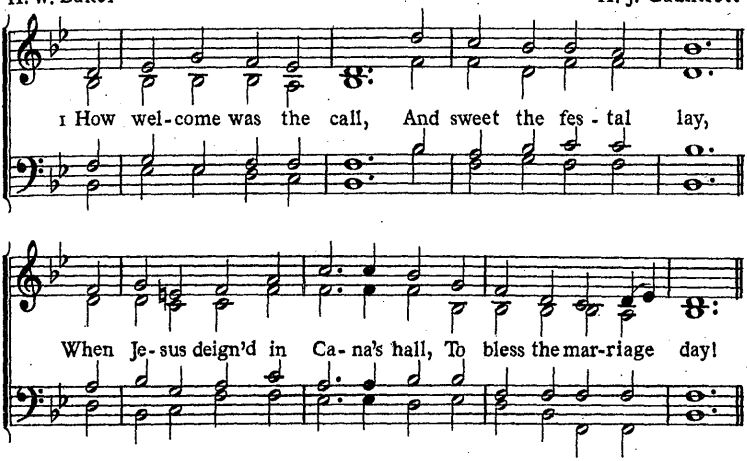
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

89

HOW WELCOME WAS THE CALL

St. George (Gauntlett S. M.)

H. W. Baker — H. J. Gauntlett

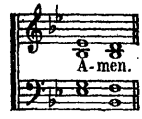


2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the Bridegroom's heart,
For he who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 His gracious power Divine
The water vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

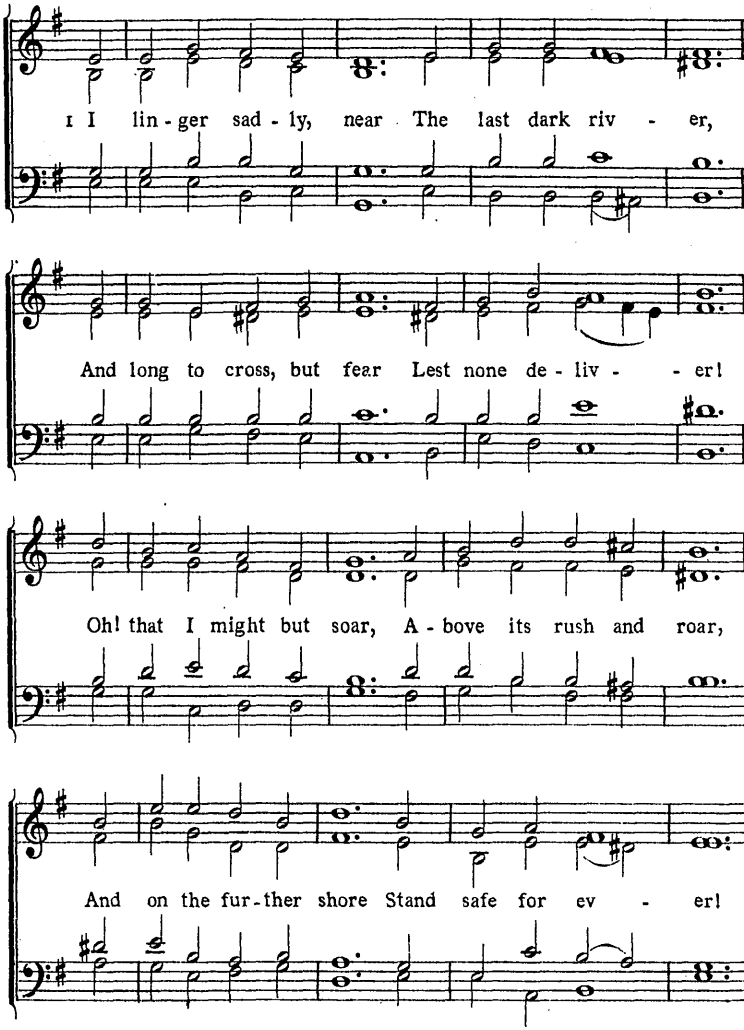
4 O Lord of life and love,
Come thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

5 O bless, as erst of old,
The Bridegroom and the Bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flow'd
Forth from thy pierced side.

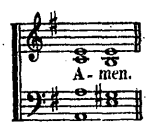
6 Before thine Altar-throne
This mercy we implore;
As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore. Amen.

I LINGER SADLY, NEAR

Moab (65.65.666.5)

Evan Evans
Tr. by H. Elvet Lewis

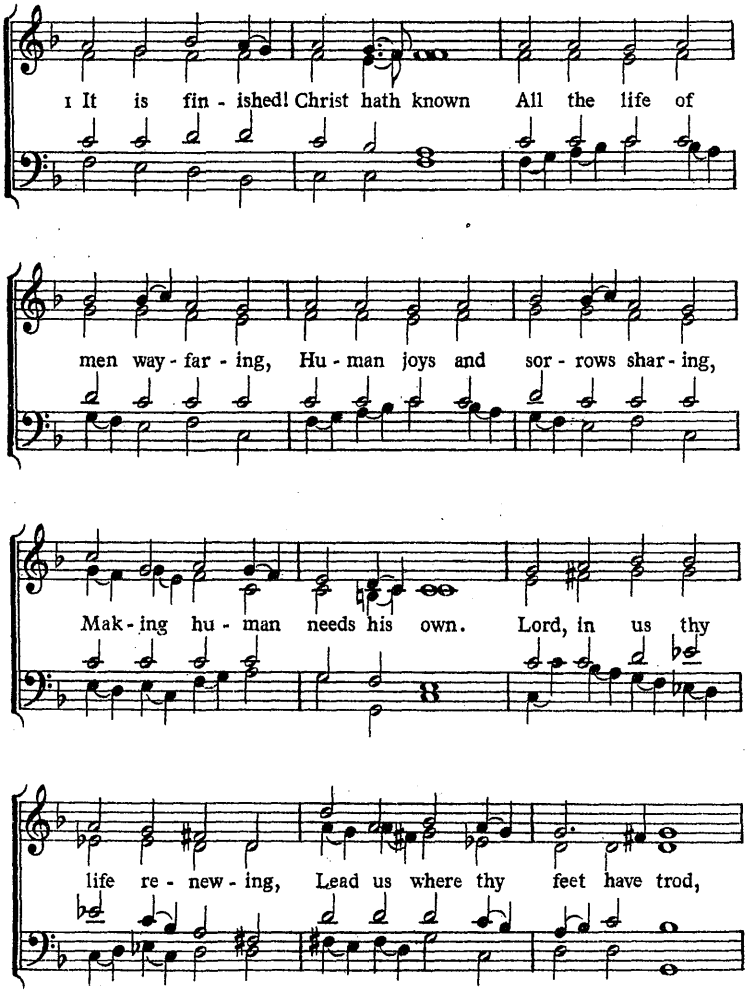
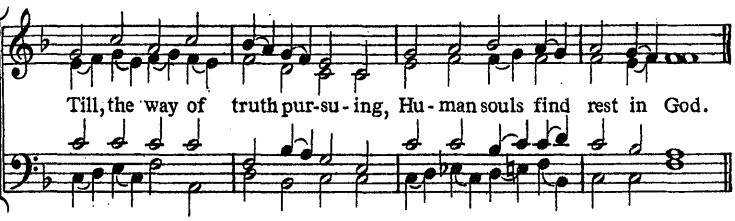
Ieuan Gwyllt

2 From every dismal wave
Come dark foretellings;
I think of all the brave
Lost in the swellings!
O soul of mine, so frail,
What if the flood prevail,
And thou at last shouldst fail
To reach those dwellings!

3 But see on yonder shore,
Their sorrow ended,
My comrades in the war
Safe home ascended:
Why should I feel alarm?
They crossed on Jesu's arm;
And I shall know no harm,
By him befriended. Amen.



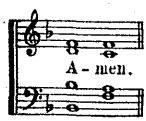
IT IS FINISHED!

Jesu, meines Glaubens Zier (78.87.87.87)

Gabriel Gillett J. S. Bach



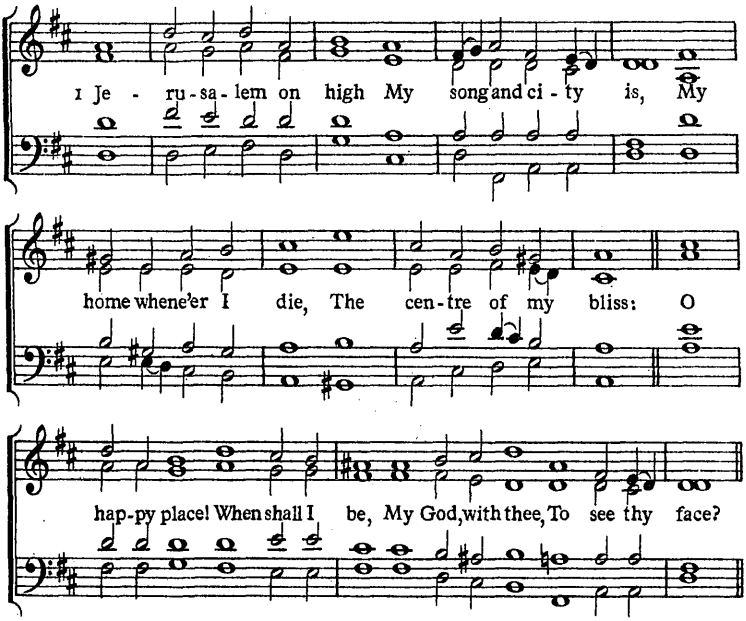
2 It is finished! Christ is slain,
On the altar of creation,
Offering for a world's salvation
Sacrifice of love and pain.
Lord, thy love through pain revealing,
Purge our passions, scourge our vice,
Till, upon the Tree of Healing,
Self is slain in sacrifice.

3 It is finished! Christ our King
Wins the victor's crown of glory;
Sun and stars recite his story,
Floods and fields his triumph sing.
Lord, whose praise the world is telling,
Lord, to whom all power is given,
By thy death, hell's armies quelling,
Bring thy Saints to reign in heaven. Amen.



JERUSALEM ON HIGH
Croft's 136th (66.66.44.44)

S. Crossman W. Croft

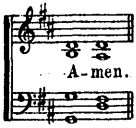


2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to him sing,
And lowly homage give:
O happy place....

3 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their long'd-for Prince of Peace:
O happy place....

4 The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold:
O happy place....

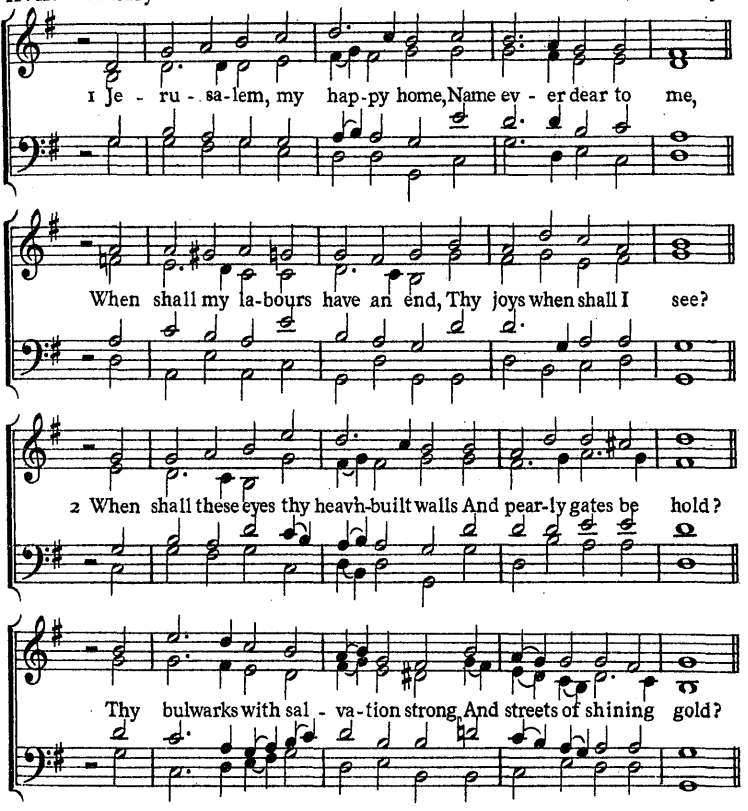
5 The bleeding Martyrs, they
Within these courts are found,
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crown'd:
O happy place....

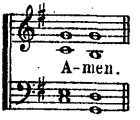
6 Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like that on high;
Thither, Lord, guide my way;
O happy place.... Amen.

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME

Tye (D. C.M.)

From Laurence Anderton

XVIIth Century

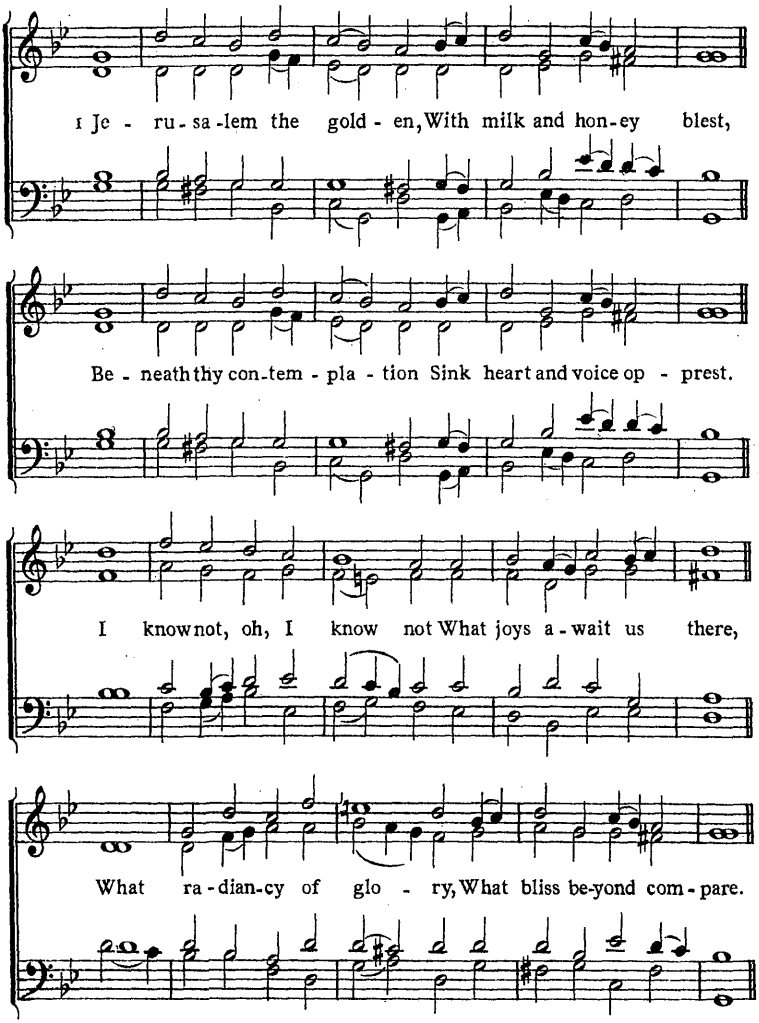
C. Tye

3 For in thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

4 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

Caerllyngoed (76.76.D)

J. M. Neale
From Bernard of Cluny

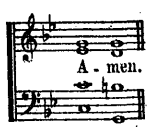
Stephen Lloyd



2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessèd
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast:
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

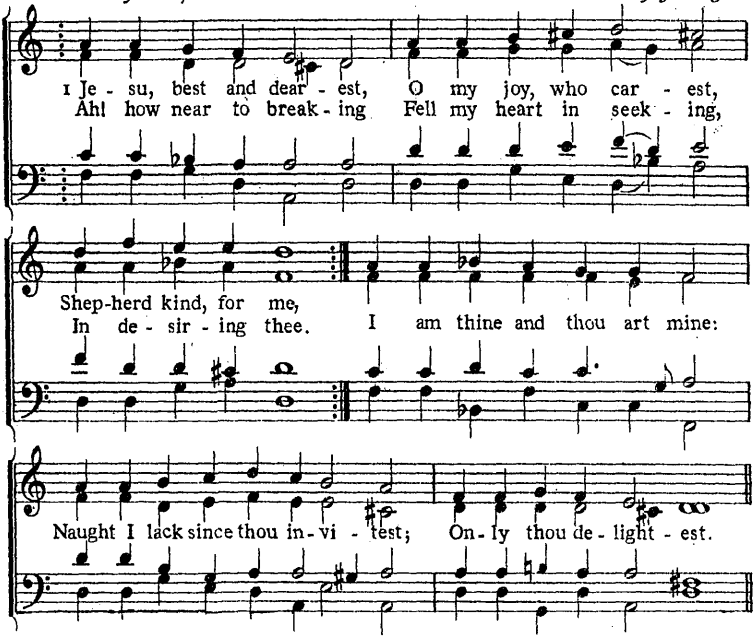
4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit ever blest. Amen.



JESU, BEST AND DEAREST

J. Franck — Jesu meine Freude (665.665.786)

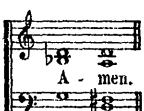
Yattendon Hymnal, No. 57 — *Harm. by J. Criiger*



2 From my sin's oppression,
In thy close possession,
I am safe and free.
In the storm and tempest
By me thou encampest,
Tower and shield to be.
Thinking of thy tender love,
I am arm'd 'gainst all temptation,
Jesu, my salvation.

3 Earth, that held thee from me,
Can no more o'ercome me
With its phantoms vain.
Glory cannot blind me,
Pleasure cannot bind me,
Nothing would I gain.
I lie still beneath thy will.
From the godless' rude endeavour
Jesus doth deliver.

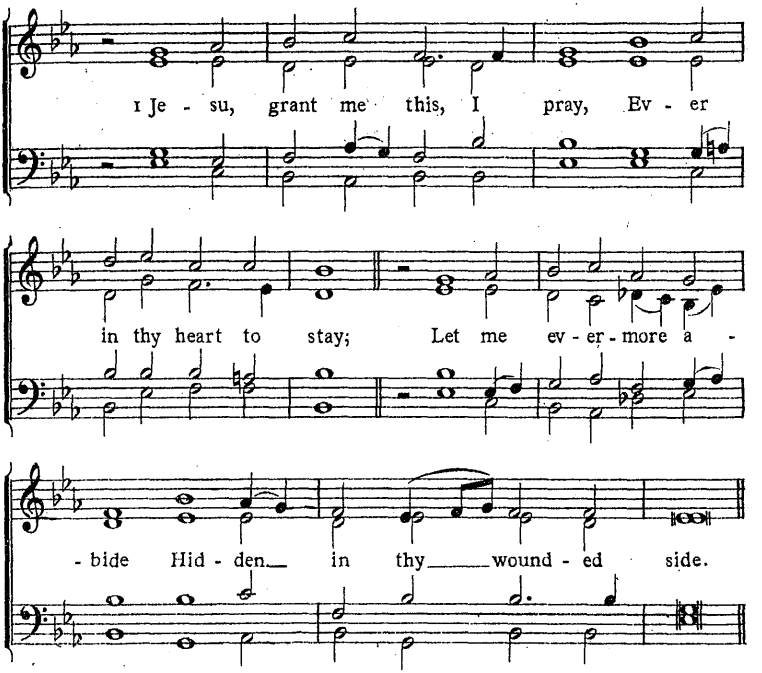
4 Now his voice doth reach me,
Now his word doth teach me;
At his feet I rest.
There no fear encroacheth,
There no ill approacheth,
There all pain is blest.
All my care he deigns to bear;
And in trouble thou art nearest,
Jesu, best and dearest. Amen.



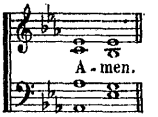
96 JESU, GRANT ME THIS, I PRAY

Gibbons (7777)

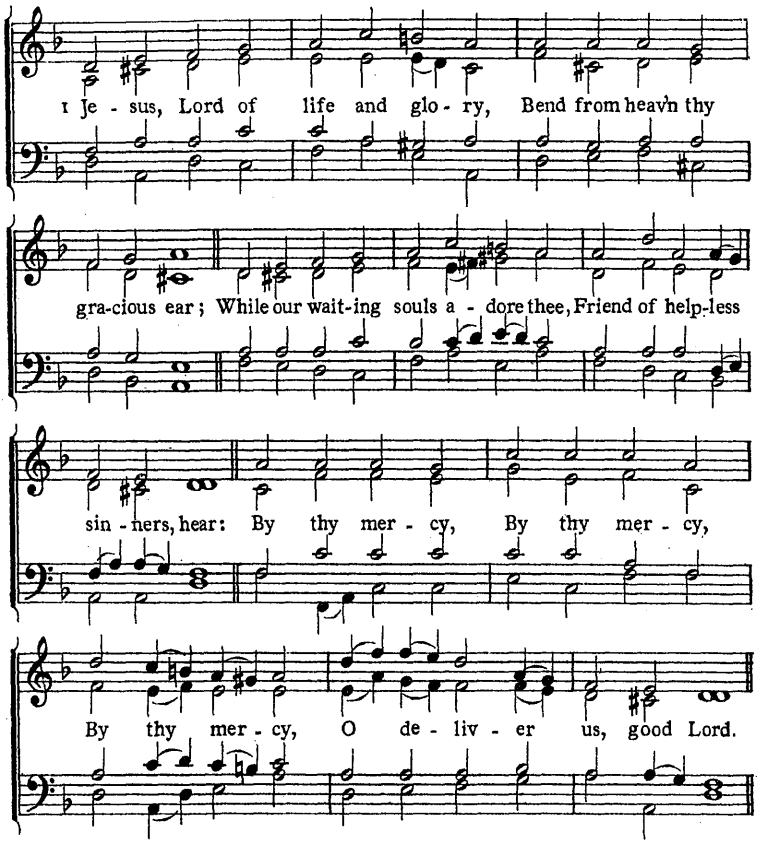
From the Latin
Adapted by H. W. Baker

O. Gibbons

2 If the evil one prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

3 If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Nought I fear when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

4 Death will come one day to me!
Jesu, cast me not from thee;
Dying let me still abide
In thy heart and wounded side. Amen.

JESUS, LORD OF LIFE AND GLORY

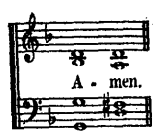
Llanilar (87.87.47)

J. J. Cummins — *Old Welsh*

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

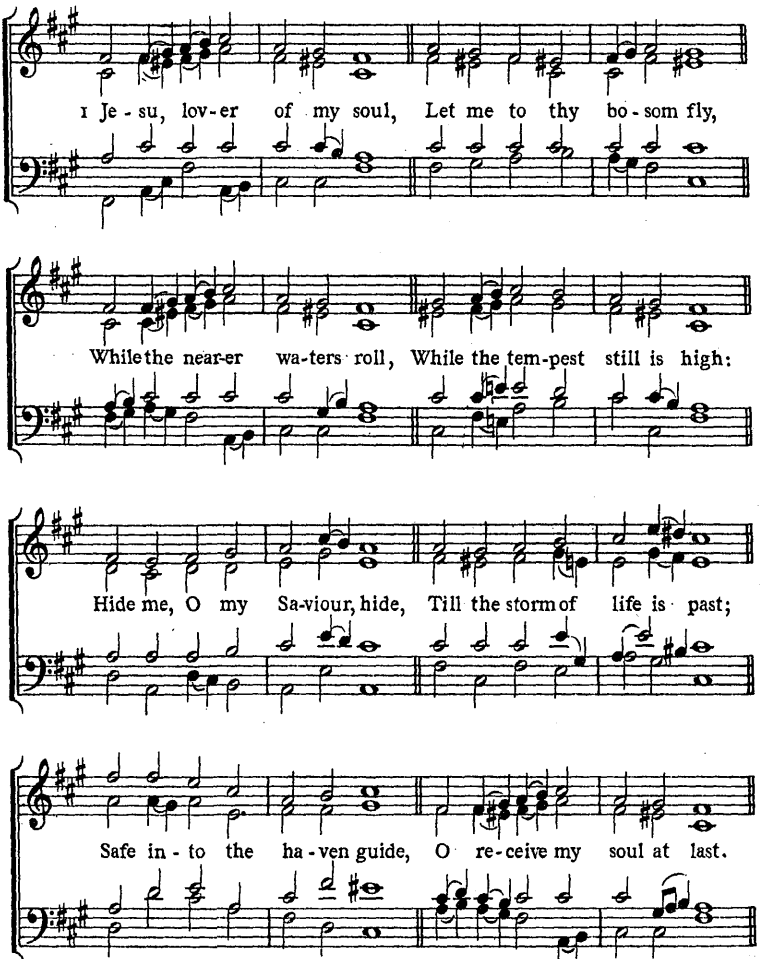
3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgement day,
May our souls, on thee relying,
Find thee still our Rock and Stay:
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord. Amen.

JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL

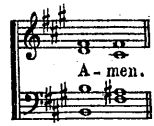
*Aberystwyth (7.7.7.7.D.)

C. Wesley — Joseph Parry

[*By permission of Hughes & Son, Publishers, Wrexham.]

2 Other refuge I have none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

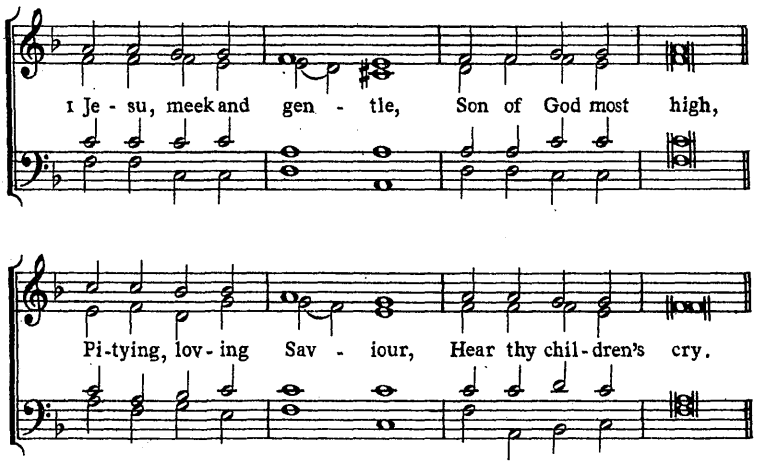
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.



JESU, MEEK AND GENTLE

Filitz (65.65)

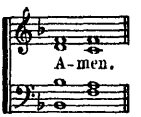
G. R. Prynne — F. Filitz



2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

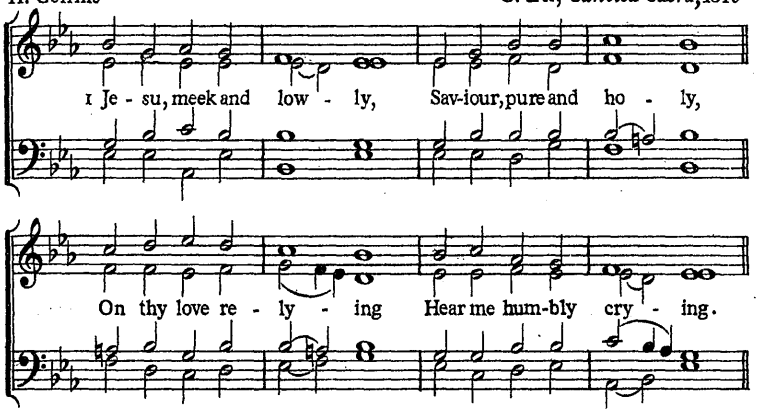
4 Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the way
Through this world of darkness
To the heavenly day.

5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry. Amen.

100

JESU, MEEK AND LOWLY

Ave Maris Stella (6666)

H. Collins — C. Ett, *Cantica Sacra, 1840*

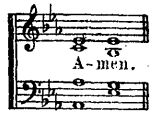


2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the cross I view thee
Calling sinners to thee.

3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing;
Bending low before thee
Helpless I adore thee.

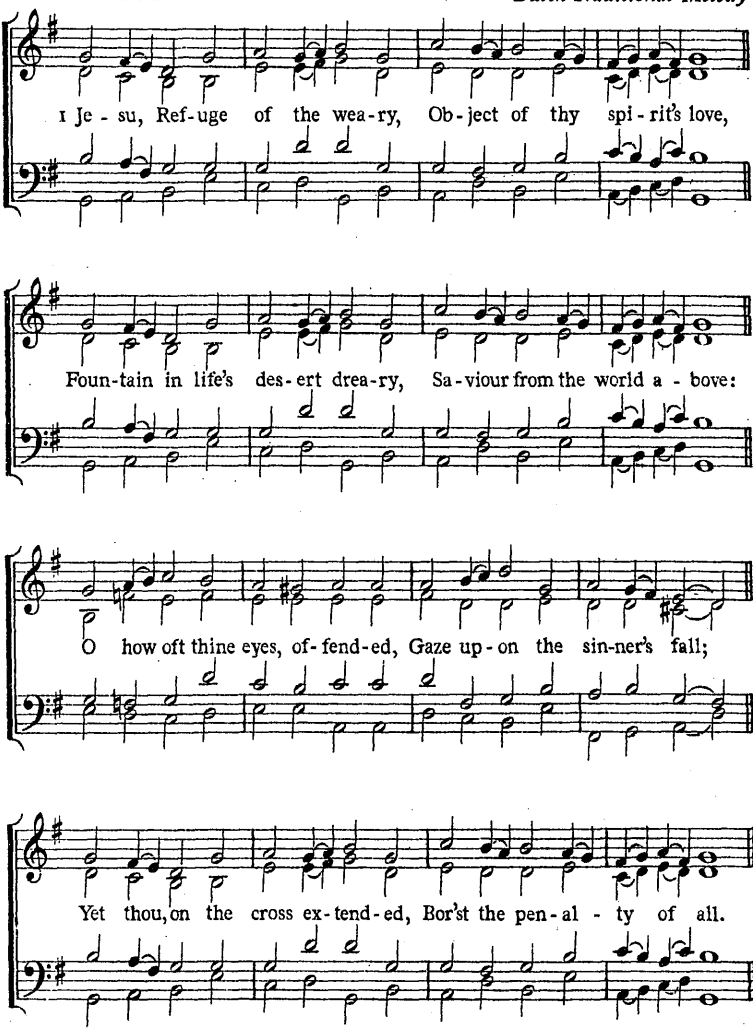
4 By thy red wounds streaming,
With thy life-blood gleaming,
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing;

5 By that fount of blessing,
Thy dear love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn thou into gladness.

6 Lord, in mercy guide me,
Be thou e'er beside me;
In thy ways direct me,
'Neath thy wings protect me. Amen.

101

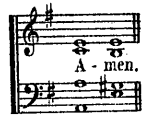
JESU, REFUGE OF THE WEARY

In Babilone (87.87 D.)

From Savonarola — *Dutch Traditional Melody*

2 Yet, no vow repentant breathing,
Still we pass thy sacred cross,
Though 'neath thorns thy forehead wreathing,
Dropt the bloody sweat for us:
Yet thy sinless death hath brought us
Life eternal, peace and rest;
What thy grave alone hath taught us,
Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

3 Jesu, would our hearts were burning
With more fervent love for thee.
Would our eyes were ever turning
To thy cross of agony.
So, in pain and rapture blending,
Might our fading eyes grow dim,
While the freed heart rose ascending
To the circling Cherubim.

4 Then in glory, parted never
From the Saviour's sheltering side,
Graven on our hearts for ever
Be the cross, and Crucified;
Then the wounds with which he bought us
We shall worship evermore,
And the love divine that sought us
With enraptured hearts adore. Amen.

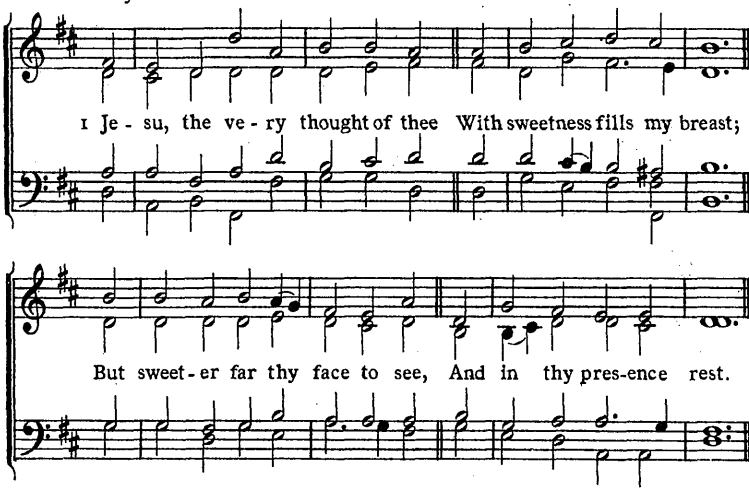


JESU, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE

Metzler's No. 66 (C.M.)

XIth Century

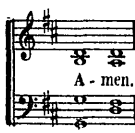
R. Redhead



2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

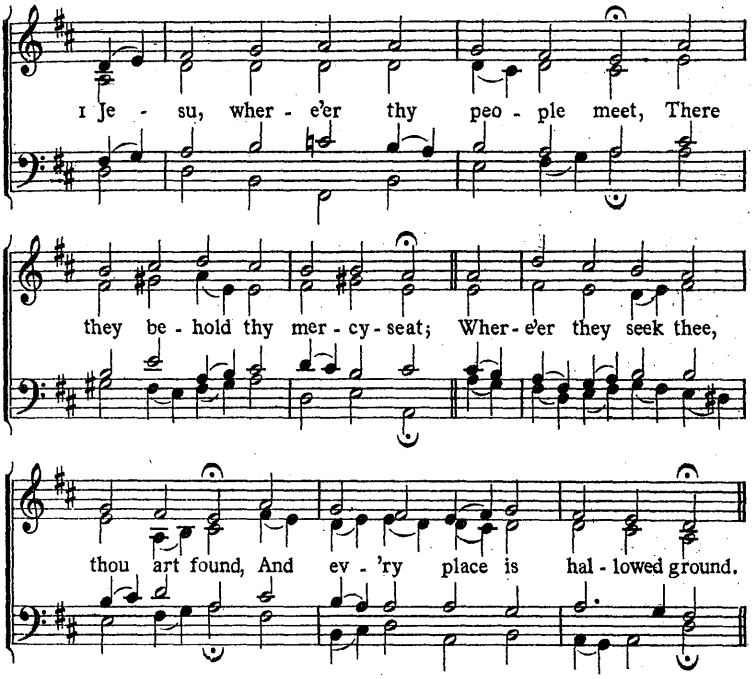
3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus! what it is
None but his loved ones know.

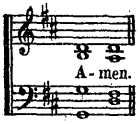
5 Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

103 JESU, WHERE'ER THY PEOPLE MEET

Eisenach (L.M.)

W. Cowper

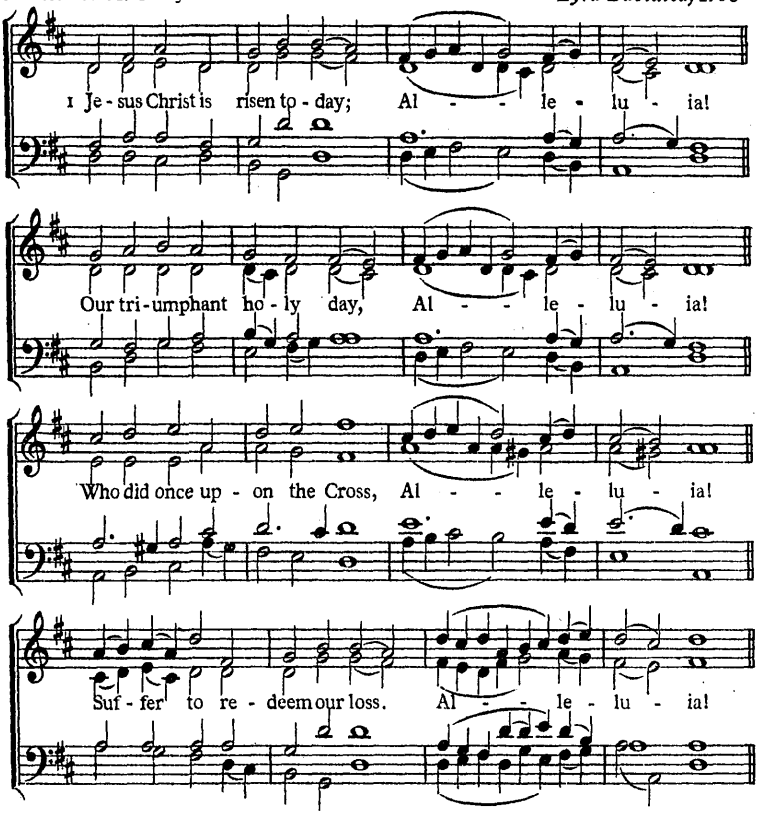
J. H. Schein
Harm. by J. S. Bach

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim,
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes. Amen.

104 *Lyra Davidica*
Ascribed to H. Carey

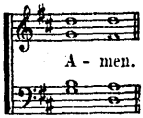
JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY

Easter hymn 7.7.7.7 (with Alleluias)

Lyra Davidica, 1708

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

3 But the pain that he endured Alleluia!
Our salvation hath procured; Alleluia!
Now above the sky he's King, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing Alleluia!

Amen.

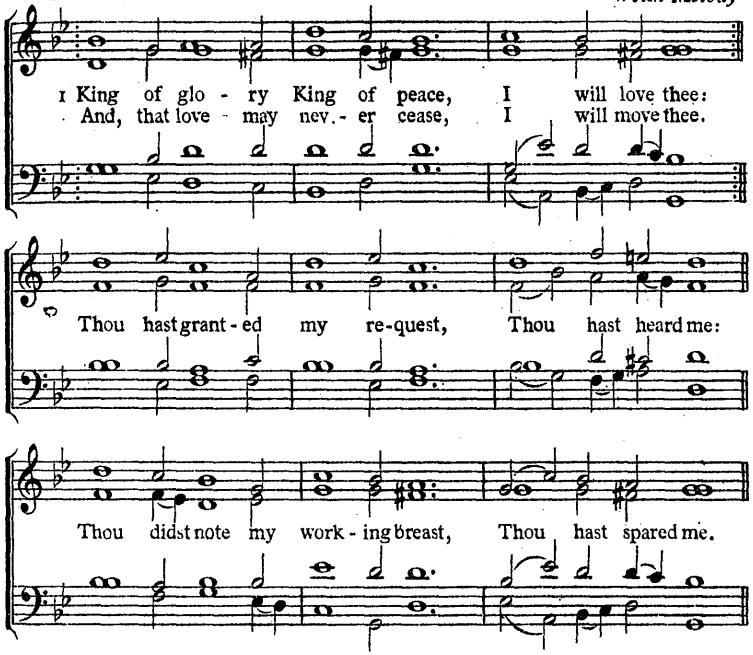


105

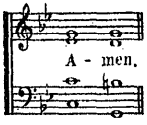
KING OF GLORY, KING OF PEACE

George Herbert

Tiberias (7.4.7.4 D.)

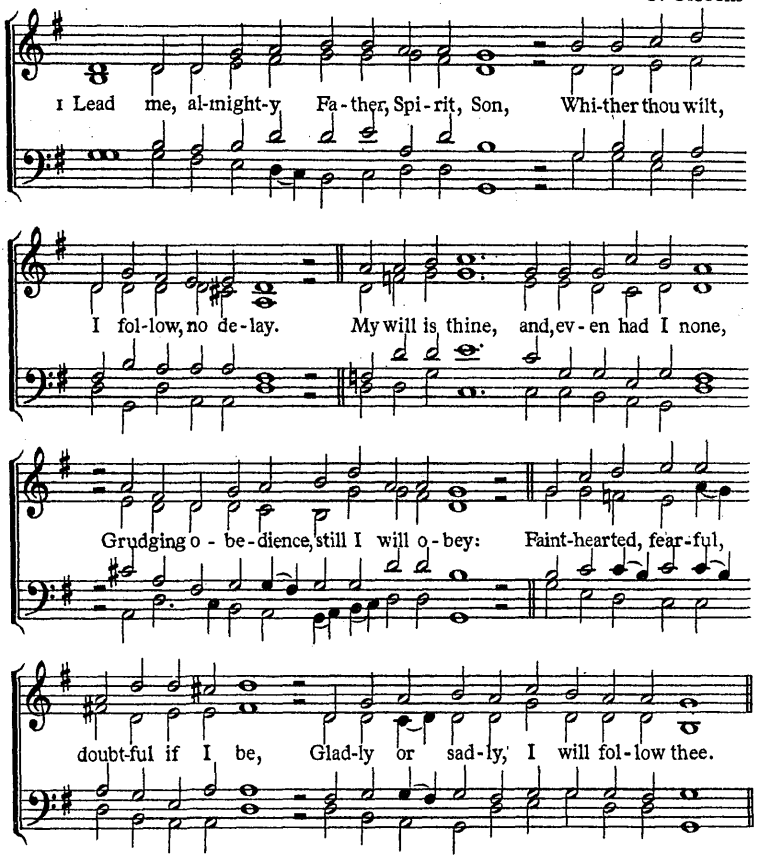
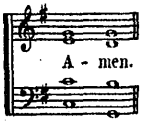
Welsh Melody

2 Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me:
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

3 Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee.
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol thee:
E'en eternity's too short
To extol thee. Amen.



LEAD ME, ALMIGHTY FATHER, SPIRIT, SON

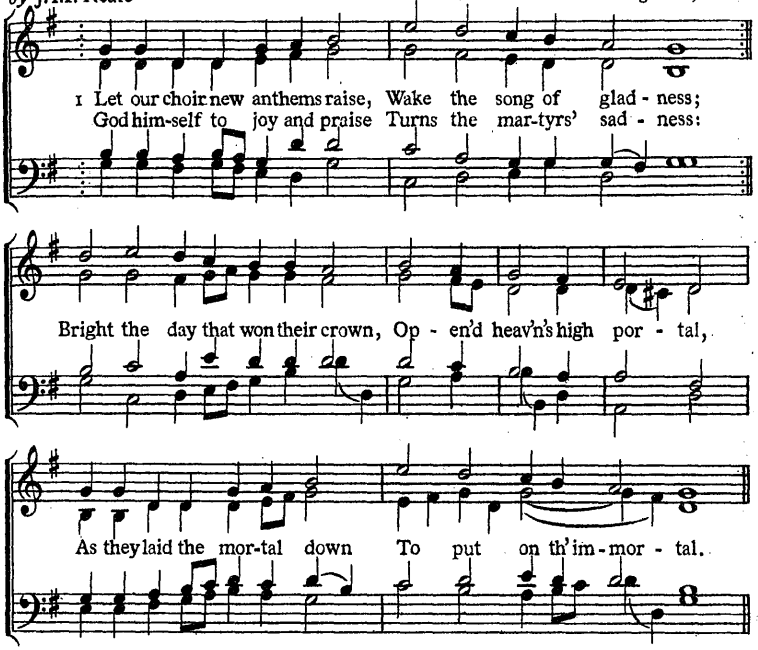
Gibbons' Song 1. (10.10.10.10.10.10)

W. Stubbs O. Gibbons

2 Into the land of righteousness I go,
The footsteps thither thine and not my own;
Jesu, thyself the way, alone I know;
Thy will be mine, for other have I none:
Unprofitable servant though I be,
Gladly or sadly, let me follow thee. Amen.

107

LET OUR CHOIR NEW ANTHEMS RAISE

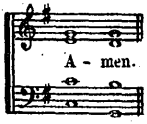
From the Greek
by J. M. Neale

Ave virgo virginum (76.76 D.)

Leisentritt's *Gesangbuch, 1584*

2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's worst endeavour:
For by faith they saw the land
Deck'd in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Faith they had that knew no shame,
Love that could not languish:
And eternal hope o'ercame
Momentary anguish.
He who trod the self-same road,
Death and hell defeated,
Wherefore those their sufferings show'd
Calvary repeated.

4 Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Scorn the night of fear, and then,
Oh the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it;
Who will grasp the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it! Amen.

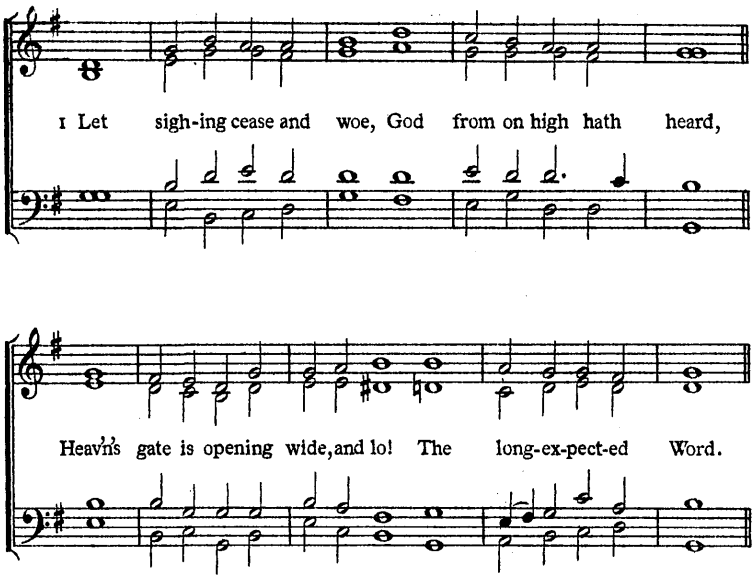


LET SIGHING CEASE AND WOE

St. Michael (Old 134th) (S.M.)

C Coffin

Este's *Psalter*



2 Peace! through the deep of night
The heavenly choir breaks forth,
Singing, with festal songs and bright,
Our God and Saviour's birth.

3 The cave of Bethlehem
Those wakeful shepherds seek:
Let us too rise and greet with them
That infant pure and meek.

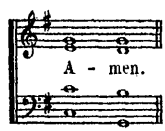
4 We enter—at the door
What marvel meets the eye?
A crib, a mother pale and poor,
A child of poverty.

5 Art thou the eternal Son,
The eternal Father's ray?
Whose little hand, thou infant one,
Doth lift the world alway?

6 Yea—faith through that dim cloud,
Like lightning, darts before,
And greets thee; at whose footstool bowed
Heav'n's trembling hosts adore.

7 Chaste be our love like thine,
Our swelling souls bring low,
And in our hearts, O Babe divine,
Be born, abide, and grow.

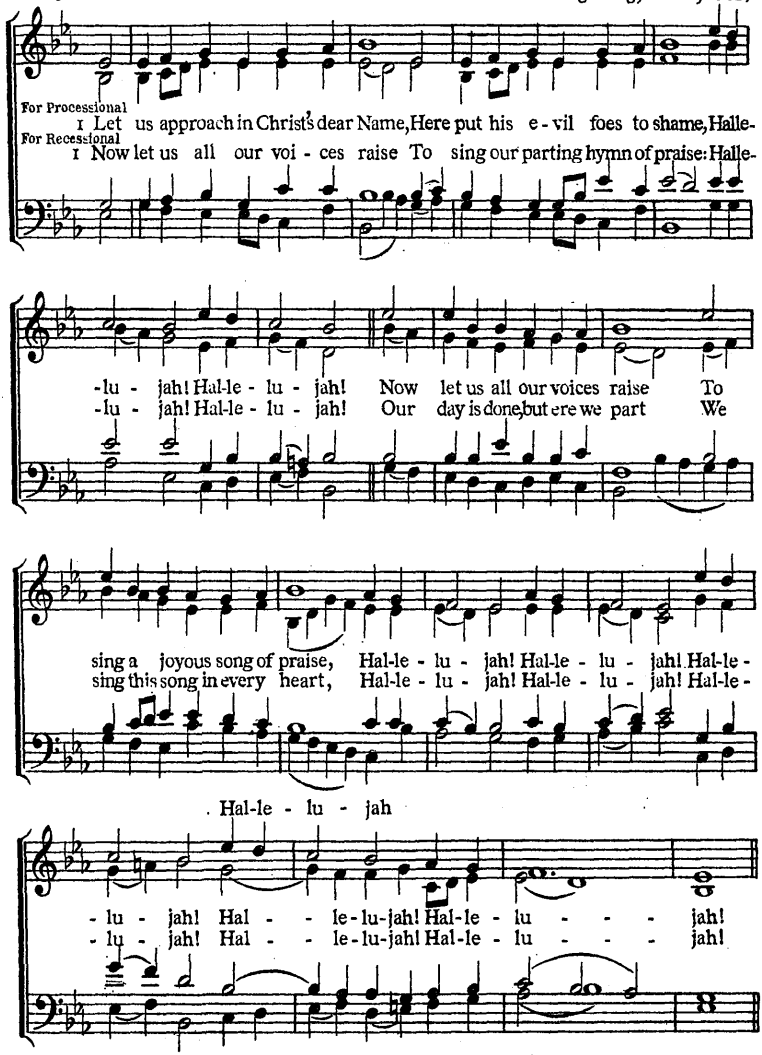
8 So shall thy birthday morn,
Lord Christ, our birthday be,
Then greet we all, ourselves new-born,
Our King's nativity. Amen.



LET US APPROACH

Lasst uns erfreuen (8.8.8.8 and Hallelujahs)

H. Kynaston Hudson

Melody from Geistliche Kirchengesang, (Cöln, 1623)

2 When God first wrought the angels sang,
And all the heavenly voices rang, Hallelujah!
With joy they saw through fire and storm
His wondrous power give life and form. Hallelujah!

3 With loving hand the Father wrought;
Lo, all was good—for so he sought, Hallelujah!
And order out of chaos came,
A witness of his glorious Name. Hallelujah!

4 Then God his Sabbath rest did take,
And sent his Son for lost man's sake, Hallelujah!
That man should love a God of love
And so ascend to heaven above. Hallelujah!

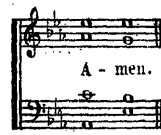
5 Let us in earnest Faith proceed,
The Faith which gives us power indeed, Hallelujah!
To fight and conquer for the Cross,
For ever counting gain but loss. Hallelujah!

6 Let us in Hope true Visions see,
For we are saved by Hope in thee, Hallelujah!
And ever looking forward here
To bring our Lord's great Advent near. Hallelujah!

7 Let us as brothers walk in Love,
That Love which leads to realms above, Hallelujah!
May Love to all men kindness bring,
That they in fearless Love may sing, Hallelujah!

8 Thy Kingdom come on earth, dear Lord;
Destroy the anger of the sword, Hallelujah!
Let thy blest Spirit ever give
The power through thee to love and live. Hallelujah!

9 With steadfast steps through life we'll press,
And with this song our Father bless, Hallelujah!
And as we near the endless day
This song shall be our joy for aye, Hallelujah! Amen.

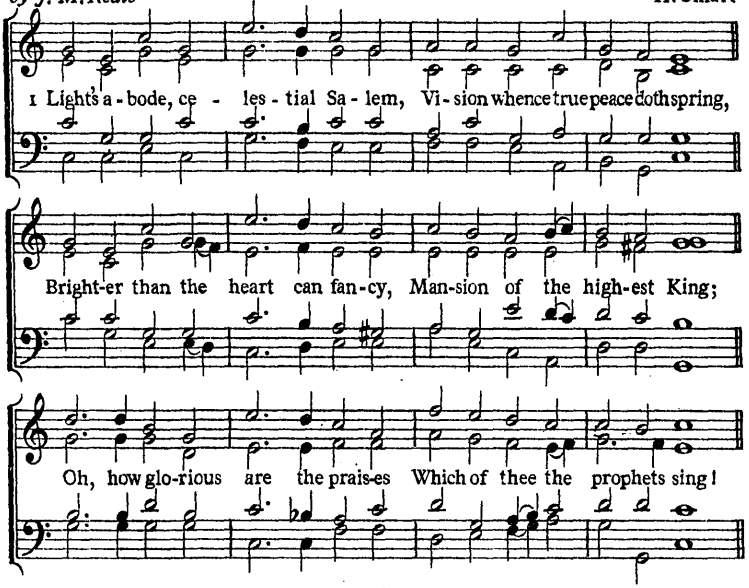


LIGHT'S ABODE, CELESTIAL SALEM

Regent's Square (87.87.87)

From Thomas à Kempis
by J. M. Neale

H. Smart



2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is out-pour'd;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

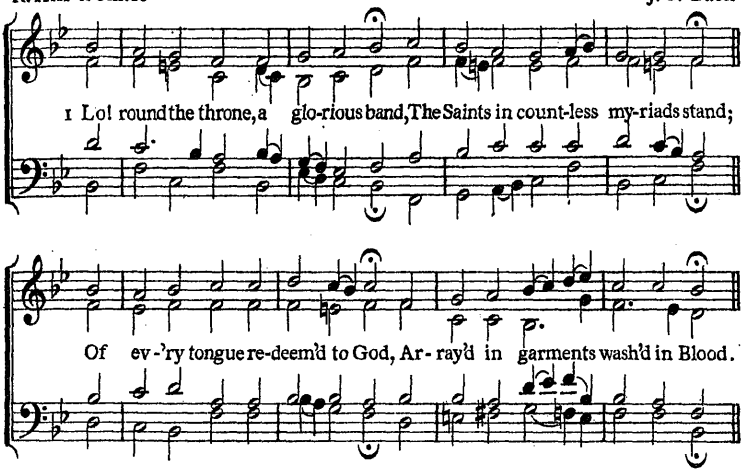
5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid;
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be array'd.

6 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

111 LO! ROUND THE THRONE A GLORIOUS BAND

Beccles (L.M.)

R. Hill & others J. S. Bach

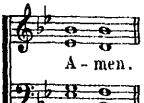


2 Thro' tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame:
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To him the loud thanksgiving raise!

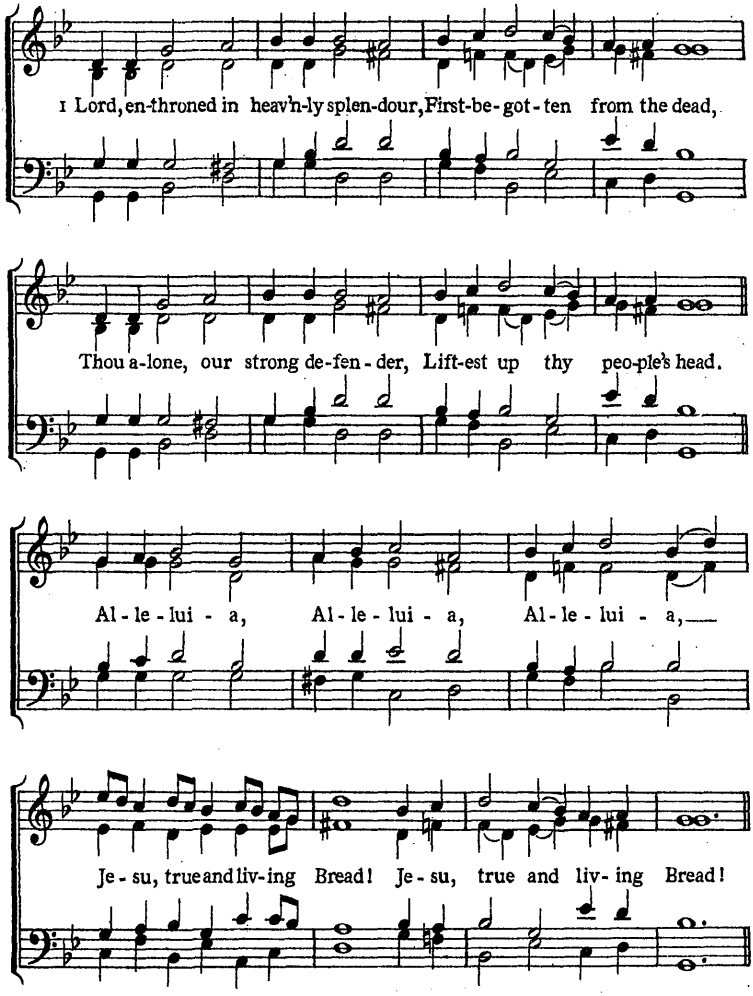
4 'Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeemed us by thy Blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.'

5 O may we tread the sacred road
That saints and holy martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life. Amen.



LORD, ENTHRONED IN HEAVENLY SPLENDOUR

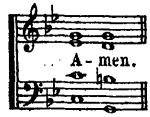
Bryn Calfaria (87.87.47)

G. H. Bourne *Old Welsh*

2 Here our humblest homage pay we;
Here in loving reverence bow;
Here for Faith's discernment pray we,
Lest we fail to know thee now.
Alleluia,
Thou art here, we ask not how.

3 Though the lowliest form doth veil thee
As of old in Bethlehem,
Here as there thine angels hail thee,
Branch and flower of Jesse's stem.
Alleluia,
We in worship join with them.

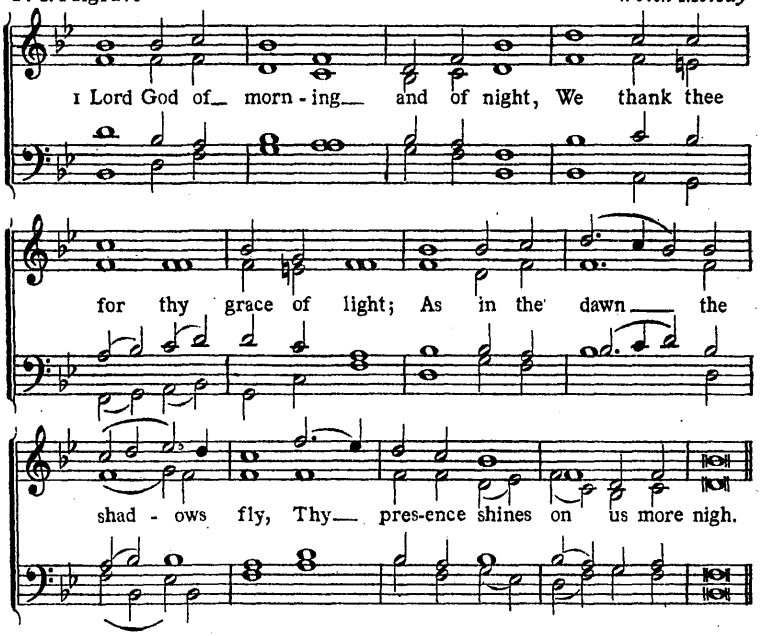
4 Paschal Lamb, thine offering, finished
Once for all when thou wast slain,
In its fullness undiminished
Shall for evermore remain,
Alleluia,
Cleansing souls from every stain.

5 Life-imparting heavenly manna,
Stricken rock with streaming side,
Heaven and earth with loud hosanna
Worship thee, the Lamb who died,
Alleluia,
Risen, ascended, glorified! Amen.



LORD GOD OF MORNING AND OF NIGHT

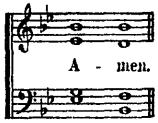
Lledrod (L.M.)

F. T. Palgrave — *Welsh Melody*

2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to take the better part;
Thy slumber-gift to us restore
Throughout the day to serve thee more.

3 Yet whilst thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

4 O Lord of light, 'tis thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts thine own:
O then be with us, Lord, that we
In thy great day may wake to thee.

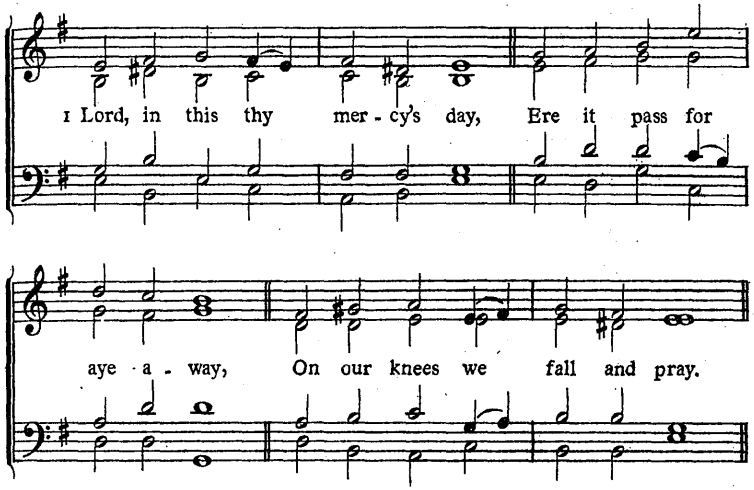
5 Praise God our Maker and our Friend;
Praise him through time, till time shall end;
In psalm and song his name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.
Amen.



LORD, IN THIS THY MERCY'S DAY

Weston (777)

I. Williams S. S. Wesley



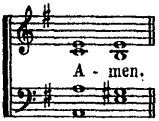
2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die;

5 By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forgo.

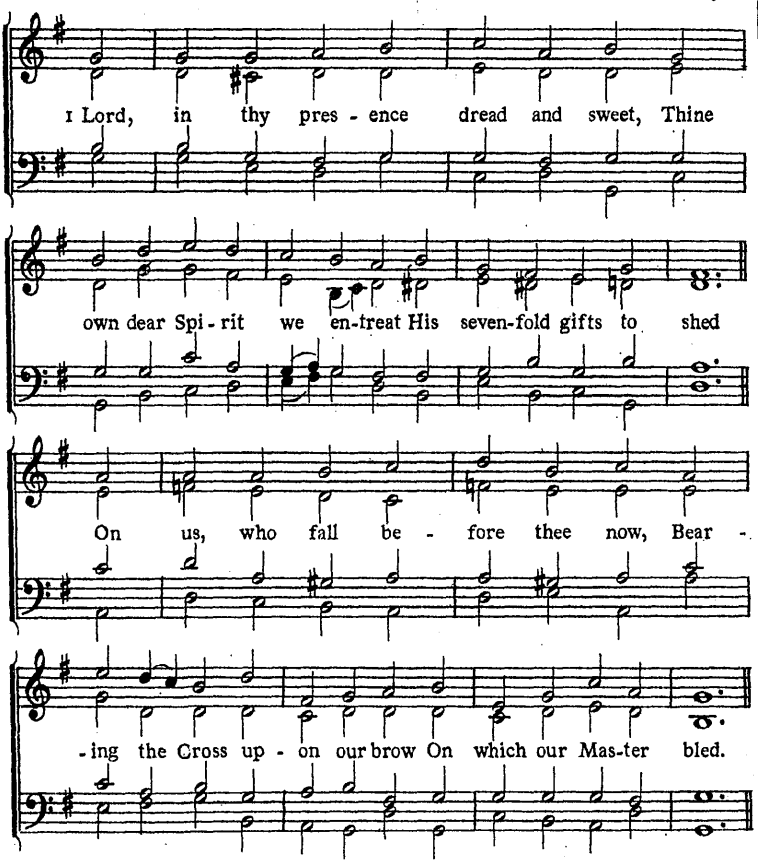
6 Grant us 'neath thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold thy Face. Amen.



L

LORD, IN THY PRESENCE DREAD AND SWEET

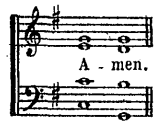
Chapel Royal (886.886)

Anon c.1850 W. Boyce

2 Spirit of Wisdom! turn our eyes
From earth and earthly vanities,
To heavenly truth and love.
Spirit of Understanding true,
Our souls with holy light endue
To seek the things above.

3 Spirit of Counsel! be our guide;
Teach us by earthly struggles tried
Our heavenly crown to win.
Spirit of Fortitude! thy power
Be with us in temptation's hour,
To keep us pure from sin.

4 Spirit of Knowledge! lead our feet
In thine own paths secure and sweet,
By angel footsteps trod;
Where thou our Guardian true shalt be,
Spirit of gentle Piety!
To keep us close to God.

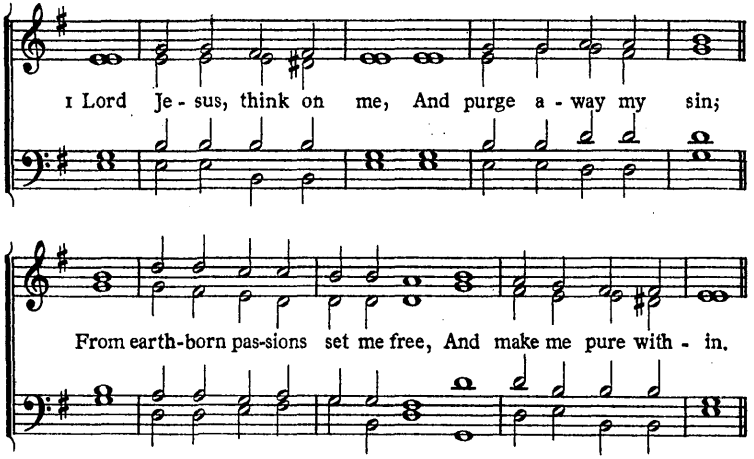
5 But most of all, be ever near,
Spirit of God's most holy Fear,
In our heart's inmost shrine:
Our souls with loving reverence fill,
To worship his most holy Will
All-righteous and divine.

6 So, dearest Lord, through peace or strife,
Lead us to everlasting life,
Where only rest may be.
What matter where our lot is cast,
If only it may end at last
In Paradise with thee! Amen.

LORD JESUS, THINK ON ME

Bishop Synesius
Tr. by A.W. Chatfield

Southwell (S.M.)

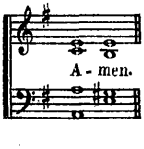
Damon's *Psalter, 1579*



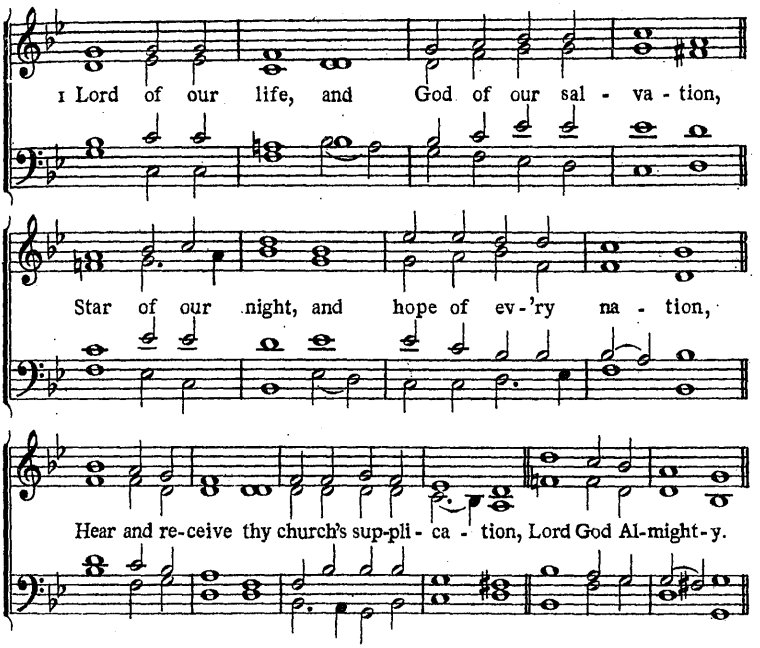
2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With many a care opprest;
Let me thy loving servant be,
And taste thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point thou the heavenly way.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share thy joy at last.

5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That I may sing above
Praise to the Father, and to thee,
And to the Holy Dove. Amen.

117 LORD OF OUR LIFE, AND GOD OF OUR SALVATION

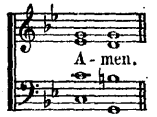
Herzliebster Jesu (11.11.11.5)

P. Pusey — J. Crüger

2 See round thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenom'd they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, thou canst help when earthly armour faileth;
Lord, thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er thy church nor death nor hell prevaileth;
Grant us thy peace, Lord:

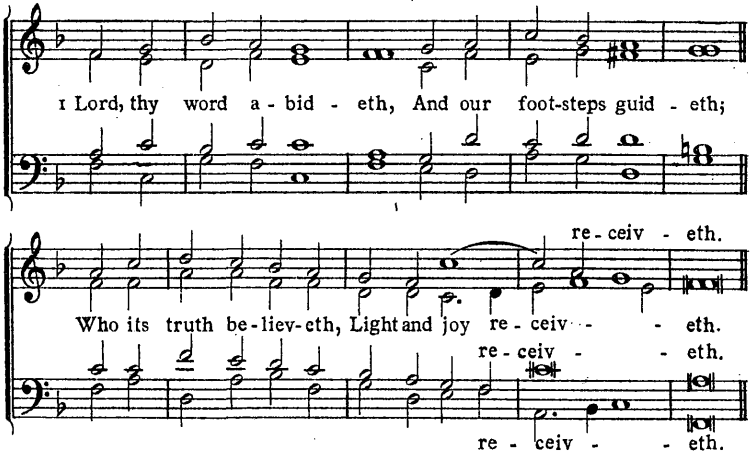
4 Peace in our hearts our evil thoughts assuaging;
Peace in thy church where brothers are engaging;
Peace when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm thy foes' raging.

5 Grant us thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in thy heaven. Amen.



LORD, THY WORD ABIDETH

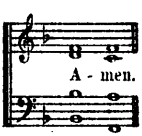
Yattendon 4 (66.66)

H. W. Baker — H. E. Wooldridge

2 When our foes are near us,
Then thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

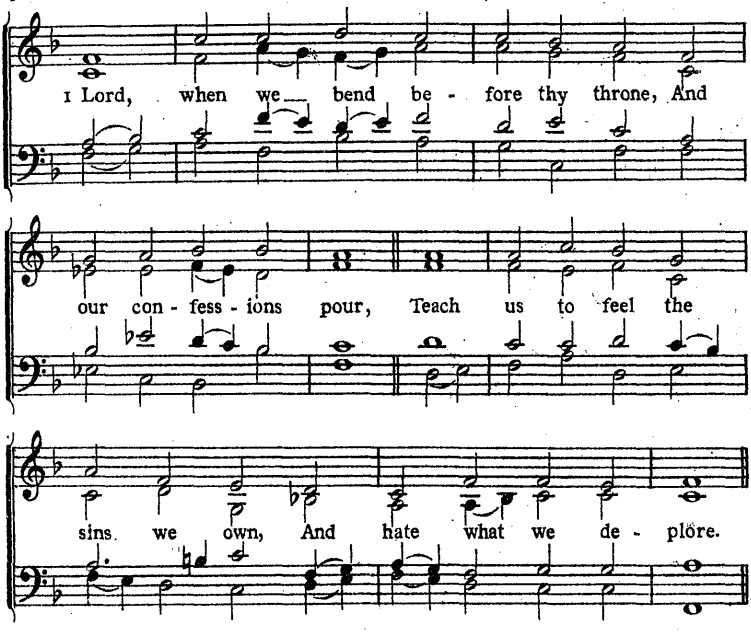
3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

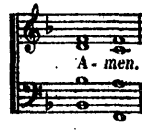
5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear thee,
Evermore be near thee. Amen.

LORD, WHEN WE BEND BEFORE THY THRONE

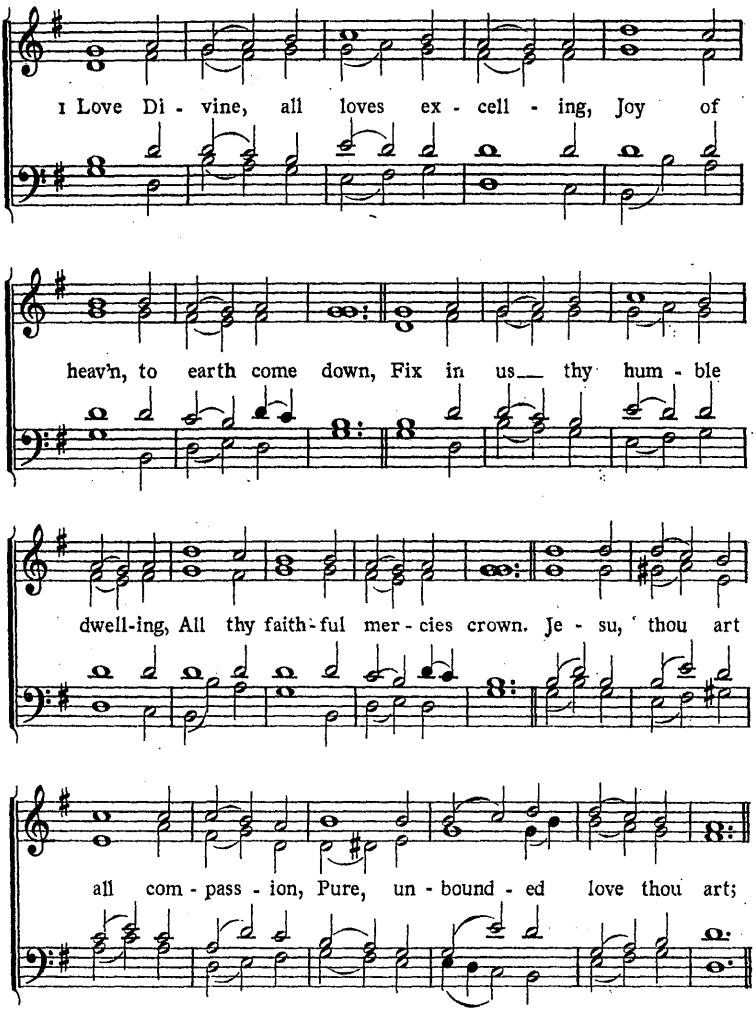
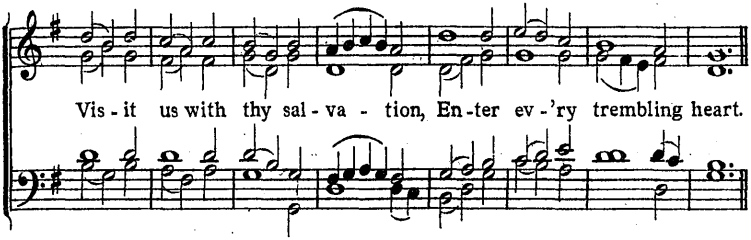
Prætorius (C. M.)

J. D. Carlyle — *Görlitz Gesangbuch, 1599*

2 Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

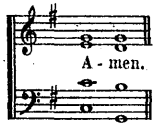
3 When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies. Amen.

LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVES EXCELLING

Hyfrydol (87.87. D)

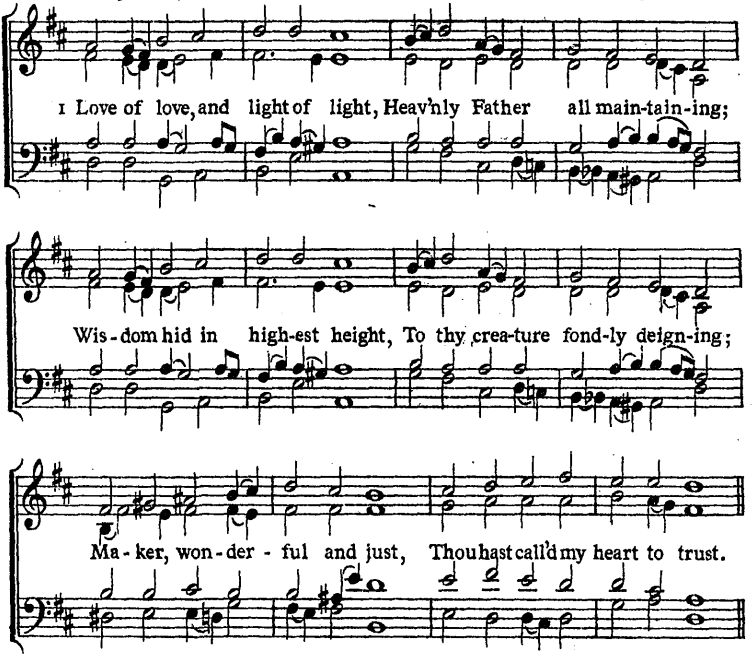
C. Wesley — R. H. Prichard

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

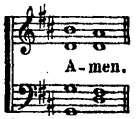
3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. Amen.



LOVE OF LOVE, AND LIGHT OF LIGHT

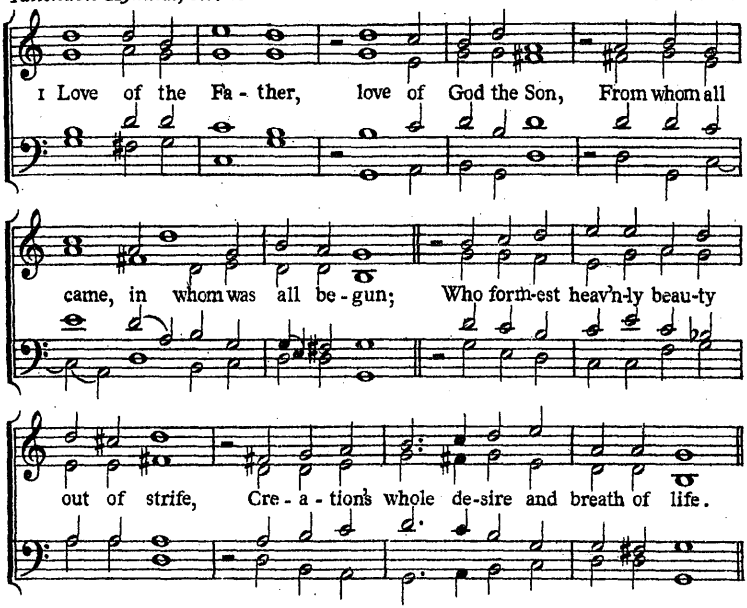
Jesu Meine Zuversicht (78.78.77)

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 97 *Harm. by J. S. Bach*

2 What are life's unnumber'd cares,
Sorrow, torment, passing measure?
O'er my short-liv'd pains and fears
Surely ruleth thy good pleasure.
Boundless is thy love for me,
Boundless then my trust shall be.

3 Every burden weigheth light,
Since in thee my hope abideth.
Sweetly bright my darkest night,
While on thee my mind confideth.
Give thy gift, I thee implore,
Thee to trust for evermore. Amen.

LOVE OF THE FATHER, LOVE OF GOD THE SON

Gibbons' Song 22 (10.10.10.10)

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 28 — O. Gibbons



2 Thou the all-holy, thou supreme in might,
Thou dost give peace, thy presence maketh right;
Thou with thy favour all things dost enfold,
With thine all-kindness free from harm wilt hold.

3 Hope of all comfort, splendour of all aid,
Thou dost not fail nor leave the heart afraid;
To all that cry thou dost all help accord,
The angels' armour, and the saints' reward.

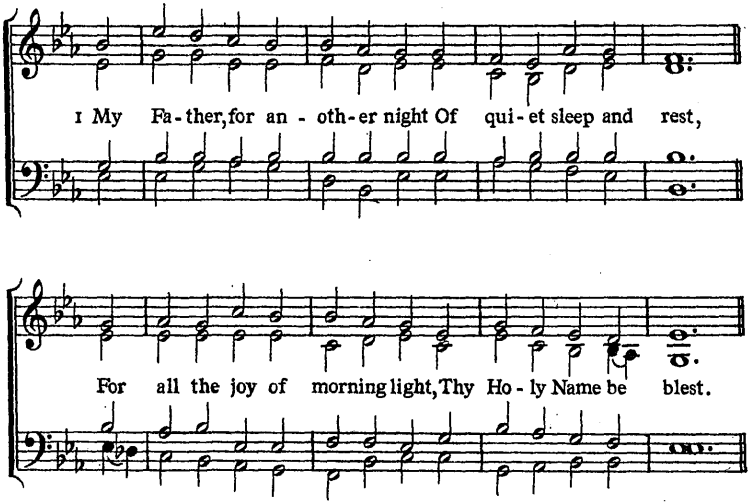
4 Purest and highest, wisest and most just,
There is no truth save only in thy trust;
Thou dost the mind from earthly dreams recall,
And bring through Christ to him, for whom are all.

5 Eternal glory, all men thee adore,
Who art and shall be worshipped evermore:
Us whom thou madest, comfort with thy might,
And lead us to enjoy thy heavenly light. Amen.

MY FATHER, FOR ANOTHER NIGHT

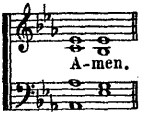
St. Peter (C.M.)

H. W. Baker. A. R. Reinagle



2 Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to thee,
That as thou willest I may live,
And what thou willest be.

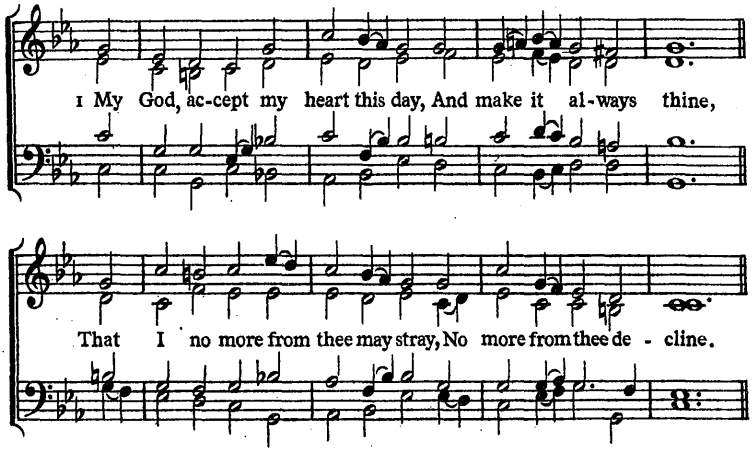
3 Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' Name.

4 My Father, for his sake, I pray,
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness. Amen.

124

MY GOD, ACCEPT MY HEART THIS DAY

Bangor (C.M.)

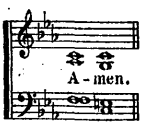
M. Bridges W. Tans'ur



2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

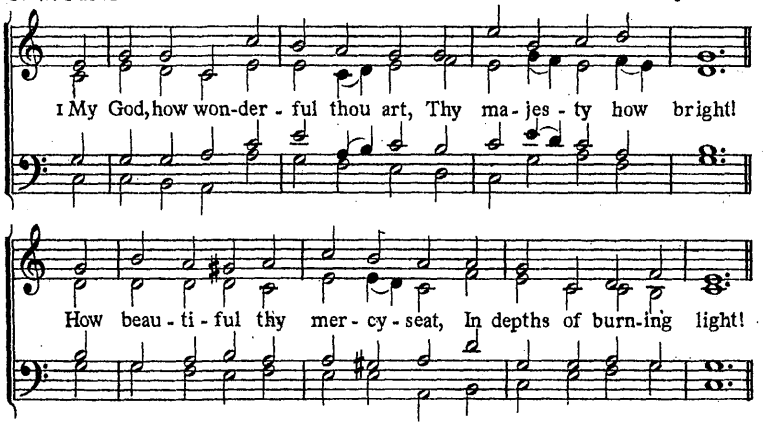
3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for thine own;
That I may see thy glorious face,
And worship near thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

5 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

125 MY GOD, HOW WONDERFUL THOU ART

Birmingham (C.M.)

F. W. Faber J. Turle



2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

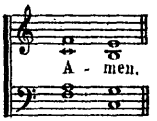
3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4 O, how I fear thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

5 Yet I may love thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stoop'd to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me thy sinful child.

7 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee. Amen.

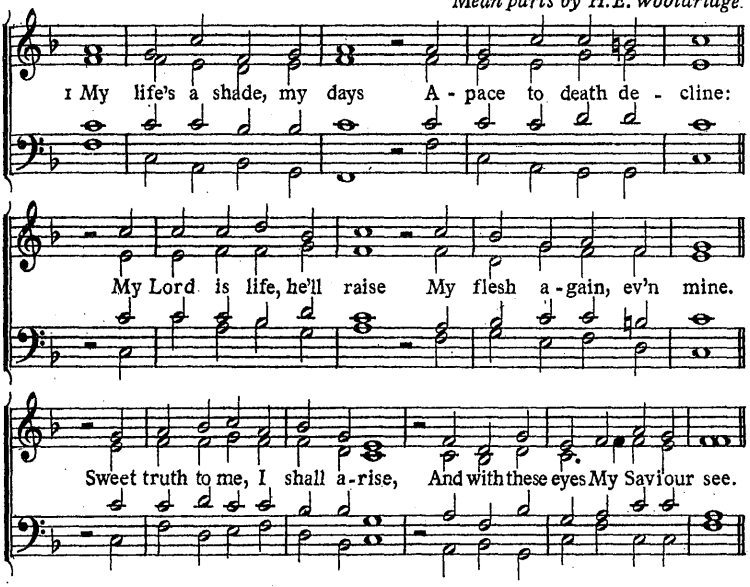


MY LIFE'S A SHADE

Yattendon 73 (66.66.88)

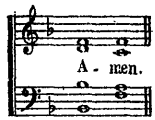
S. Crossman

H. Lawes

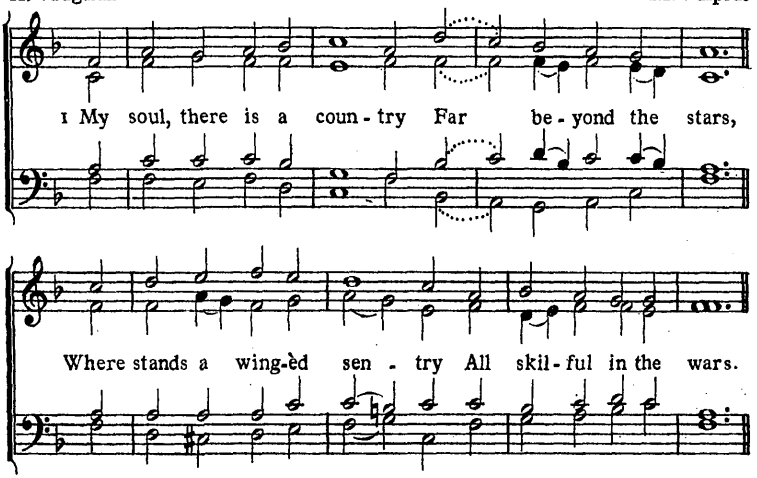
Mean parts by H.E. Wooldridge.

2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day,
I wake from my long sleep
And leave my bed of clay.
Sweet truth, etc.

3 My Lord his angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound,
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.
Sweet truth, etc.

4 What means my beating heart
To be afraid of death?
With life I shall not part,
Though I resign my breath.
Sweet truth, etc.

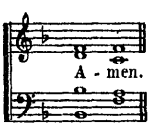
5 I said sometimes with tears,
Ah me! I'm loth to die;
Lord, silence thou these fears;
My life's with thee on high.
Sweet truth, etc. Amen.

MY SOUL, THERE IS A COUNTRY

Christus der ist mein Leben (Vulpius) (76.76 Irregular)

H. Vaughan M. Vulpius

2 There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

3 He is thy gracious friend,
And – O my soul awake! –
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.

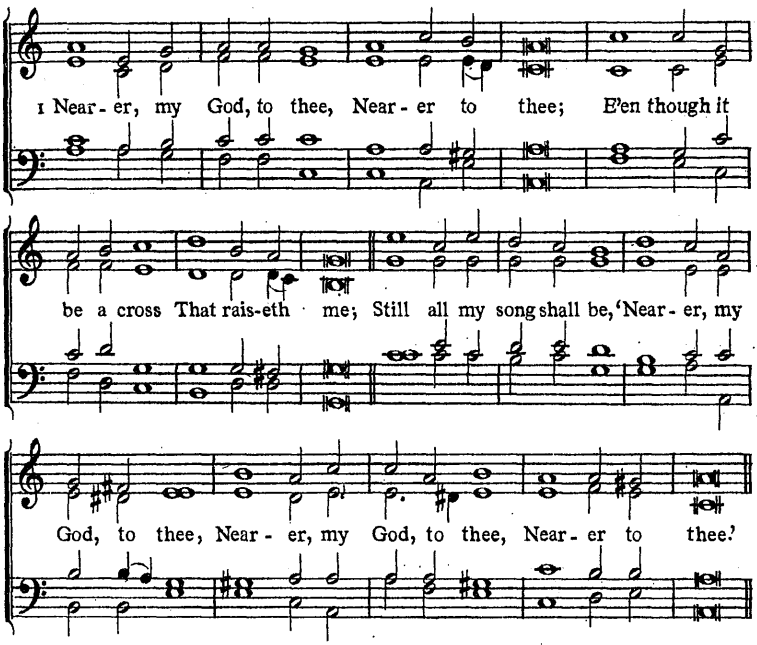
4 If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.

5 Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure,
But one, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure. Amen.

128

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

Liverpool. (64.64.66.64)

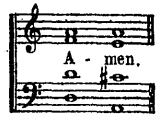
S. F. Adams — Ieuan Gwyllt



2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

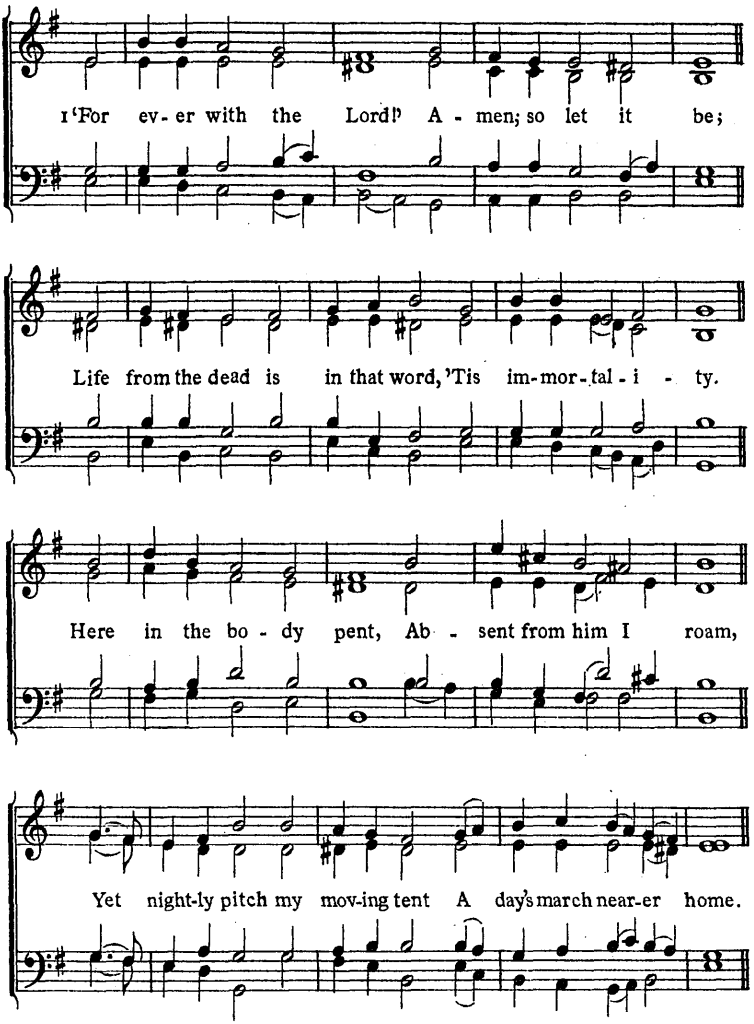
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Beth-el I'll raise;
So by woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee. Amen.



FOR EVER WITH THE LORD

Llanlyfni (D.S.M.)

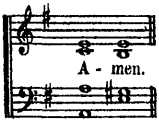
J. Montgomery J. Jones



2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of Saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 'For ever with the Lord!'
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

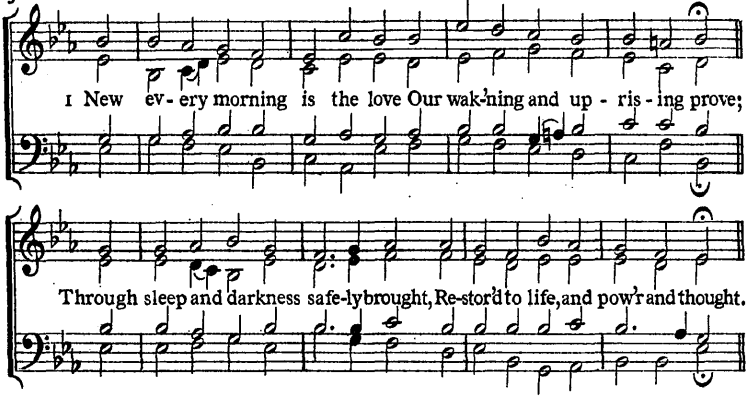
4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain:
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord.' Amen.



NEW EVERY MORNING IS THE LOVE

Melcombe (L. M.)

J. Keble S. Webbe



2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

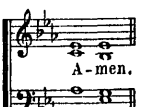
3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

6 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

7 Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go:—
The secret this of rest below. Amen.

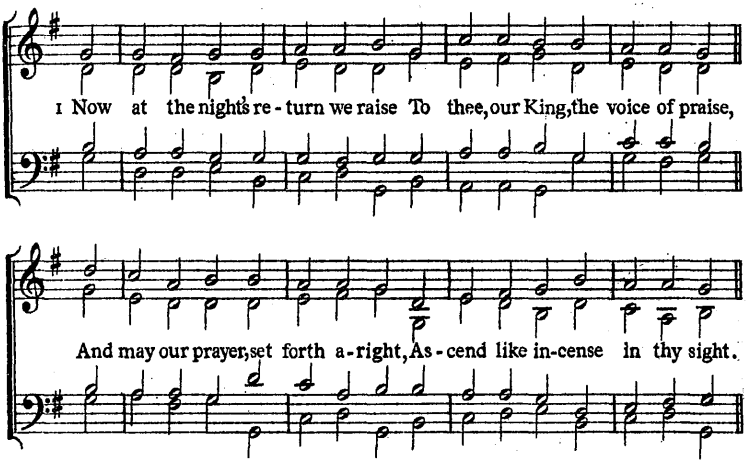


131

NOW AT THE NIGHT'S RETURN

Tallis' Canon (L. M.)

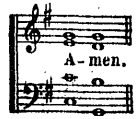
William Bright T. Tallis



2 Full well we know in whom we trust,
Whose hand exalts us from the dust,
Whose will assigns each day and hour,
Whose grace in weakness perfects power.

3 O'er all that stains our life-time past
The veil of thy forgiveness cast;
Yea, cleanse our spirits through and through,
And set us right, and keep us true.

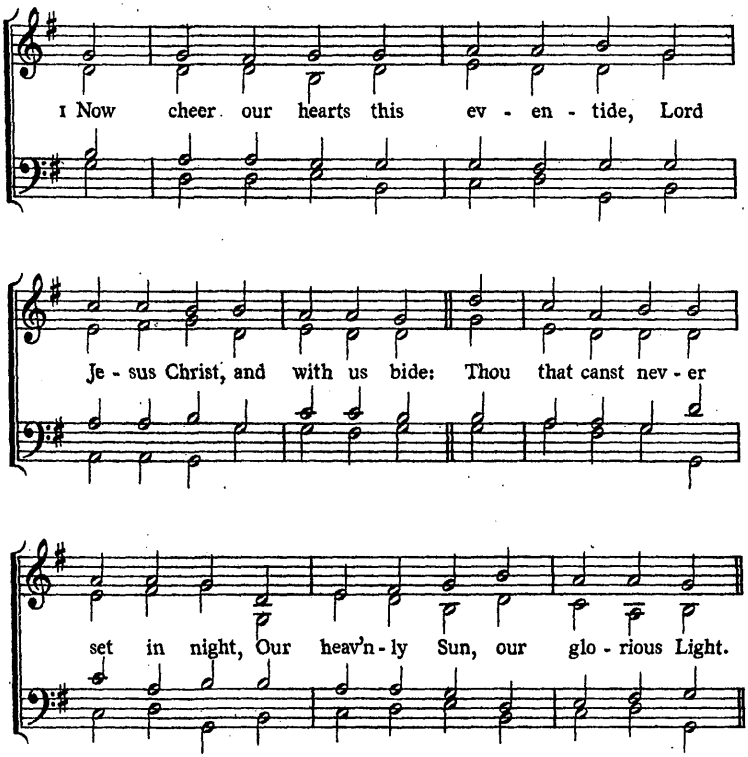
4 Bless thou the distant and the dear,
Let each to each in thee draw near,
Still travelling towards one home above,
And leaning still on one strong love.

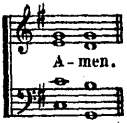
5 To thee, O Christ, we lift our eyes,
On thee alone our hope relies;
Thou wilt not, canst not, bring to shame
The hope that pleads thy glorious Name. Amen.

132 NOW CHEER OUR HEARTS THIS EVENTIDE

Tallis' Canon (L. M.)

N. Selnecker

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 13 T. Tallis

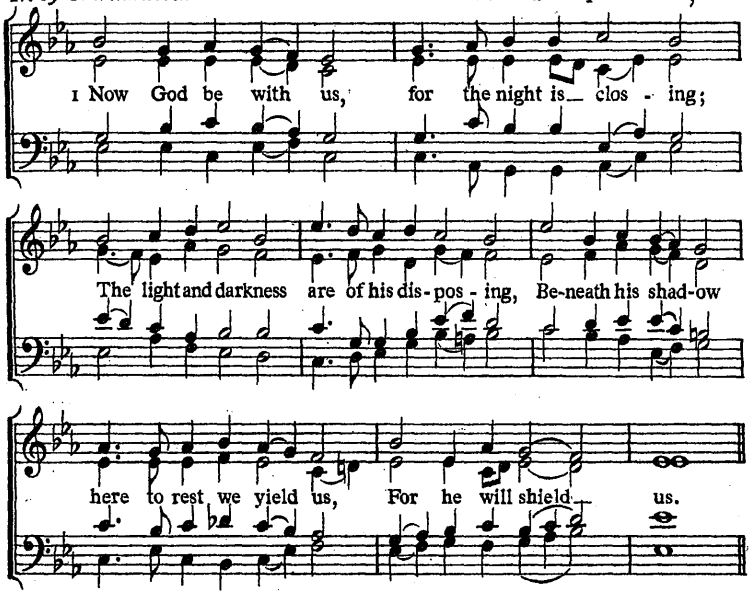


2 May we and all who bear thy Name
By gentle love thy cross proclaim:
Thy gift of peace on earth secure,
And for thy truth the world endure. Amen.

133

NOW GOD BE WITH US

Christe Sanctorum (11.11.11.5)

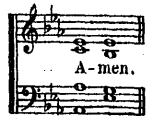
Petrus Herbert
Tr. by C. Winkworth

From La Feillée's
Méthode du plain chant, 1782

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, Protector, o'er us;
In soul and body thou from harm defend us;
Thine angels send us.

3 Let our last thoughts be thine when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us;
Let us serve thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

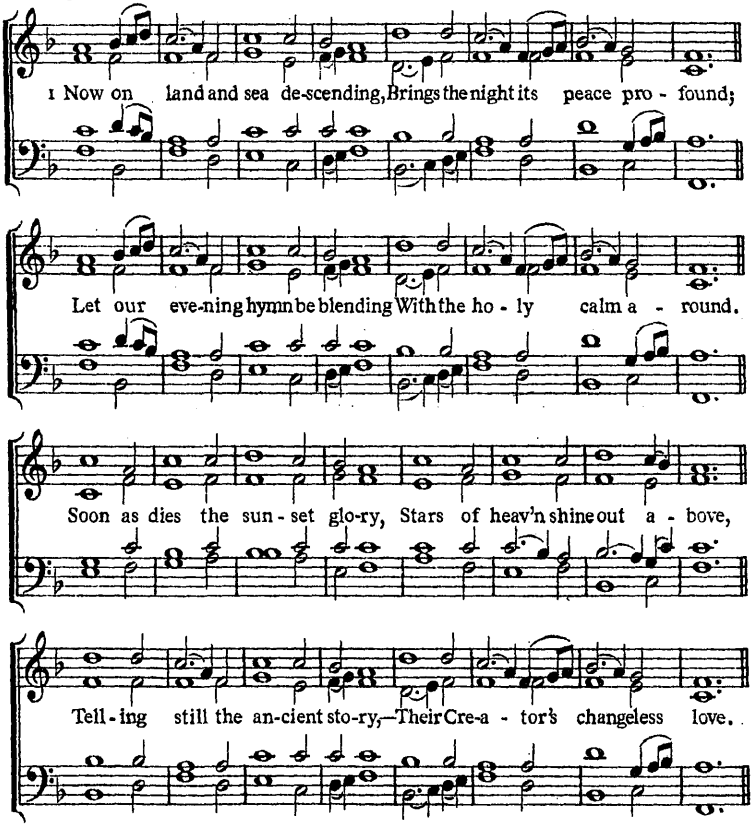
4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save thee, O Father, who thine own hast made us;
But thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek thee only.

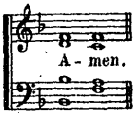
5 Father, thy name be praised, thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever. Amen.



NOW ON LAND AND SEA DESCENDING

Moriah (87.87 D.)

S. Longfellow — *Old Welsh*

2 Now our wants and burdens leaving
To his care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies. Amen.

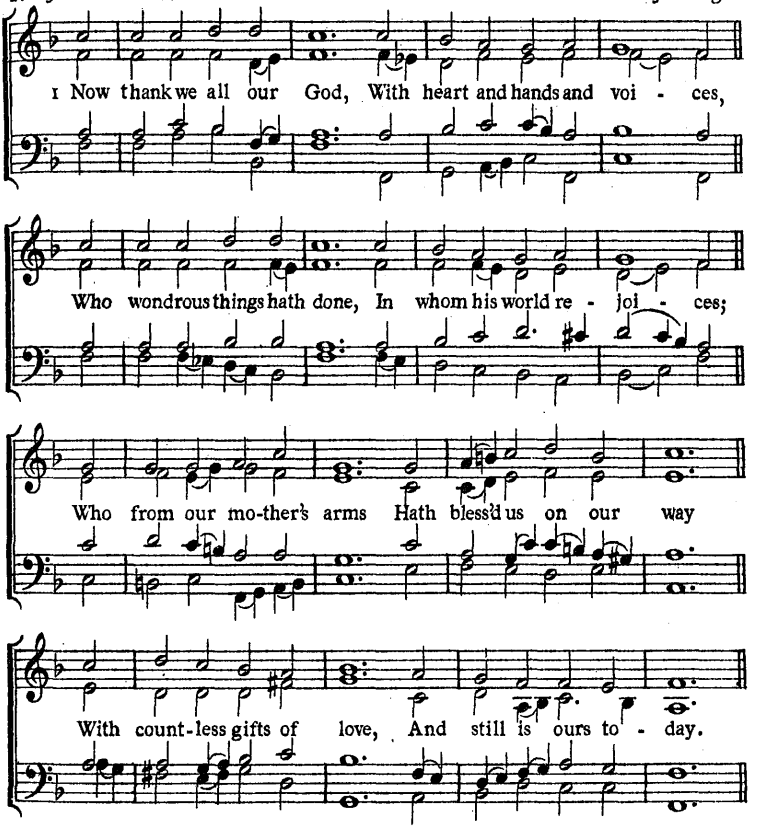


135

NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD

Nun Danket (67.67.66.66)

M. Rinckart
Tr. by C. Winkworth

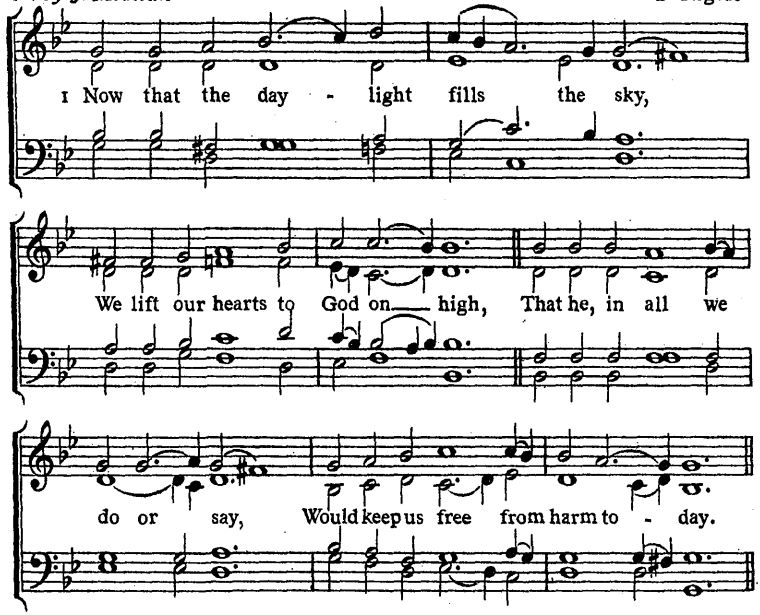
J. Crüger

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when preplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next. Amen.

NOW THAT THE DAYLIGHT FILLS THE SKY

Te Deum Patrem (L. M.)

Probably VIIIth Century

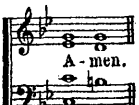
Tr. by J. M. Neale

B. Rogers

2 May he restrain our tongues from strife,
And shield from anger's din our life,
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.

3 O may our inmost hearts be pure,
From throughts of folly kept secure,
And pride of sinful flesh subdued
Through sparing use of daily food.

4 So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
Our path of trial safely trod,
Shall give the glory to our God.

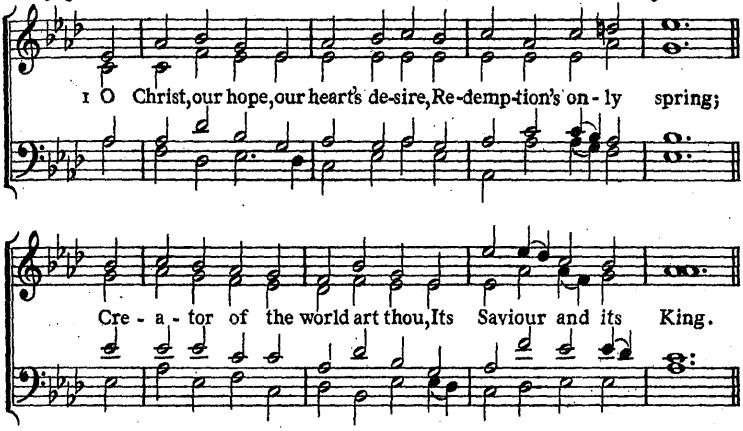
5 All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.



137 O CHRIST, OUR HOPE, OUR HEARTS' DESIRE

St. Magnus (C. M.)

VIIIth Century

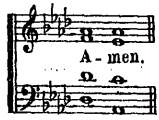
Tr. by J. Chandler *Ascribed to J. Clarke*

2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on thee,
And led thee to a cruel death
To set thy people free.

3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid;
And thou art on thy Father's throne
In glorious robes arrayed.

4 O may thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare;
O may we come before thy throne,
And find acceptance there!

5 O Christ, be thou our present joy,
Our future great reward;
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord.

6 All praise to thee, ascended Lord;
All glory ever be
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Through all eternity. Amen.

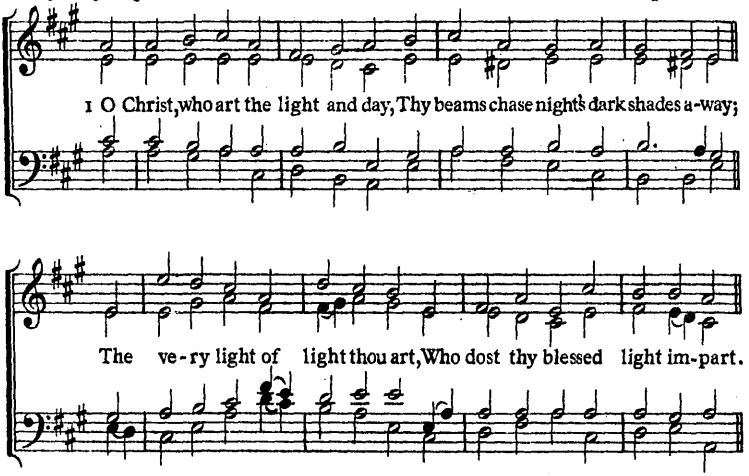


138 O CHRIST, WHO ART THE LIGHT AND DAY

Ely (L.M.)

From the Latin
Tr. by W. J. Copeland and others

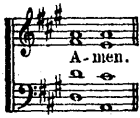
Bishop Turton



2 While wearied eyes light slumber take,
The heart to thee be still awake,
And thy right hand stretched forth above
Protect the children of thy love.

3 O Lord, our strong defence, be nigh;
Bid all the powers of darkness fly;
Preserve and watch o'er us for good,
Whom thou hast purchased with thy blood.

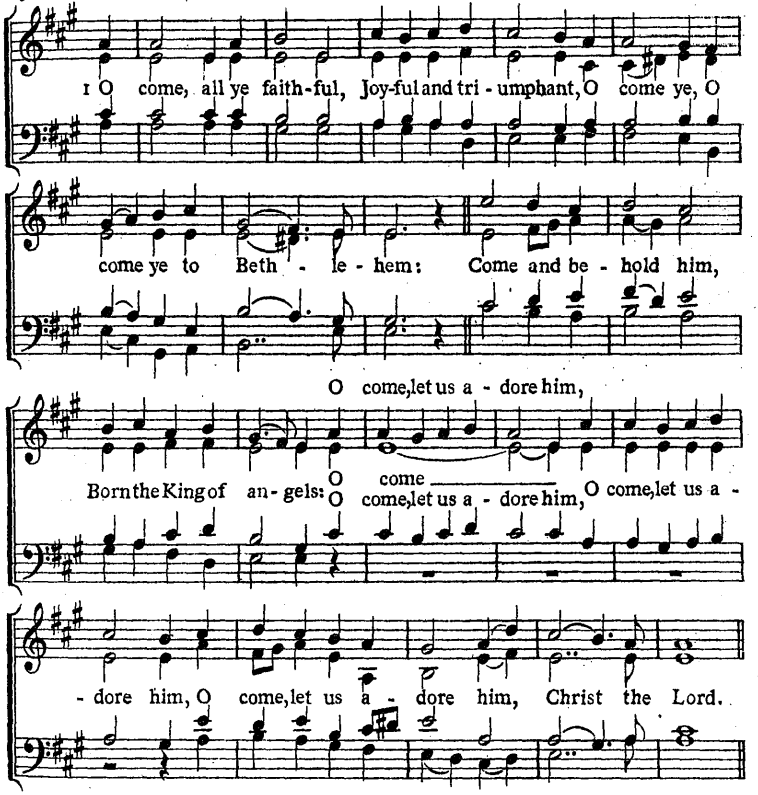
4 Remember us, dear Lord, we pray,
While burdened in the flesh we stay;
'Tis thou alone our souls canst keep;
Abide with us this night in sleep.

5 Blest Three in One, and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to thee,
That thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

139

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

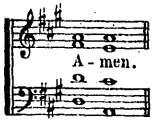
Adeste Fideles

Adapted from a Latin Prose
by F. Oakeley

Ascribed to J. Reading

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:

3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest:

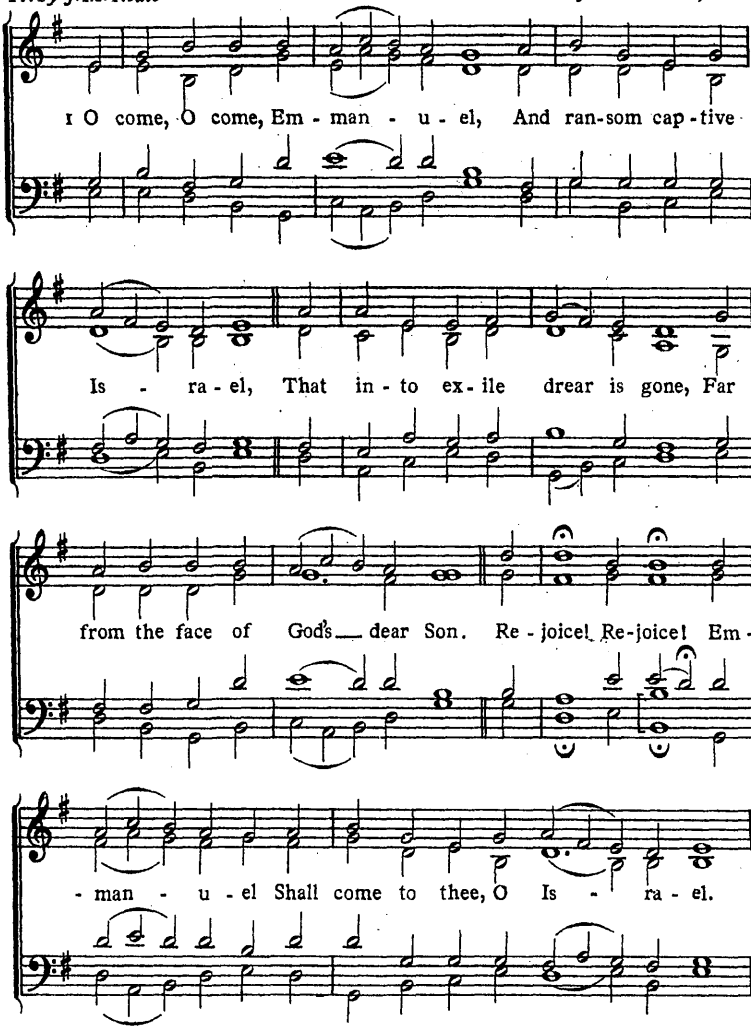
4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesu, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing: Amen.



O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL

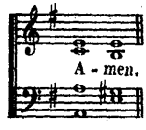
Veni Emmanuel (8888.88)

From the Latin
Tr. by J. M. Neale

The Hymnal Noted, 1854

2 O come, thou rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.

3 O come, thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

4 O come, thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

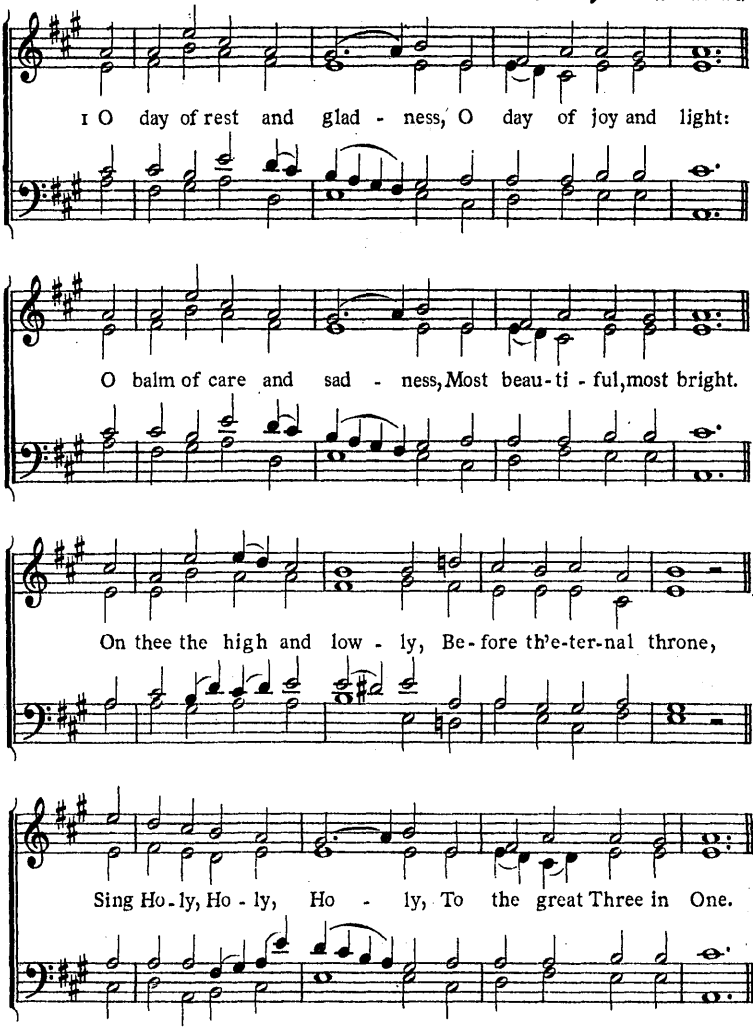
5 O come, O come, thou Lord of might,
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud and majesty and awe. Amen.

141

O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

Es flog ein kleines Waldvögelein (76.76. D)

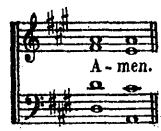
C. Wordsworth

Old German

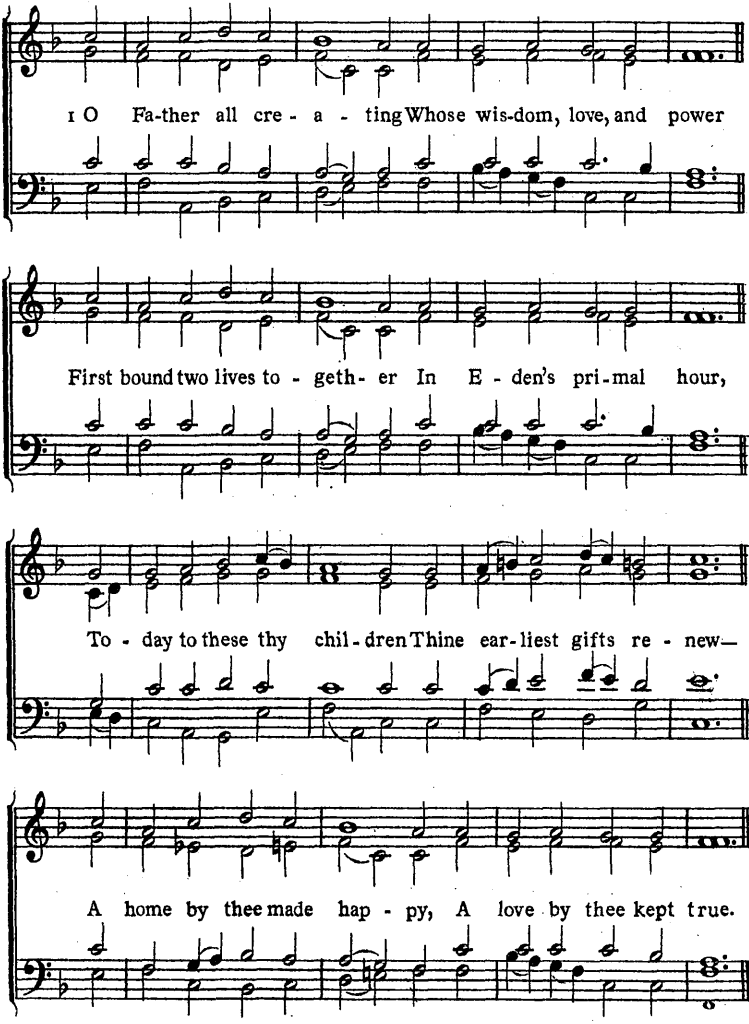
Harm. by G. R. Woodward

2 On thee at the creation
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land:
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heav'nly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

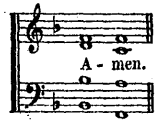
5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

O FATHER ALL CREATING

Dank sei Gott (76.76.D)

J. Ellerton J. S. Bach

2 O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day thy presence
With these who call on thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them, in the tasting,
To know the gift is thine.

3 O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in thy pureness,
So tender in thy love;
That guarded by thy presence
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by thee.

4 Except thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;
But nought can break the marriage
Of hearts in thee made one,
And love thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun. Amen.

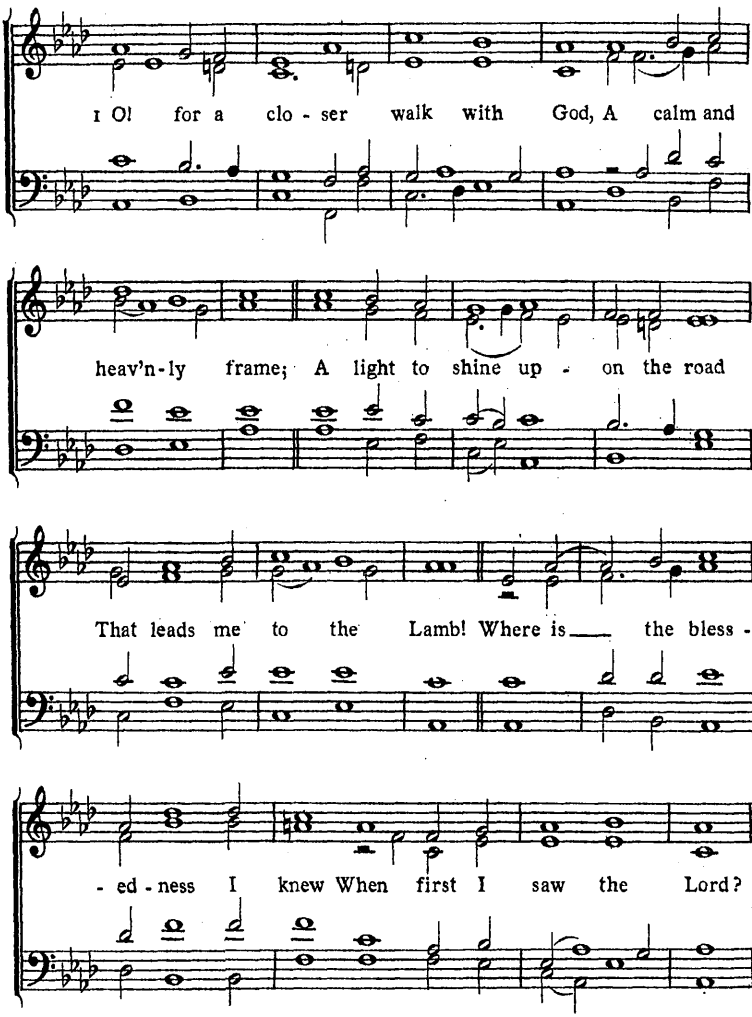
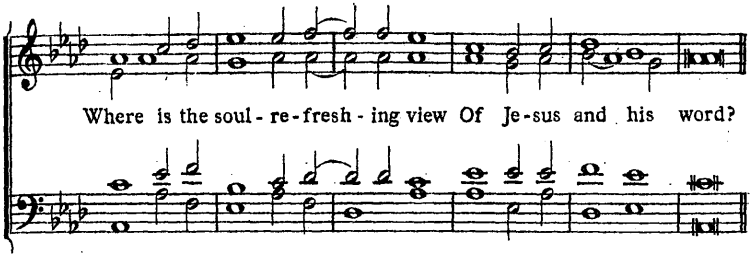


143

O! FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD

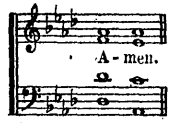
Old 137th (Yattendon) (D.C.M.)

W. Cowper

Crespin, 1556
H.E.W. after Richard Allison, 1559



2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

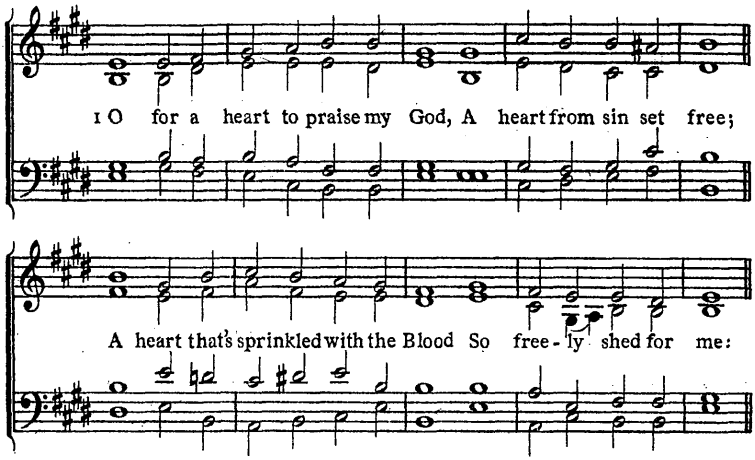
3 The dearest idol I have known,
What'e'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.



O FOR A HEART TO PRAISE MY GOD

Dunfermline (C.M.)

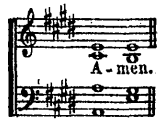
C. Wesley *Scottish Psalter*



2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's Throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love Divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

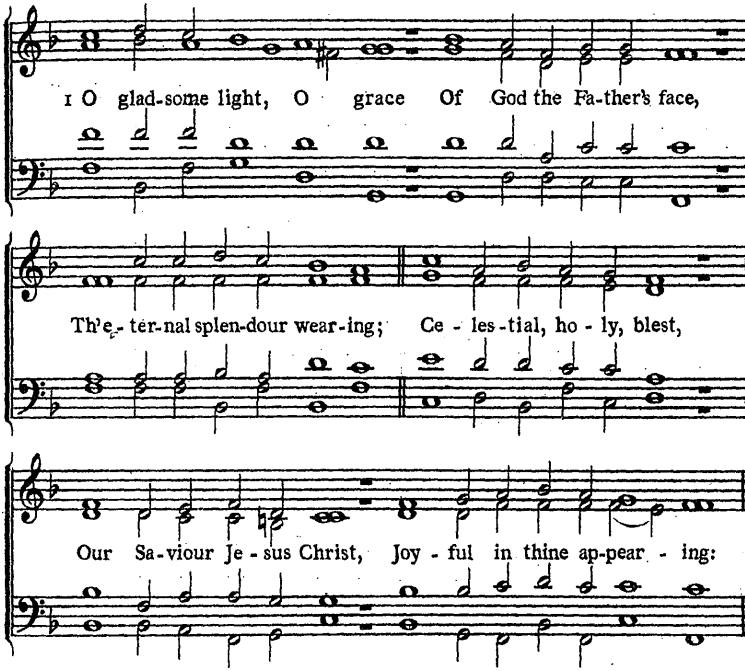
5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new best Name of Love. Amen.

145 O GLADSOME LIGHT, O GRACE

Song of Symeon (667.667)

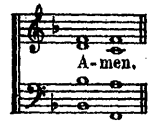
L. Bourgeois

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 88

Harm. by C. Goudimel

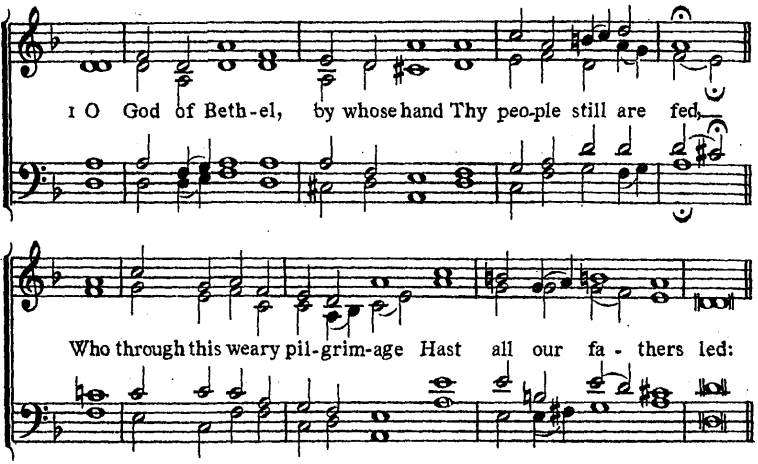


2 Now, ere day fadeth quite,
We see the evening light,
Our wonted hymn outpouring;
Father of might unknown,
Thee, his incarnate Son,
And Holy Spirit adoring.

3 To thee of right belongs
All praise of holy songs,
O Son of God, Life-giver:
Thee, therefore, O most High,
The world doth glorify,
And shall exalt for ever. Amen.

O GOD OF BETHEL, BY WHOSE HAND

Martyrs (C. M.)

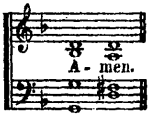
F. Doddridge and J. Logan — *Scottish Psalter*



2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

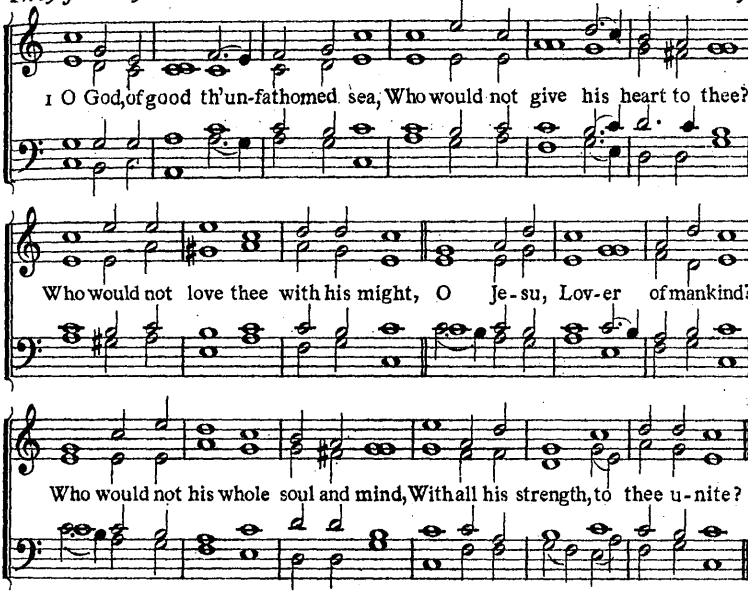
3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore. Amen.

147 O GOD, OF GOOD TH'UNFATHOMED SEA

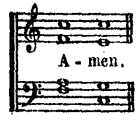
J. Scheffler Llangoedmor (888.D.)

Tr. by J. Wesley *Welsh Melody.*



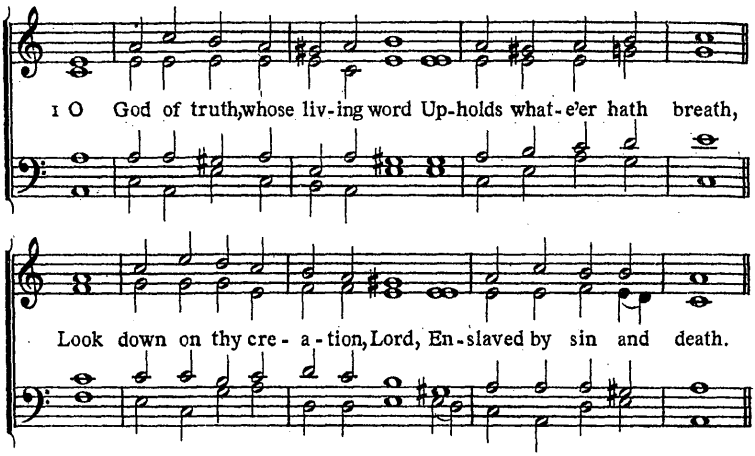
2 High-throned on heaven's eternal hill
In number, weight and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
And yet thou deign'st to come to me
Guiding my steps that I with thee
May reign enthroned in endless bliss.

3 Fountain of good, all blessing flows
From thee; no want thy fullness knows:
What but thyself canst thou desire?
Yet, self-sufficient as thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
This, only this, dost thou require.

4 O God, of good th' unfathomed sea,
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might,
O Jesu, Lover of mankind?
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite? Amen.

O GOD OF TRUTH, WHOSE LIVING WORD

Culross (C. M.)

T. Hughes — *Scottish Psalter*

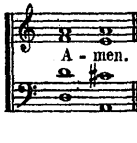


2 Set up thy standard, Lord, that we
Who claim a heavenly birth
May march with thee to smite the lies
That vex thy groaning earth.

3 Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white!

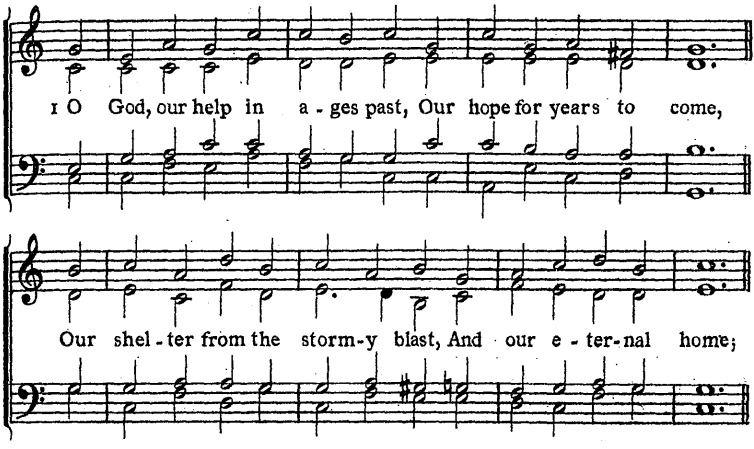
4 We fight for truth! we fight for God!
Poor slaves of lies and sin;
He who would fight for thee on earth
Must first be true within.

5 Then, God of truth, for whom we long—
Thou who wilt hear our prayer—
Do thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

6 Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in thee. Amen.

149 O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

St. Anne (C. M.)

Isaac Watts *Attributed to W. Croft*



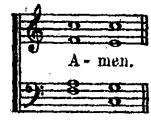
2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

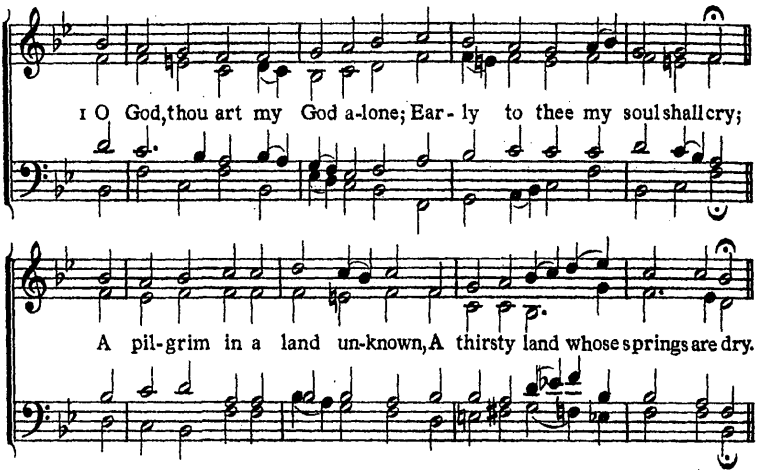
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. Amen.



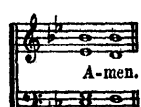
O GOD, THOU ART MY GOD ALONE

Beccles (L.M.)

J. Montgomery J. S. Bach

2 Throughout this rough and thorny maze
I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where thou hast trod.

3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared to thee?

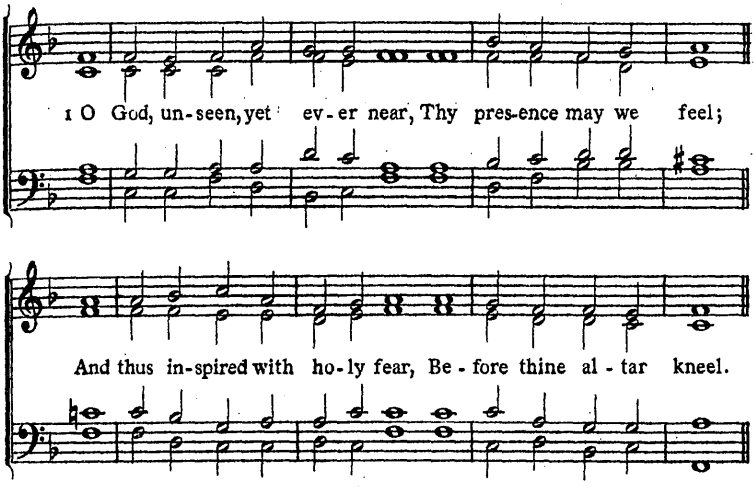
5 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.
Amen.

151

O GOD, UNSEEN YET EVER NEAR

St. Flavian (C. M.)

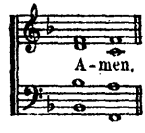
E. Osler

Old English
Adapted from Ravenscroft



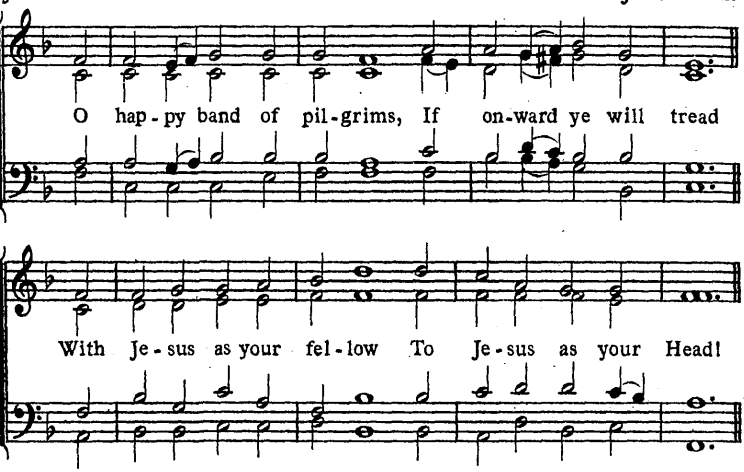
2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the Body of the Lord,
Our drink, his precious blood.

4 Thus may we all thy word obey,
For we, O God, are thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renew'd with strength Divine. Amen.

O HAPPY BAND OF PILGRIMS

Knecht (76.76)

J. M. Neale — J. H. Knecht



2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hunger'd then!

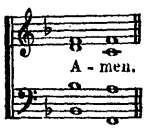
3 The Cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due:
The Crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,

5 What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heav'n on earth?

6 The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To him alone will turn,

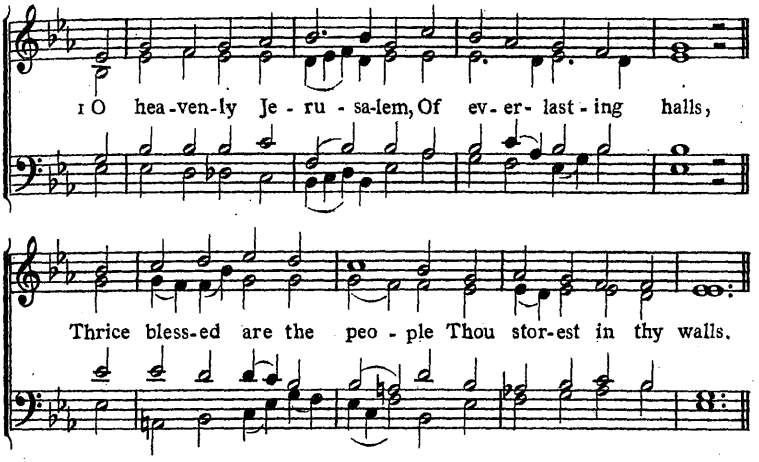
7 What are they but the couriers
To lead you to his sight?
What are they but the foregleams
Of uncreated light?

8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize. Amen.

153

O HEAVENLY JERUSALEM

Christus der ist mein Leben (76 76)

I. Williams
From Paris Brevary, 1822

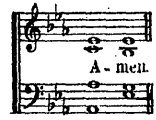
M. Vulpius

2 Thou art the golden mansion,
Where Saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

3 There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the Crown;
The Lamb the light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

4 Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest,
They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

5 Sure hope doth thither lead us,
Our longings thither tend;
No short-lived-toil shall daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

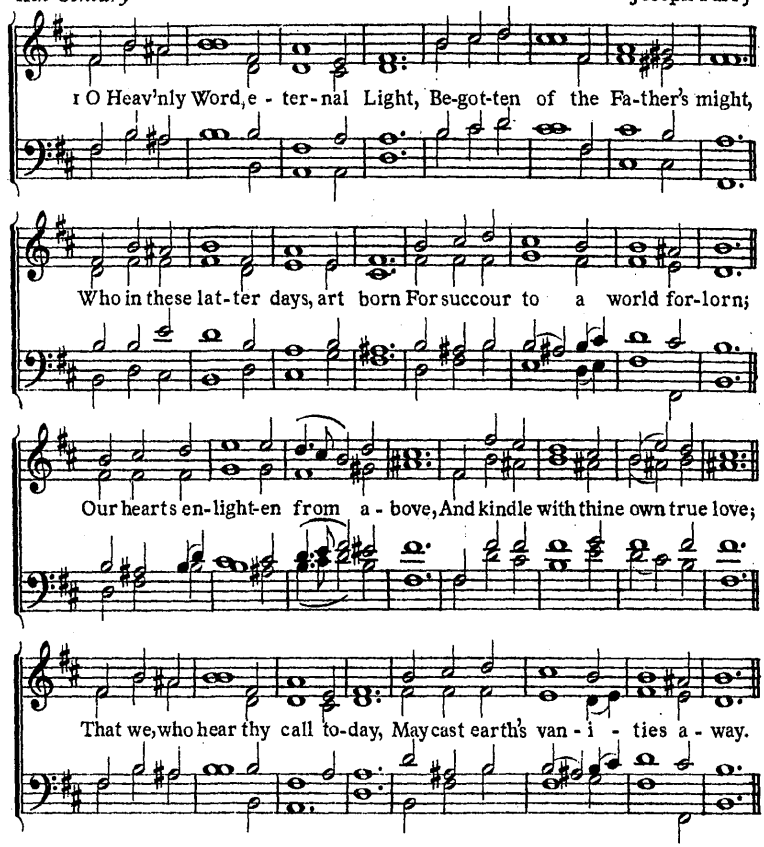
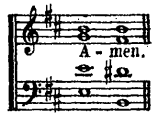
6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below,
To Father, and to Spirit,
All things created bow. Amen.



O HEAVENLY WORD, ETERNAL LIGHT

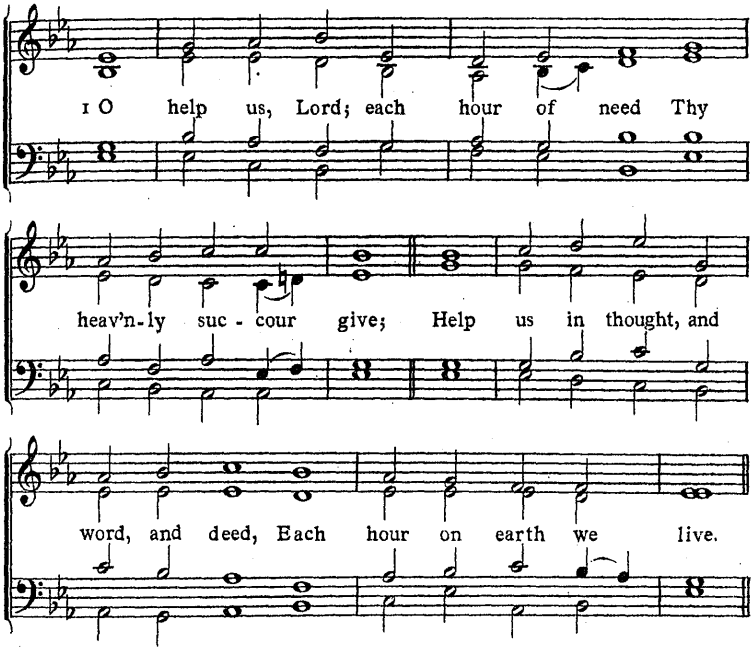
From the Latin
Xth Century

Dies irae (D.L.M.)

Joseph Parry

2 And when as Judge thou drawest nigh,
The secrets of all hearts to try;
When sinners meet their awful doom,
And saints attain their heavenly home;
Oh! let us not, for evil past,
Be driven from thy face at last,
But with the blessèd evermore
Behold thee, love thee, and adore. Amen.

O HELP US, LORD

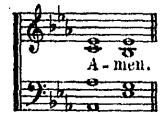
Caithness (C.M.)

H. H. Milman — *Scottish Psalter*



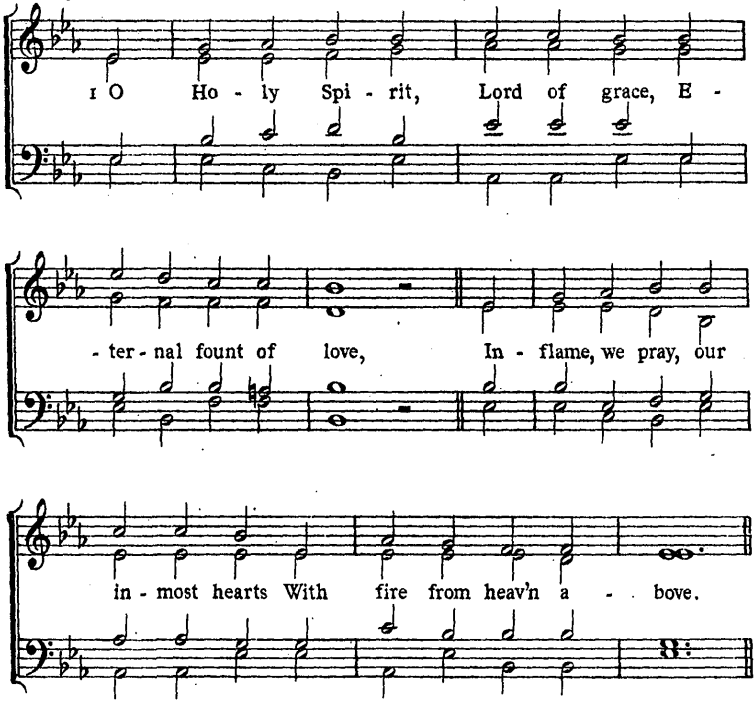
2 O help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

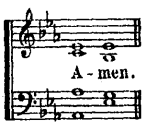
3 O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Jesu, from on high,
We know no help but thee;
O help us so to live and die
As thine in heav'n to be. Amen.

O HOLY SPIRIT, LORD OF GRACE

Tallis Ordinal (C.M.)

C. Coffin
Tr. by J. Chandler

T. Tallis

2 As thou in bond of love dost join
The Father and the Son,
So fill us all with mutual love,
And knit our hearts in one.

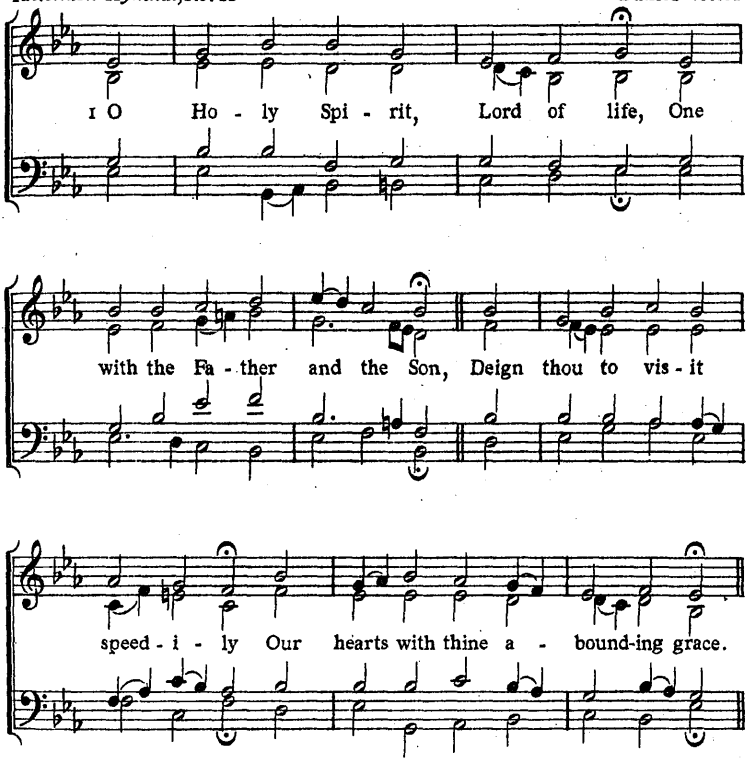
3 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

157

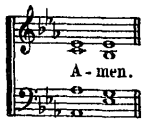
O HOLY SPIRIT, LORD OF LIFE

Das Walt Gott (L. M.)

S. Ambrose

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 45

Daniel Vetter

2 Our mortal being purify
To be thy praise, thy temple fair;
That holy fire of heavenly love
Flame forth and kindle all the world. Amen.

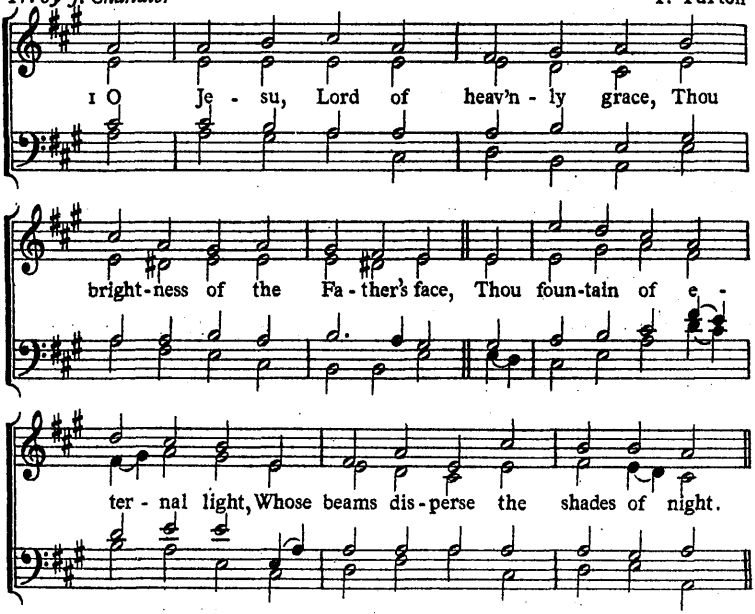


158 O JESU, LORD OF HEAVENLY GRACE

Ely (L.M.)

S. Ambrose
Tr. by J. Chandler

T. Turton

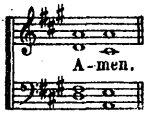


2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down thy radiance from above;
And to our inmost hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 O hallowed be the approaching day;
Let meekness be our morning ray;
And faithful love our noonday light;
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

5 O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne:
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in thee. Amen.



159

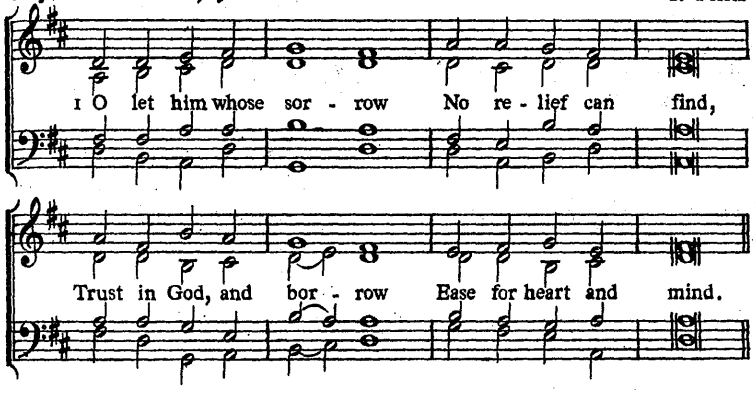
O LET HIM WHOSE SORROW

Clewer (65.65)

H. S. Oswald

Tr. from the German, by F E. Cox

F. Filitz



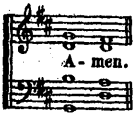
2 Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

3 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

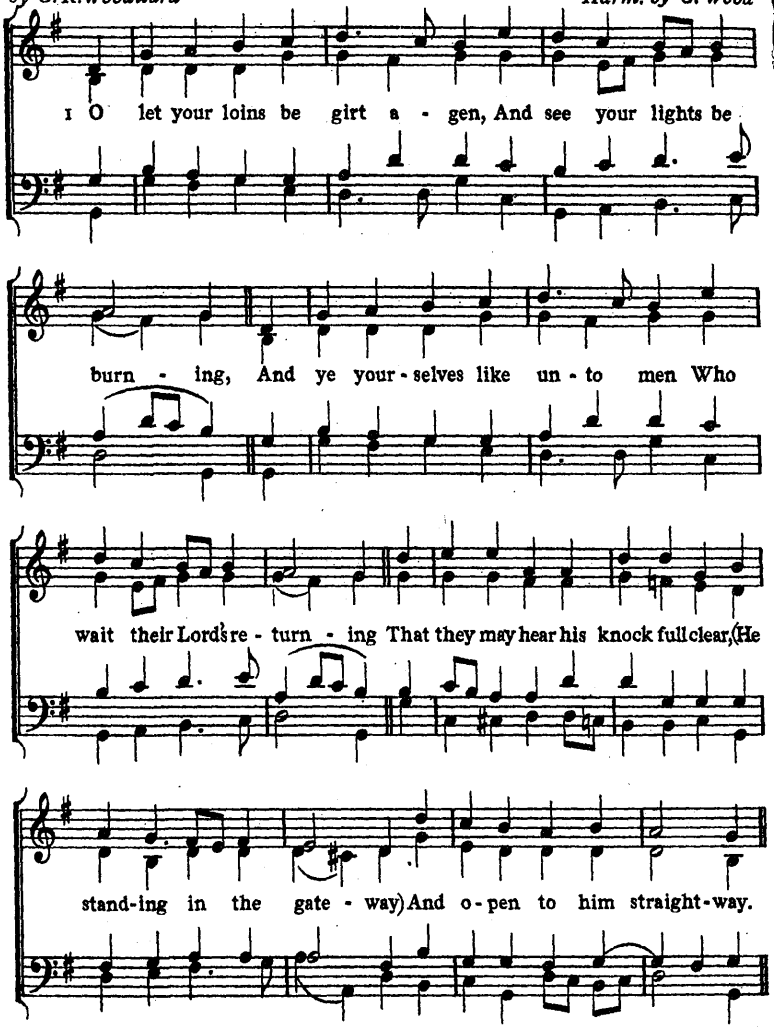
5 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who his children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

6 All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heav'n shall know.

7 Jesu, Holy Saviour,
In the realms above
Crown us with thy favour,
Fill us with thy love. Amen.

O LET YOUR LOINS BE GIRT AGEN

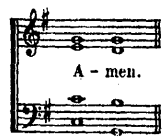
Was Gott thut (87.87.44.77)

From St. Luke xii. 35-40
by G. R. Woodward

Nürnbergisches Gesangbuch, 1690
Harm. by C. Wood

2 If from the wedding, ere day-break,
In third watch or in second,
The master find his slaves awake,
Thrice bless'd shall they be reckon'd;
Fair fall them all, or great or small,
Found watch and vigil keeping,
But woe to knaves a-sleeping!

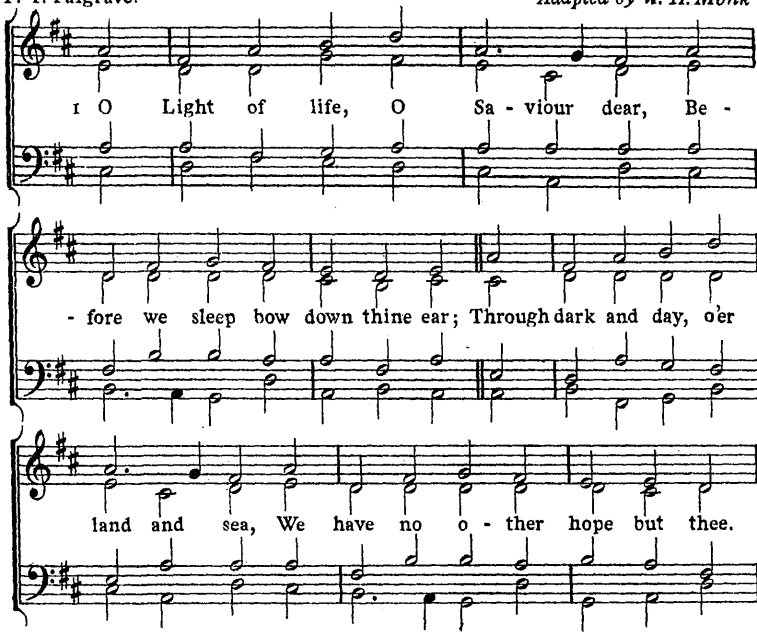
3 In very sooth, that self-same day,
For recompense and payment,
The master shall himself array
In servile form and raiment;
Will forth, and seat his men at meat,
Before the lowest bending,
To every want attending.

4 The good man had he known what hour
The thief might be expected,
Had warded well both tower and bower,
And kept his goods protected:
So likewise ye must ready be;
The Son of Man is nearing,
Who knows how soon appearing? Amen.



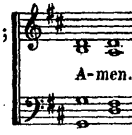
O LIGHT OF LIFE, O SAVIOUR DEAR.

Zeuch meinen geist (L.M.) *From J. B. König, Harmonischer Liederschatz*

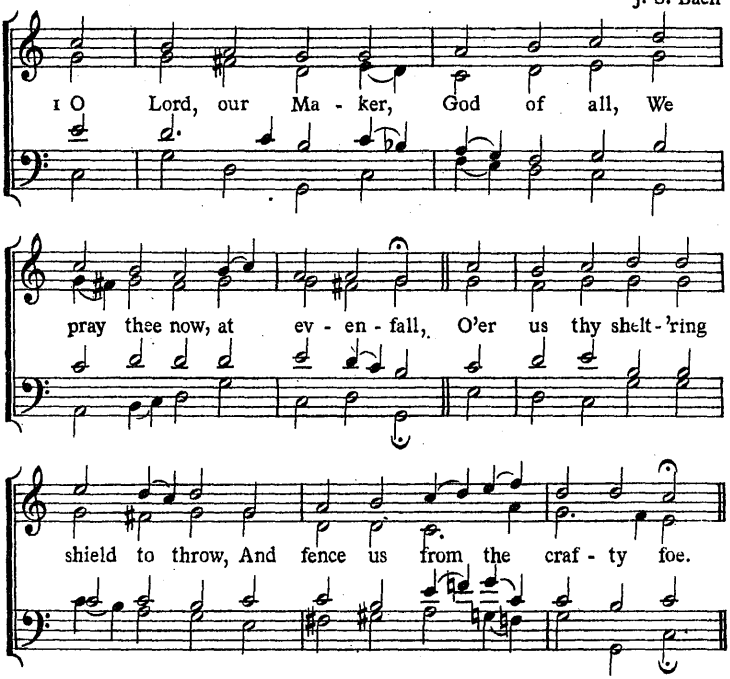
F. T. Palgrave. *Adapted by W. H. Monk*

2 Oft from thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart:
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find him not.

3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight;
What dawning risen upon the night:
Thou giv'st thyself to us, and we
Find Guide and Path and All in thee.

4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us more nearly near;
Till on thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.

5 Praise God our Maker and our Friend;
Praise him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song his name adore
Through heav'n's great day of Evermore.
Amen.

O LORD, OUR MAKER

Beccles (L. M.)

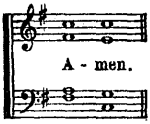
J. S. Bach

2 Nor let our souls deluded be,
Good Lord, with dream or fantasy;
Our waking hearts still purely keep,
That we in sin fall not on sleep.

3 Thou in the midst of us dost dwell,
O Lord, thou God of Israël;
Deign then from us all ill to ward,
And leave us not, Almighty Lord.

4 To thee our spirits we commend,
Thee, our Redeemer, Guide and Friend;
Keep, as the apple of thine eye,
The creatures of thy clemency.

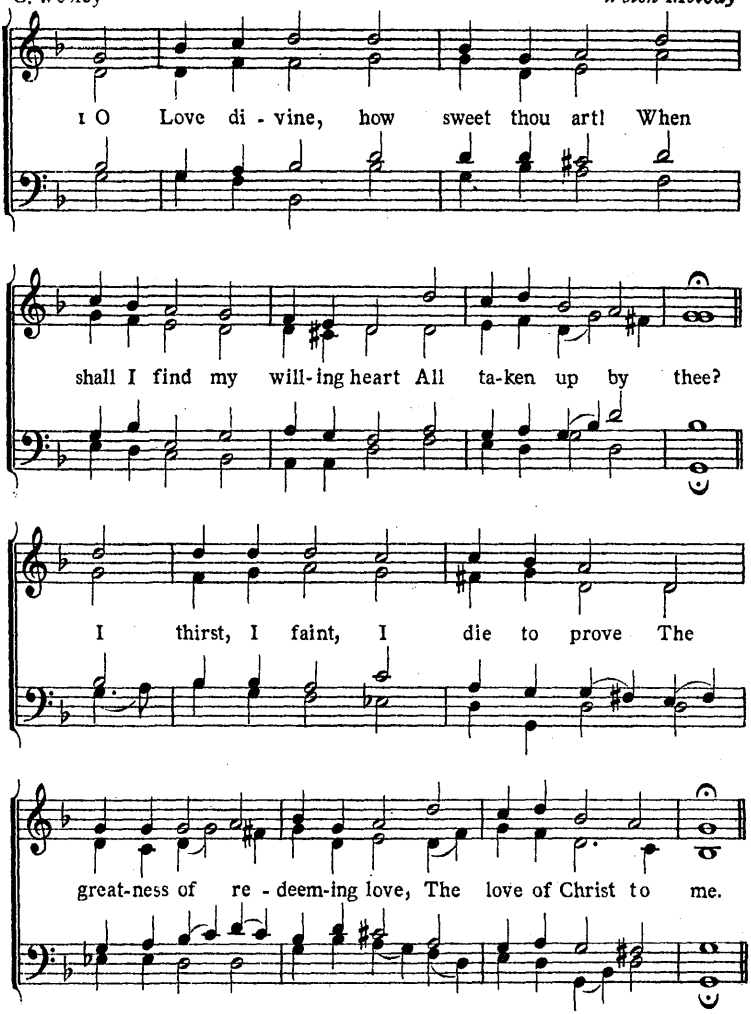
5 Yea, with the compass of thy wing
O'ershadow us while slumbering;
That, blest with sleep, in peace we rest,
Or watch with Christ in vigil blest.

6 So shall our hearts, with heav'n's glad host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
So waking we give laud to thee,
O ever-blessèd Trinity. Amen.

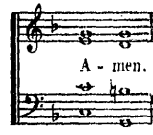


O LOVE DIVINE

St. John (886.886)

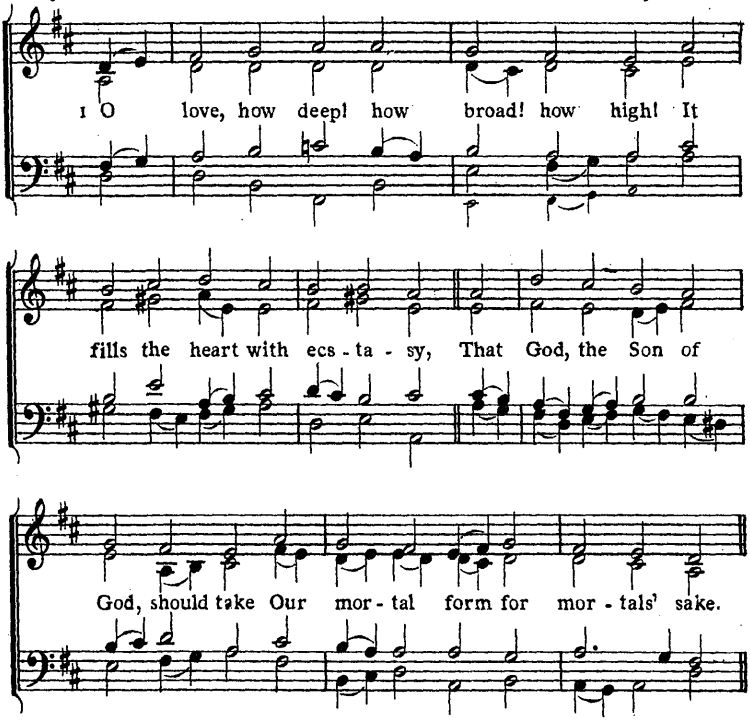
C. Wesley — *Welsh Melody*

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice. Amen.

O LOVE, HOW DEEP! HOW BROAD! HOW HIGH

Eisenach (L.M.)

XVth Century
Tr. by B. Webb

J. H. Schein
Harm. by J. S. Bach

2 He sent no angel to our race
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

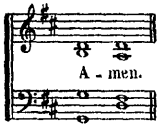
3 For us he was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptations sharp he knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.

4 For us he prayed, for us he taught,
For us his daily works he wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not himself but us.

5 For us to wicked men betray'd,
Scourg'd, mock'd, in purple robe array'd,
He bore the shameful cross and death;
For us at length gave up his breath.

6 For us he rose from death again,
For us he went on high to reign,
For us he sent his Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

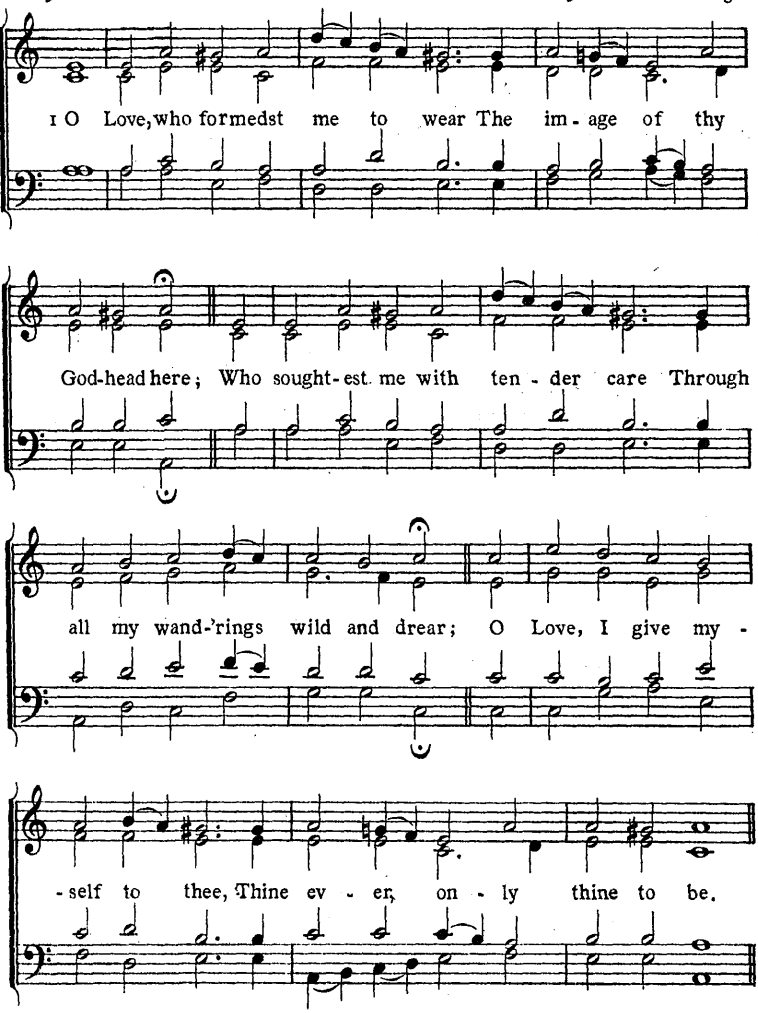
7 To him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through his Son,
To God the Father, glory be
Both now and through eternity. Amen.



165 O LOVE, WHO FORMEDST ME TO WEAR

Yattendon. 12 (88.88.88)

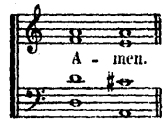
J. Scheffler — Old English

Tr. by C. Winkworth — *Set by H. E. Wooldridge*

2 O Love, who ere life's earliest morn
On me thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as Man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, who didst that ransom pay
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

5 O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be. Amen.



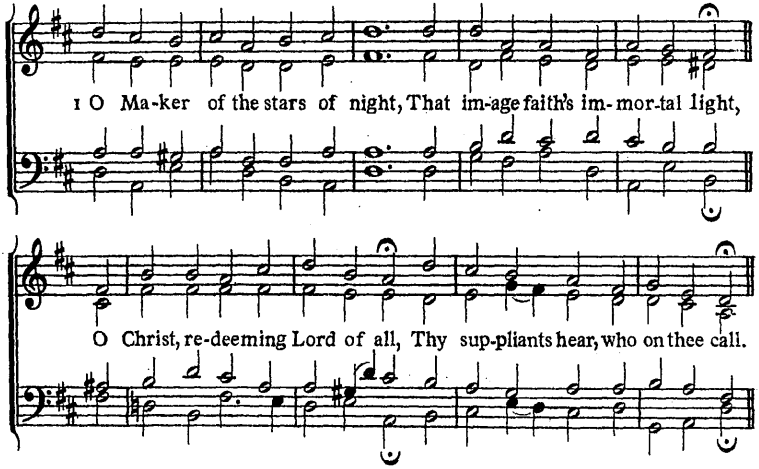
O MAKER OF THE STARS OF NIGHT

Von Himmel hoch (L. M.)

From the Latin (IXth Cent.)

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 47

M. Luther

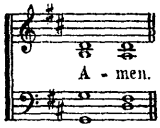


2. Thou, pitying man who lay beneath
The terror of eternal death,
Didst come the wearied world to save,
And free the guilty from the grave.

3 'Twas when earth's day drew near its close
Thy morning sun in Zion rose,
And virgin-born went forth in fire
To lead anew our lost desire.

4 At whose great strength and majesty
Doth all creation bow the knee,
All things on earth and all in heav'n
Henceforth to thy dominion giv'n.

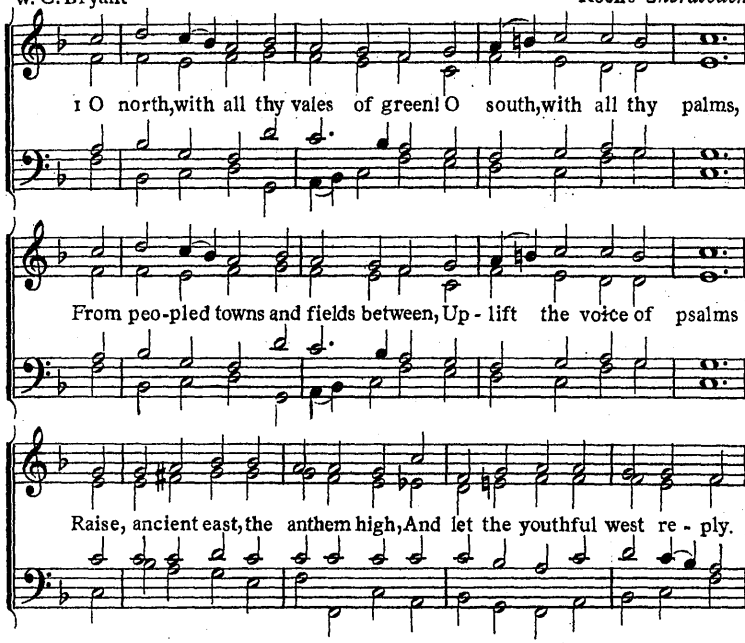
5 We pray thee, Holiest, who shalt come
To be our judge on day of doom,
Preserve us in our trial brief
From all that then might bring us grief.
Amen.



167 O NORTH, WITH ALL THY VALES OF GREEN

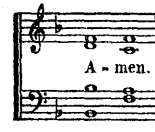
Auch jetzt macht Gott (86.86.88)

W. C. Bryant — Koch's *Choralbuch*



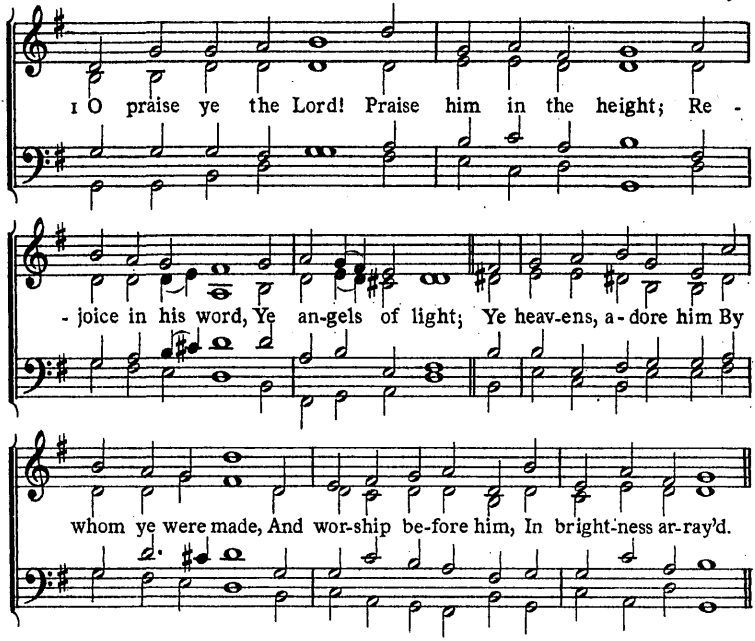
2 Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun.
He comes, a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

3 O Father, haste the promised hour,
When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky;
When he shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul;

4 When all shall heed the words he said,
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life he led
Shall strive to pattern theirs;
And he, who conquered death, shall win
The mightier conquest over sin. Amen.

O PRAISE YE THE LORD

Hanover (5555.6565)

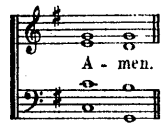
H. W. Baker — *Ascribed to W. Croft*



2 O praise ye the Lord!
Praise him upon earth,
In tuneful accord,
Ye sons of new birth;
Praise him who hath brought you
His grace from above,
Praise him who hath taught you
To sing of his love.

3 O praise ye the Lord,
All things that give sound;
Each jubilant chord,
Re-echo around;
Loud organs, his glory
Forth tell in deep tone,
And sweet harp, the story
Of what he hath done.

4 O praise ye the Lord,
Thanksgiving and song
To him be outpour'd
All ages along:
For love in creation,
For heaven restored,
For grace of salvation
O praise ye the Lord! Amen.

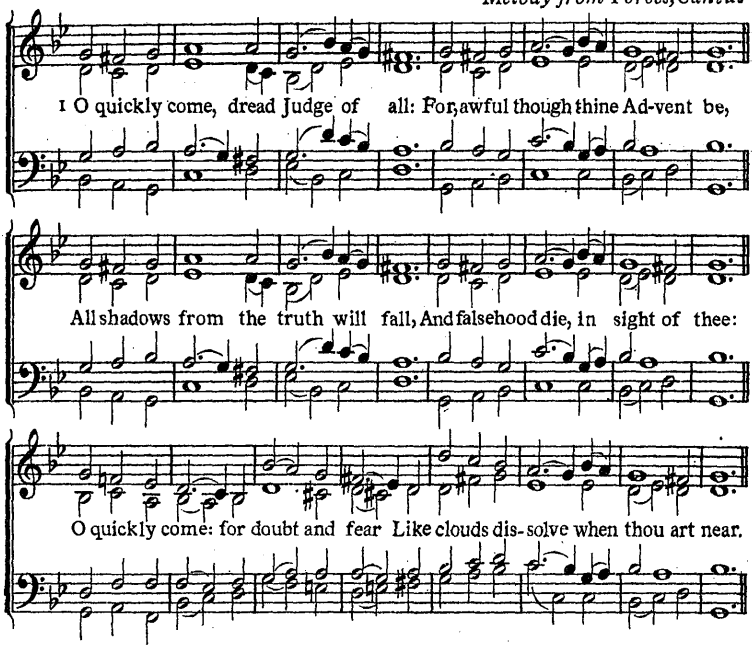


169 O QUICKLY COME, DREAD JUDGE OF ALL

Forbes (888888)

L. Tuttiett

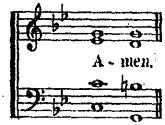
Melody from Forbes, Cantus



2 O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
O quickly come: for thou alone
Canst make thy scatter'd people one.

3 O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found;
O quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

4 O quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way,
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
O quickly come: for round thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known. Amen.



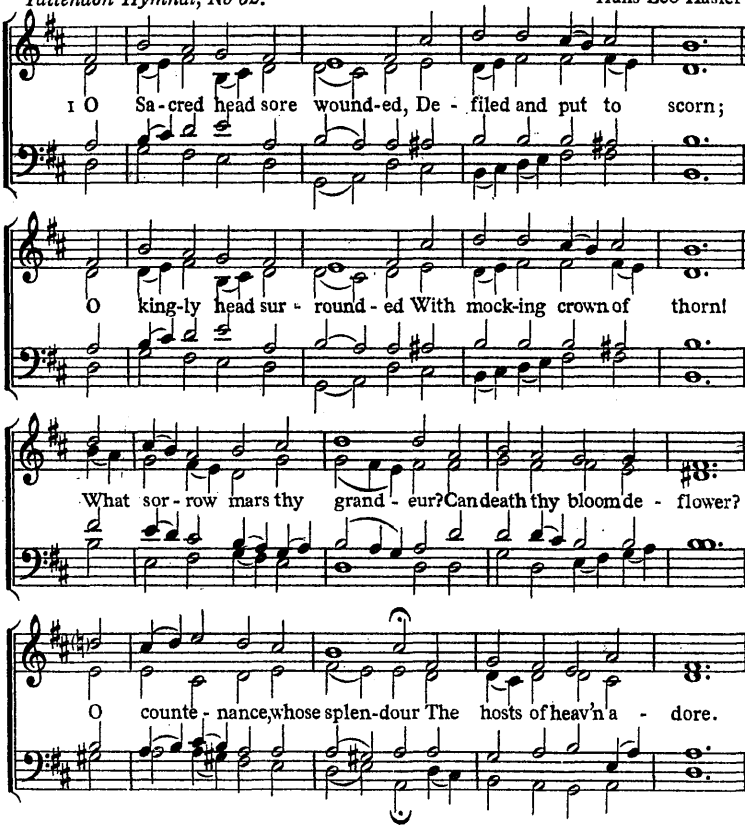
170

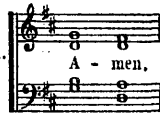
O SACRED HEAD ONCE WOUNDED

P. Gerhardt

Passion Chorale (76.76.D.)

Yattendon Hymnal, No 62.

Hans Leo Hasler

2 In thy most bitter passion
My heart to share doth cry,
With thee for my salvation
Upon the cross to die.
Ah, keep my heart thus moved
To stand thy cross beneath,
To mourn thee, well-beloved,
Yet thank thee for thy death. Amen.



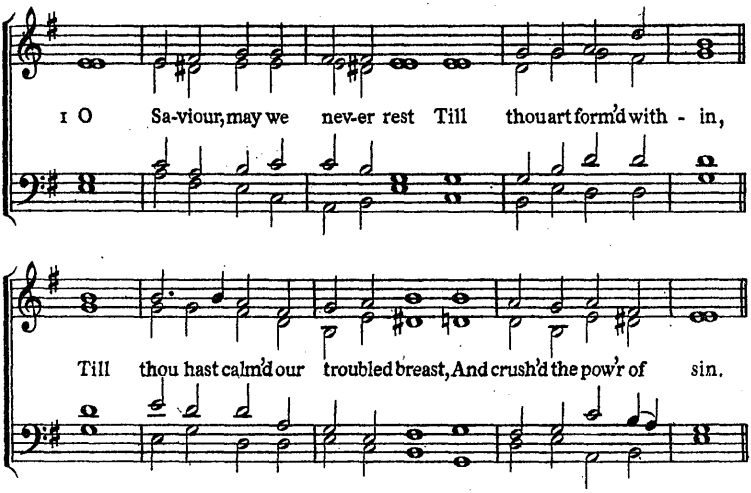
171

O SAVIOUR, MAY WE NEVER REST

Cheshire (C. M.)

W. H. Bathurst

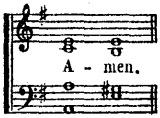
J. Farmer
Este's *Psalter*



2 O may we gaze upon thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light:

3 Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heav'nly things.

4 There as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to thee,
And in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see. Amen.

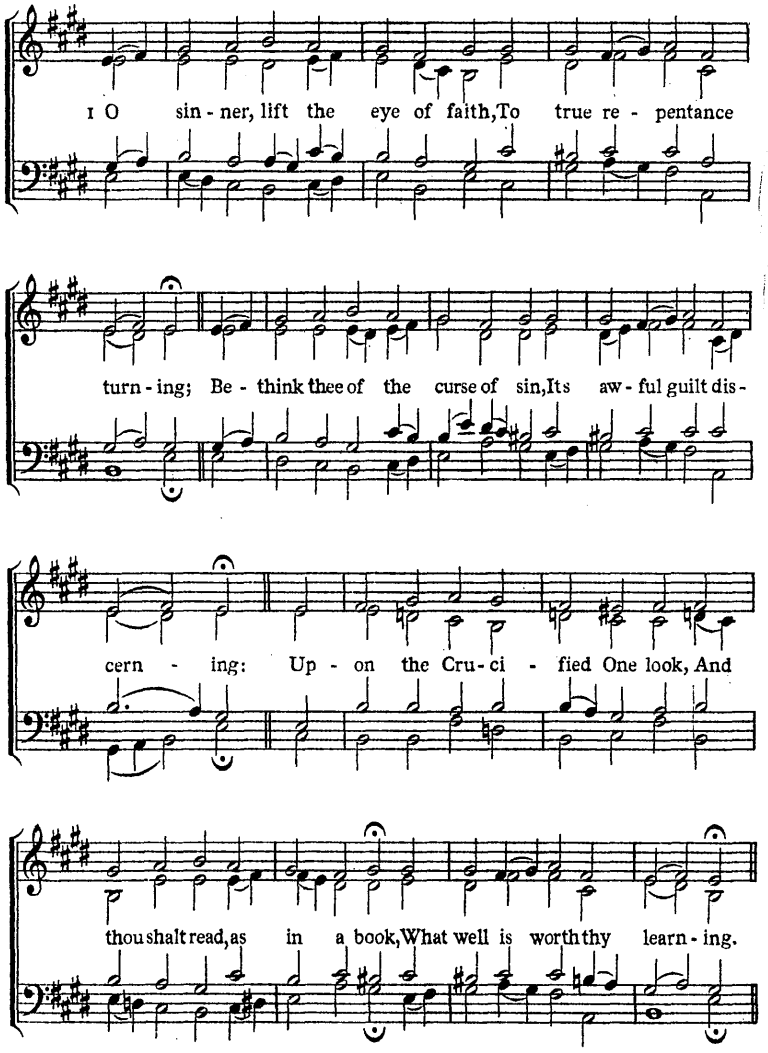


172

O SINNER, LIFT THE EYE OF FAITH

Allein Gott in der Höh,(Stettin) 87.87.88.7)

J. M. Neale

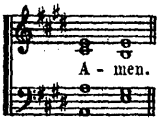
Geistlicher Lieder, 1539

2 Look on his Head, that bleeding Head,
With crown of thorns surrounded;
Look on his sacred Hands and Feet
Which piercing nails have wounded:
See every Limb with scourges rent:
On him, the Just, the Innocent,
What malice hath abounded!

3 'Tis not alone those Limbs are rack'd,
But friends too are forsaking;
And, more than all, for thankless man
That tender Heart is aching;
Oh, fearful was the pain and scorn,
By Jesus, Son of Mary, borne,
Their peace for sinners making.

4 None ever knew such pain before,
Such infinite affliction,
None ever felt a grief like his
In that dread crucifixion:
For us he bare those bitter throes,
For us those agonizing woes,
In oft-renew'd infliction.

5 O sinner, mark, and ponder well
Sin's awful condemnation;
Think what a sacrifice it cost
To purchase thy salvation;
Had Jesus never bled and died,
Then what could thee and all betide
But uttermost damnation?

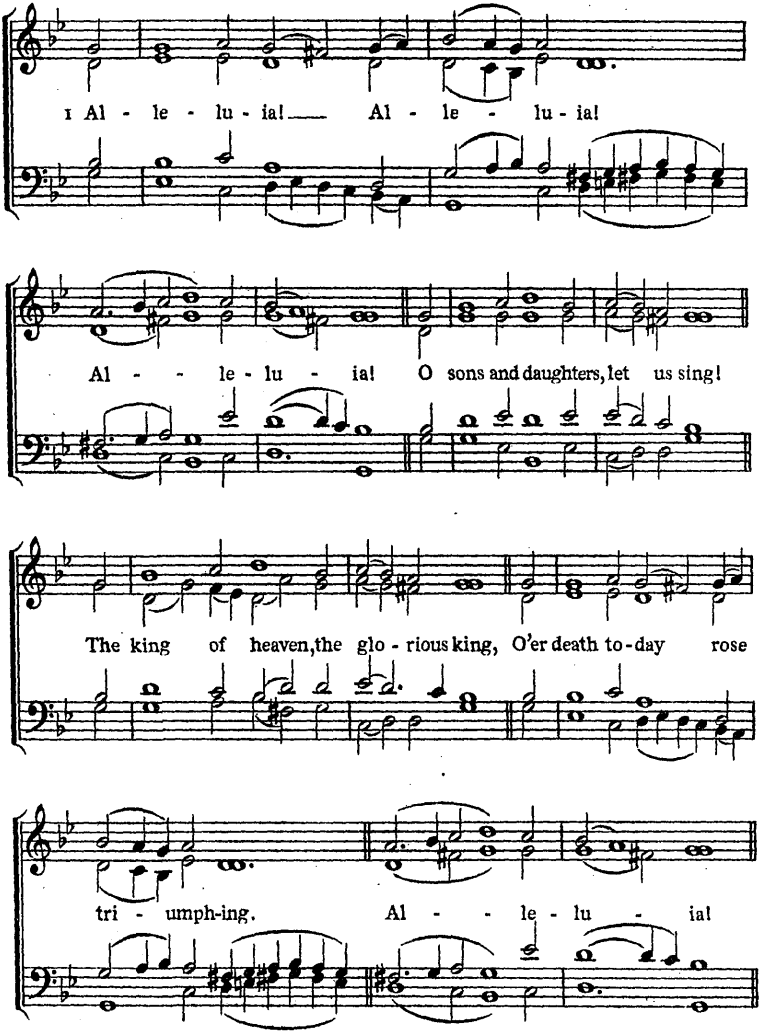
6 Lord, give us grace to flee from sin
And Satan's wiles ensnaring,
And from that everlasting doom
For evil ones preparing.
Jesu, we thank thee, and entreat
To rest for ever at thy Feet,
Thy heavenly glory sharing. Amen.



O SONS AND DAUGHTERS, LET US SING

173 O Filii et Filiæ (888.4)

J. M. Neale

Proper melody
arranged by S. Webbe

2 That Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
'Your Lord doth go to Galilee.'
Alleluia!

4 That night th' Apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, 'My peace be on all here.'
Alleluia!

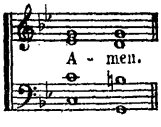
5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia!

6 'My pierced side, O Thomas, see;
My hands, my feet I show to thee,
Not faithless, but believing be.'
Alleluia!

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
'Thou art my Lord and God', he cried.
Alleluia!

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been;
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

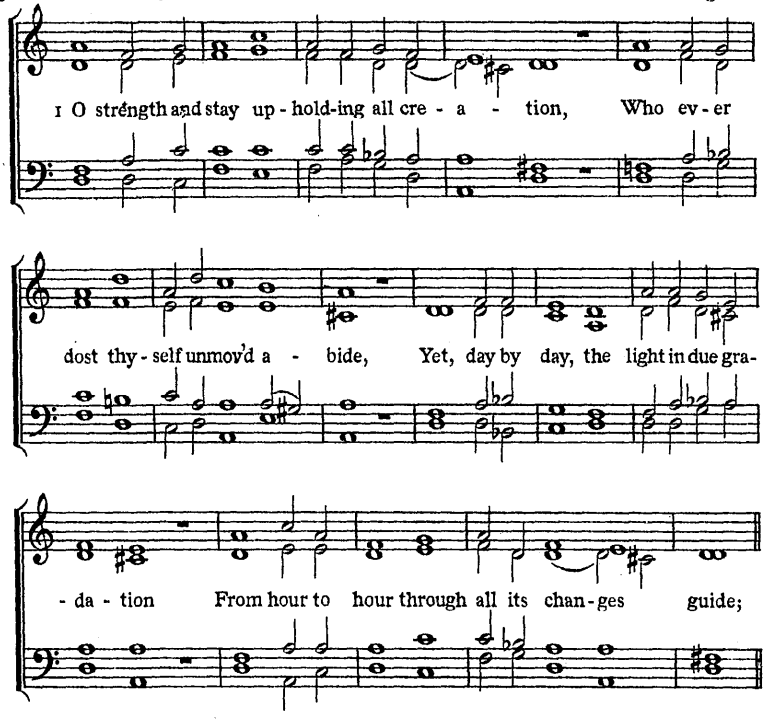
9 On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud and jubilee and praise.
Alleluia! Amen.



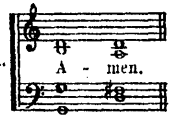
174

O STRENGTH AND STAY UPHOLDING ALL CREATION

Donne secours (11.10.11 10)

J. Ellerton and F. J. A. Hort — L. Bourgeois

2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouch'd by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of th' eternal day.

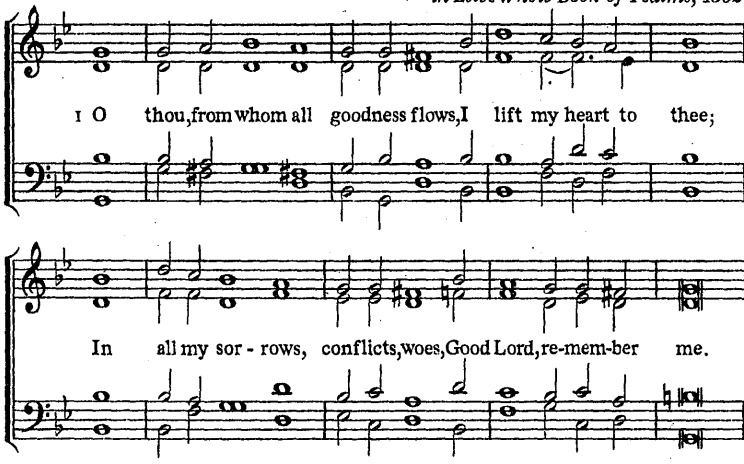
3 Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
And thou, O Christ, the co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored. Amen.



175 O THOU, FROM WHOM ALL GOODNESS FLOWS

Windsor (C. M.)

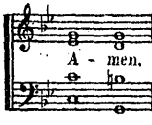
T. Haweis

G. Kirby
in Este's Whole Book of Psalms, 1592

2 When on my aching burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

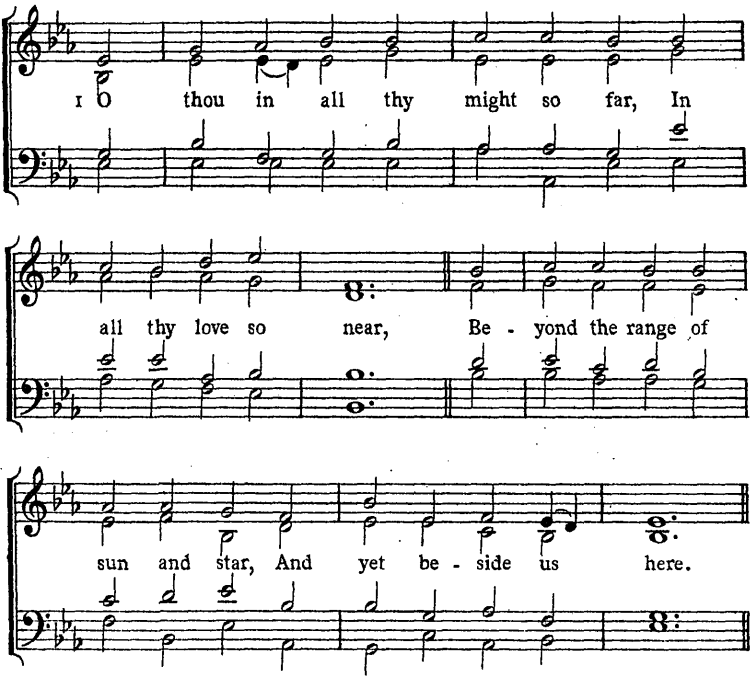
5 And, oh, when in the hour of death
I bow to thy decree,
Jesu, receive my parting breath;
Good Lord, remember me. Amen.



176 O THOU, IN ALL THY MIGHT SO FAR

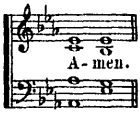
Solomon (C.M.)

F. L. Hosmer *From Handel*



2 What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or searching find thee out,
Who art within, a quickening flame,
A presence round about?

3 Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more;
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee, and adore.

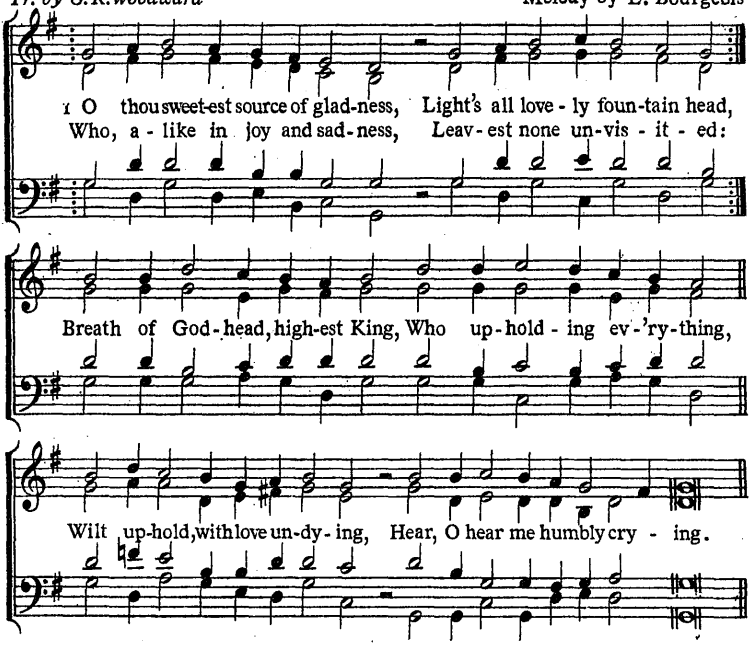
4 And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee. Amen.

177 O THOU SWEETEST SOURCE OF GLADNESS

Ainsi que la biche rée (87.87.77.88)

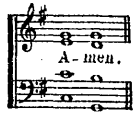
P. Gerhardt

Tr. by G. R. Woodward

Melody by L. Bourgeois



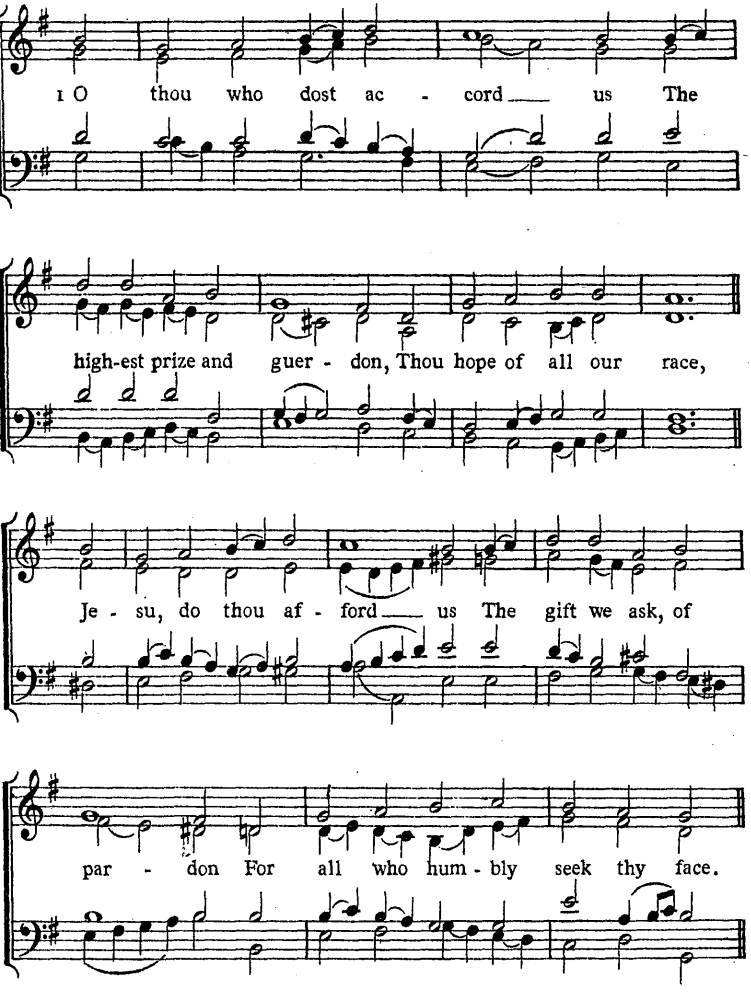
2 From thy throne, as April shower,
Thou descendest, heav'nly one,
Freighted with thy sevenfold dower,
From the Father and the Son:
Bring me, noble guest divine,
God's own blessings—they are thine,
Freely dealt at thy good pleasure;
Fill me in abundant measure.

3 Save, uphold, and go before me;
Fainting, be my staff and rod;
Dying, to new life restore me,
Buried, be my grave, O God:
From the dust when I arise,
Come, exalt me to the skies,
Where thou wilt in realms supernal
Feed thy saints with joys eternal. Amen.

178

O THOU WHO DOST ACCORD US

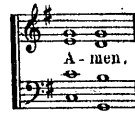
Innsbruck (776.778)

From the Latin (VIth Century)
Tr. by J. W. Howett and others

H. Isaac
Harm. by J. S. Bach

2 With whispered accusation
Our conscience tells of sinning
In thought, and word, and deed:
Thine is our restoration,
The work of grace beginning
For souls from every burthen freed.

3 For who, if thou reject us,
Shall raise the fainting spirit?
'Tis thine alone to spare:
If thou to life elect us,
With cleansèd hearts to near it,
Shall be our task, our lowly prayer.

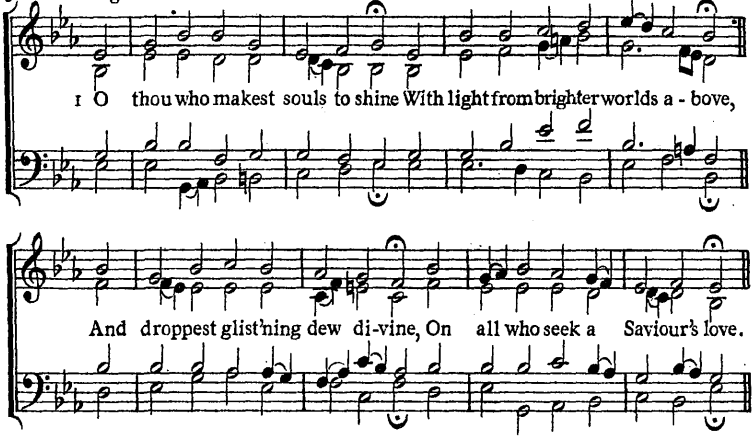
4 O Trinity most glorious,
Thy pardon free bestowing,
Defend us evermore;
That in thy courts victorious,
Thy love more truly knowing,
We may with all thy saints adore. Amen.



179 O THOU WHO MAKEST SOULS TO SHINE

Das Walt Gott (L.M.)

J. Armstrong Daniel Vetter



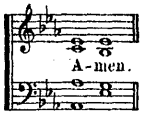
2 Do thou thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

3 Give those who teach, pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warm'd by prayer;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

4 Give those who learn, the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a Kingdom find.

5 O bless the shepherd, bless the sheep;
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.

6 If thus, good Lord, thy grace be given,
In thee to live, in thee to die,
Before we upward pass to heaven,
We taste our immortality. Amen.

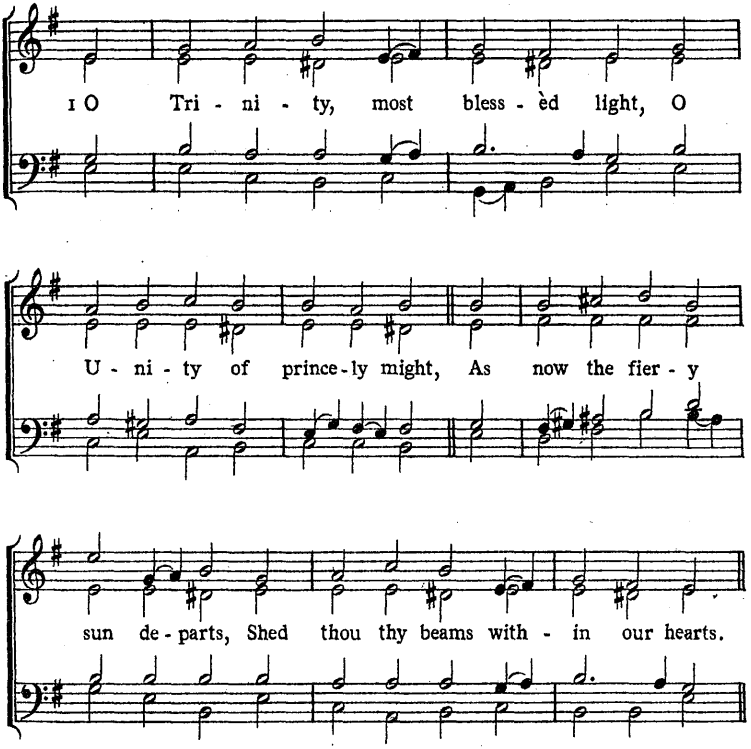
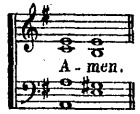


180

O TRINITY, MOST BLESSÈD LIGHT

Brynteg (L. M.)

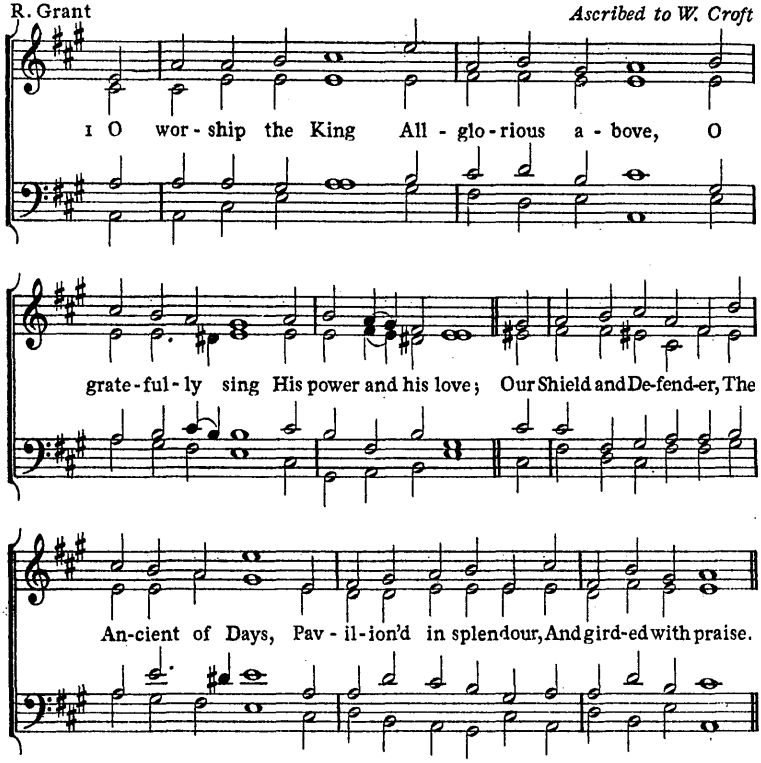
From the Latin
Ascribed to St. Ambrose

J. A. Lloyd

2 To thee our morning song of praise,
To thee our evening prayer we raise;
Thee may our heart and voice adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

181

O WORSHIP THE KING

Hanover (55.55.65.65.)

R. Grant

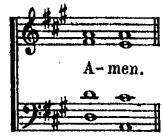
Ascribed to W. Croft

2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

3 This earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath stablish'd it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

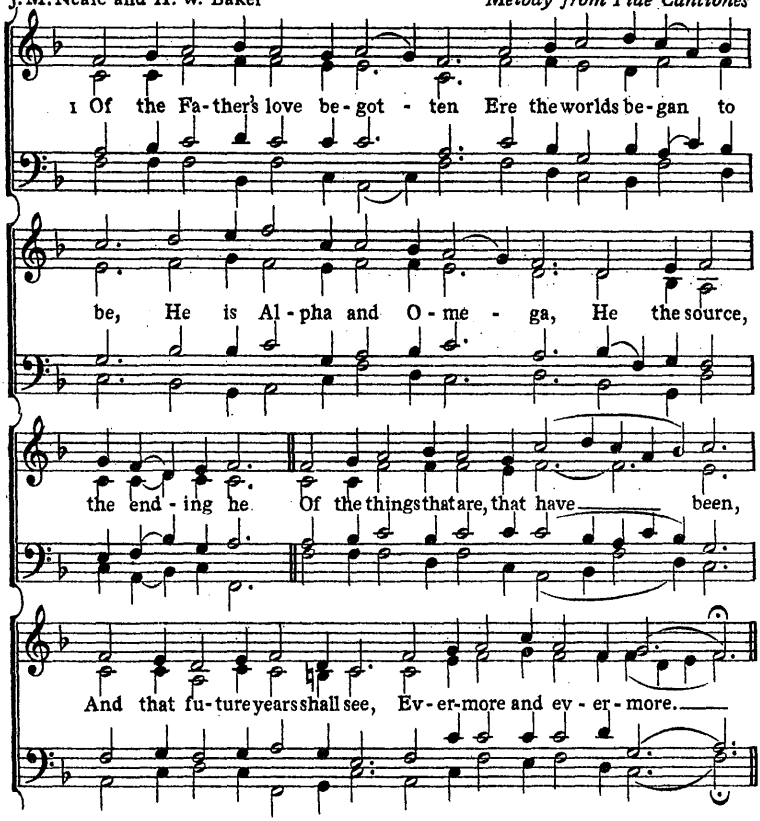
5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

6 O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love,
While Angels delight
To hymn thee above,
Thy humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to thy praise. Amen.



182 OF THE FATHER'S LOVE BEGOTTEN

Divinum Mysterium (87.87.87.7.)

J. M. Neale and H. W. Baker — *Melody from Piae Cantiones*

2* At his word the worlds were framèd;
He commanded; it was done:
Heaven and earth and depths of ocean
In their threefold order one;
All that grows beneath the shining
Of the moon and burning sun,
Evermore and evermore.

3* He is found in human fashion,
Death and sorrow here to know,
That the race of Adam's children,
Doomed by law to endless woe,
May not henceforth die and perish
In the dreadful gulf below,
Evermore and evermore.

4 Oh that birth for ever blessèd!
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First reveal'd his sacred face,
Evermore and evermore.

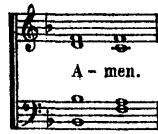
5 O ye heights of heav'n, adore him;
Angel-hosts, his praises sing;
All dominions, bow before him,
And extol our God and King:
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

6 This is he whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord;
Whom the voices of the Prophets
Promised in their faithful word;
Now he shines, the long-expected;
Let creation praise its Lord,
Evermore and evermore.

7 *Righteous Judge of souls departed,
Righteous King of them that live,
On the Father's throne exalted
None in might with thee may strive;
Who at last in vengeance coming
Sinners from thy face shalt drive,
Evermore and evermore.

8 Thee let old men, thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore.

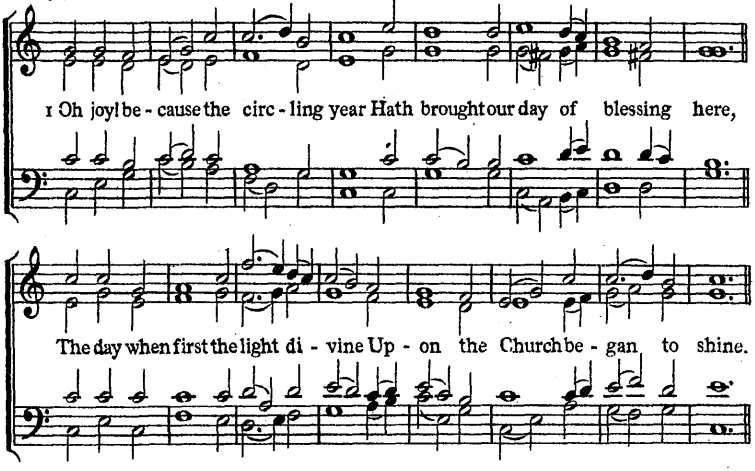
9 Christ, to thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to thee,
Hymn and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore. Amen.



*These verses may be omitted.

183 OH JOY! BECAUSE THE CIRCLING YEAR
Warrington (*L.M.*)

From the Latin
Tr. by J. Ellerton and F. J. A. Hort R. Harrison

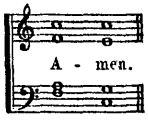


2 Like unto quivering tongues of flame
Upon each one the Spirit came,—
Tongues, that the earth might hear their call,
And fire, that love might burn in all.

3 Thus wondrously were spread abroad
To all the wondrous works of God;
In every tribe's familiar tone
The glorious marvel was made known.

4 While harden'd scoffers vainly jeer'd,
The listening strangers heard and fear'd;
They knew the prophet's word fulfill'd,
And own'd the work which God had will'd.

5 Of old in every hallow'd breast
Thou camest in thy grace to rest;
O grant us now from sin release,
And in our time, good Lord, give peace.

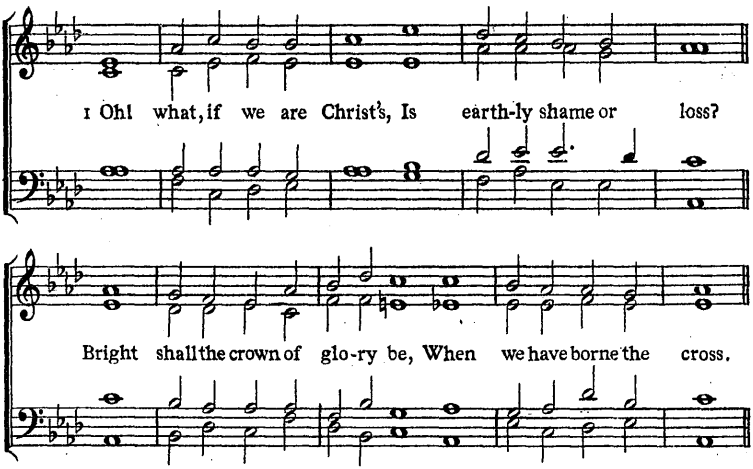
6 Praise we the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit with them one;
And may the Son on us bestow
The gifts that from the Spirit flow. Amen.

184

OH! WHAT, IF WE ARE CHRIST'S

St. Michael (S.M.)

H.W. Baker

From 'Four Score and Seven Psalms', 1561



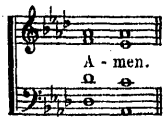
2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred Saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below:

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here;

5 Enough if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where Saints and Angels live.

6 All glory, Lord, to thee,
Whom Heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.



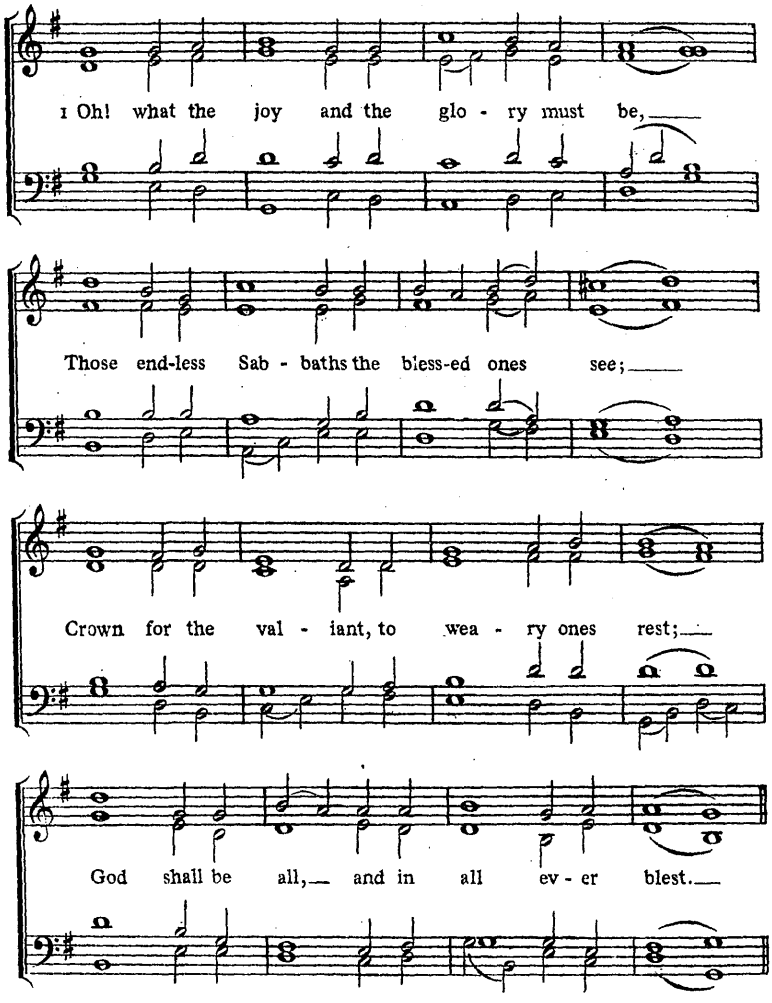
185

OH! WHAT THE JOY

O Quanta Qualia (10.10.10.10)

Abélard

Tr. by J. M. Neale

Regnator Orbis from Plainsong

2 What are the Monarch, his court, and his throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
O that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare.

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

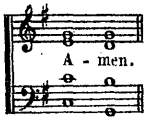
4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the Angels and us shall belong.

6 Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on nigh,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7 Low before him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and through whom, and in whom are all,
Of whom the Father; and through whom the Son,
In whom the Spirit with them ever one.

Amen.



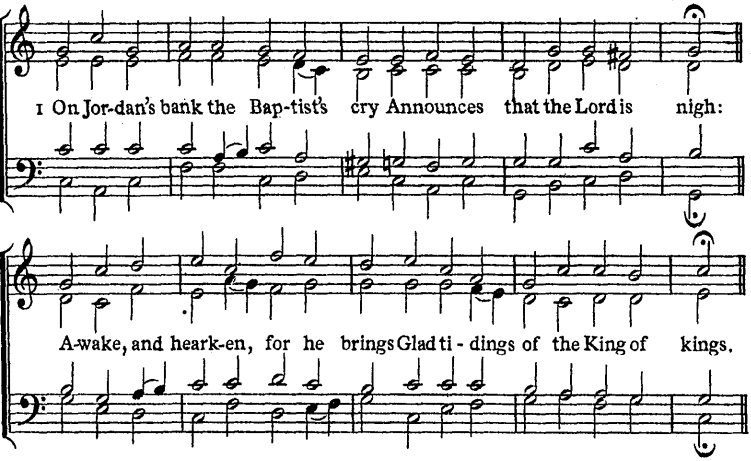
186

ON JORDAN'S BANK THE BAPTIST'S CRY

Winchester New (L. M.)

C. Coffin
Tr. by J. Chandler

Musikalisches Handbuch, Hamburg, 1690

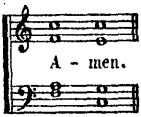


2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin;
Make straight the way for God within;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty Guest may come.

3 For thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge, and our great Reward;
Without thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Shine forth, and let thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

5 All praise, Eternal Son, to thee
Whose Advent doth thy people free,
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.



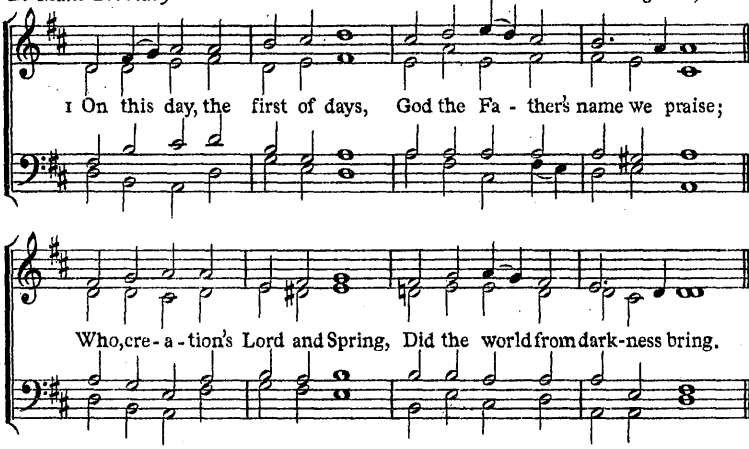
187

ON THIS DAY, THE FIRST OF DAYS

Lubeck (77.77)

Le Mans Breviary

Freylinghausen's *Gesangbuch, 1704*



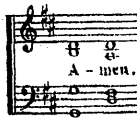
2 On this day the Eternal Son
Over death his triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With his gifts of living flame.

3 O that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God the Source of life and light.

4 Father, who didst fashion me
Image of thyself to be,
Fill me with thy love divine,
Let my every thought be thine.

5 Holy Jesus, may I be
Dead and buried here with thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto thee a sacrifice.

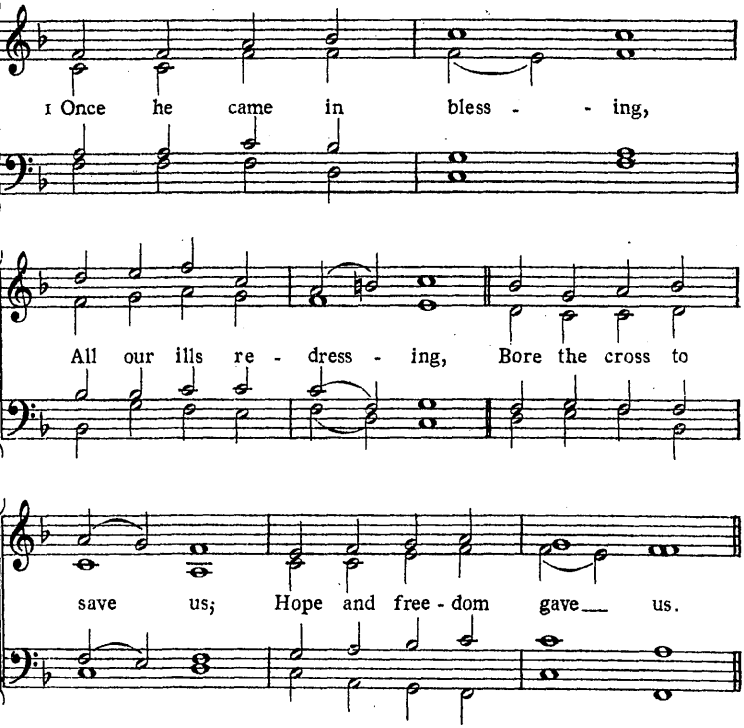
6 Thou who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, Sweet Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts thyself bestow;
Make me burn thy love to know.

7 God, the Blessèd Three in One,
Dwell within my heart alone;
Thou dost give thyself to me,
May I give myself to thee. Amen.

ONCE HE CAME IN BLESSING

Ravenshaw (66.66)

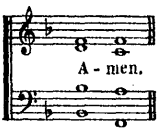
From the German of J. Roh
Translation adapted from C. Winkworth

Old German
Adapted by H. W. Monk



2 Still he comes within us,
Still his voice would win us
From our foolish errors,
Ere he comes in terrors.

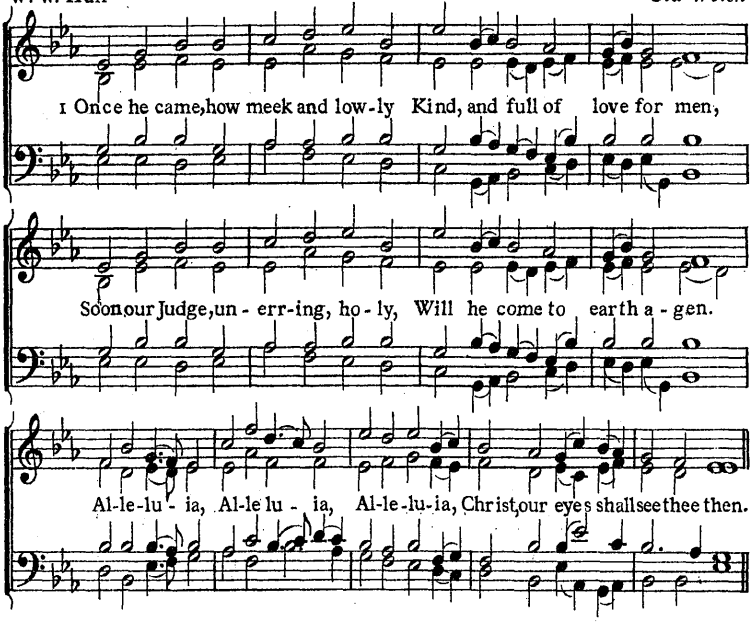
3 Thus if thou hast known him,
Not ashamed to own him,
He will now receive thee,
Heal thee and forgive thee. Amen.



189 ONCE HE CAME, HOW MEEK AND LOWLY

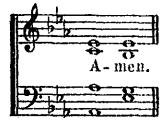
Peniel (87.87.47.)

W. W. Hull *Old Welsh*



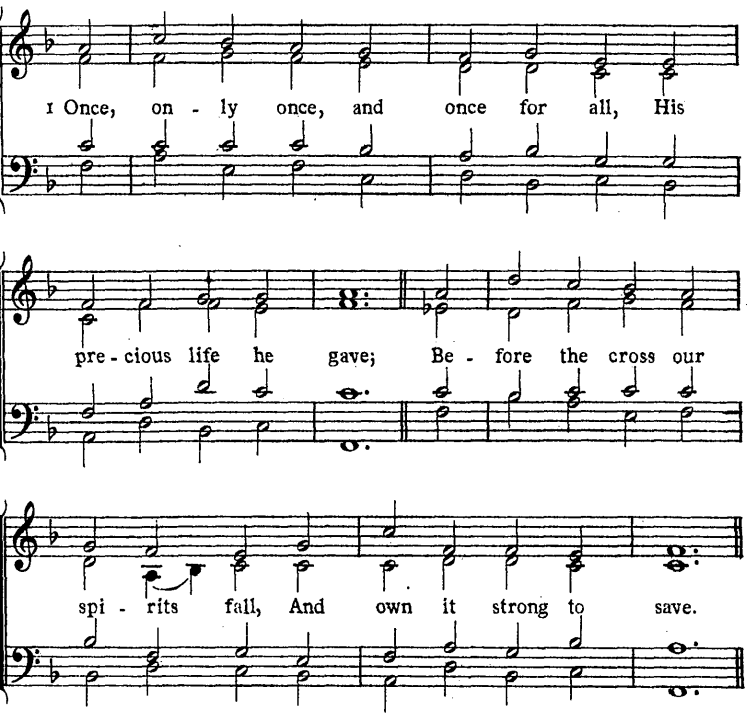
2 Be the terrors and the blessing
Of that day before us now,
Every thankful heart impressing,
Moulding every thoughtful brow;
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Christ, our hope in death art thou.

3 Thankful that, in form and feeling
One of us, to earth he came;
Thoughtful, for he died revealing
All our danger, all our shame.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Christ, our trust is in thy Name.

4 If the Saviour here have known us
Faithful in his Word and Way,
He, th' almighty Judge, will own us
In the last and dreadful day.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Christ, our hope, our trust, our stay.
Amen.

190 ONCE, ONLY ONCE, AND ONCE FOR ALL

Albano (C.M.)

W. Bright V. Novello



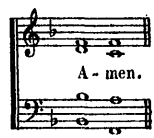
2 'One offering, single and complete,'
With lips and heart we say;
But what he never can repeat
He shows forth day by day.

3 For, as the priest of Aaron's line
Within the holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood;

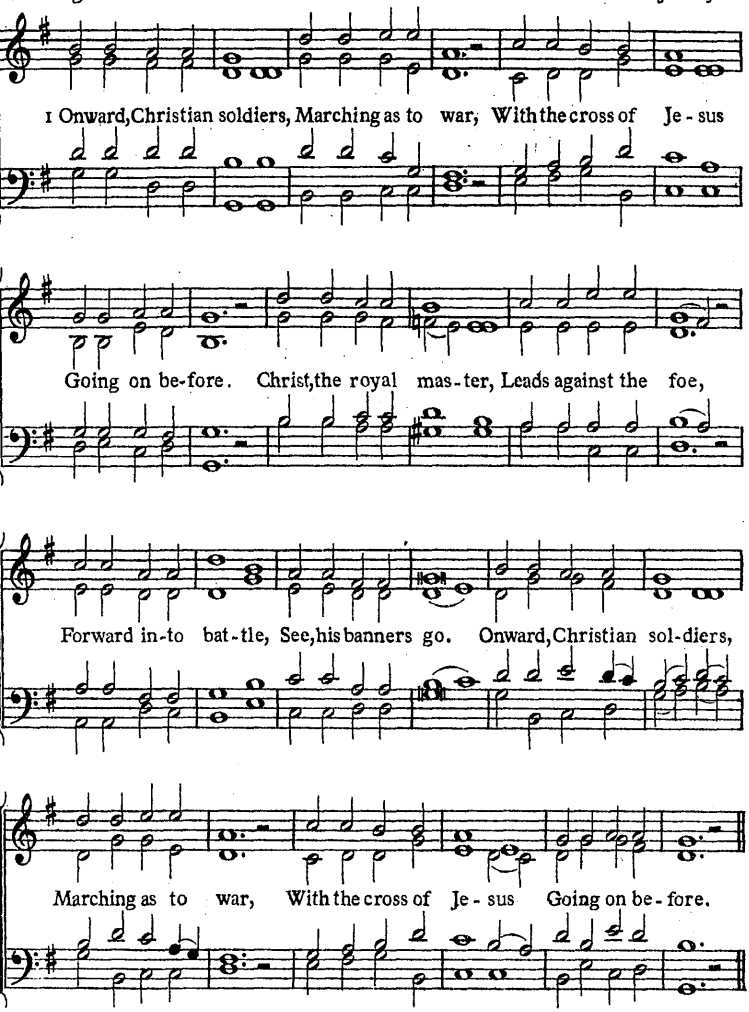
4 So he, who once atonement wrought,
Our priest of endless power,
Presents himself for those he bought
In that dark noontide hour.

5 His manhood pleads where now it lives
On heav'n's eternal throne,
And where in mystic rite he gives
Its presence to his own.

6 And so we show thy death, O Lord,
Till thou again appear,
And feel, when we approach thy board,
We have an altar here.

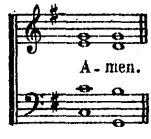
7 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Haydn (65.65 ter.)

S. Baring-Gould J. Haydn

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

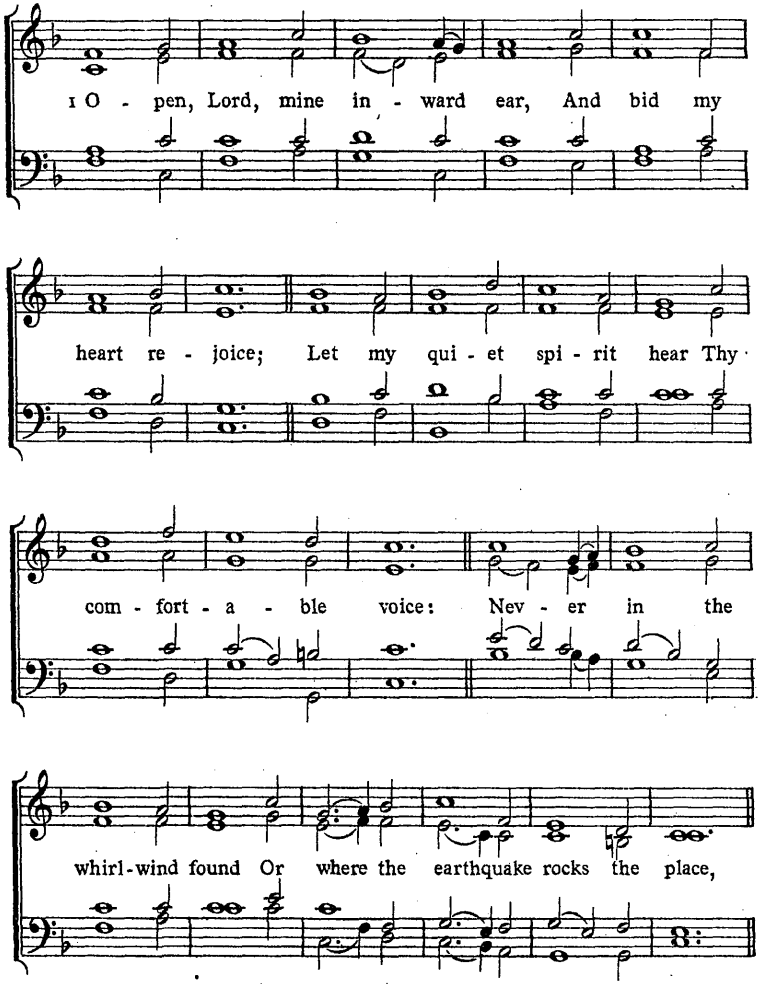
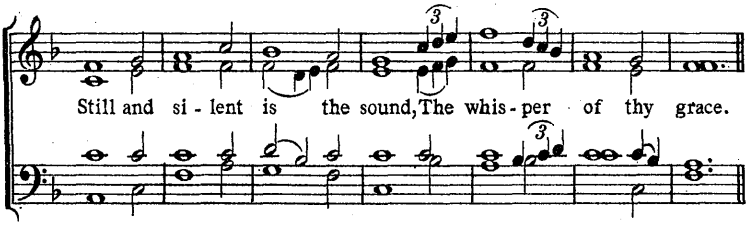
3 Like a mighty army,
Moves the church of God.
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane;
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.
Amen.

192

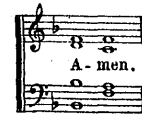
OPEN, LORD, MINE INWARD EAR
Llangeitho (76.76.78.76)

C. Wesley *Old Welsh*



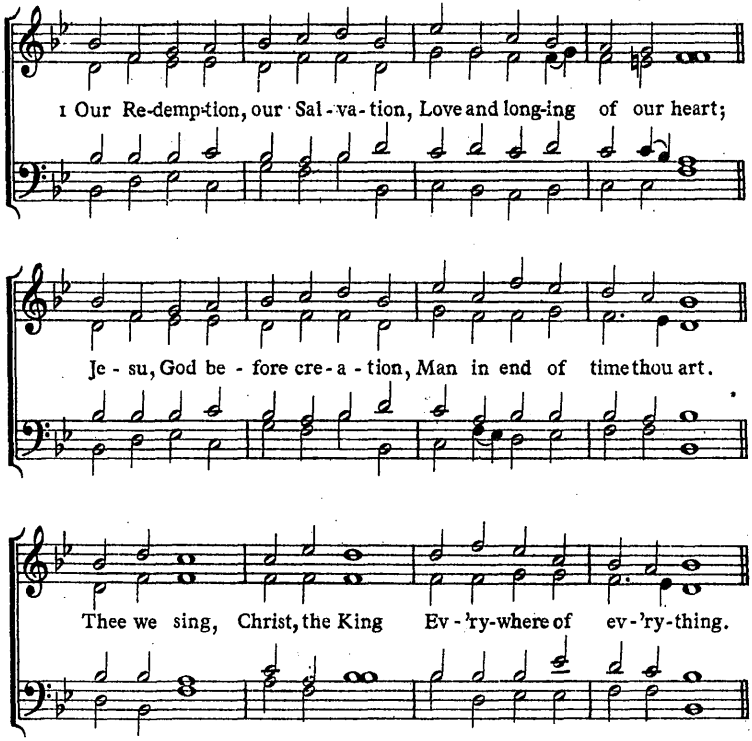
2 Lord, my time is in thy hand,
My soul to thee bring nigh:
Thou canst make me understand,
Though slow of heart am I.
Thine, in whom I live and move,
Thine, Lord, the work, the praise is thine;
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love,
And all thou art is mine.

3 With the great Angelic host
Our faithful hearts adore
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore!
Father, guard us with thy love;
Son, let us thy salvation claim;
Holy Ghost, our spirits move
To glorify thy name. Amen.



193 OUR REDEMPTION, OUR SALVATION

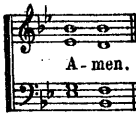
Groeswen (87.87.67)

G. R. Blew and G. R. Woodward J. A. Lloyd

2 Mercy won thee, Lord, from heaven,
Bearer of our sins to be:
Thou to cruel death wast given,
Us from doom of death to free.
Therefore we worship thee,
Slain for man upon the Tree.

3 Thou the bars of hell hast sunder'd,
Leading thence thy captive band;
Triumphing while angels wonder'd,
Thou dost sit at God's right hand.
Thee we own, set on throne,
Highest in the heav'nly zone.

4 Lead us up thy path-way soaring,
Lead us heav'n-ward by thy grace:
Feed us, pleading and imploring,
With the brightness of thy face.
That with thee we may be
Blessèd everlastingly.

5 Christ, be thou of joys the dearest,
Thou, our future great reward:
Thou the hope our hearts that cheerest,
Now and evermore, O Lord.
King divine, Lord benign,
Praise for evermore be thine! Amen.

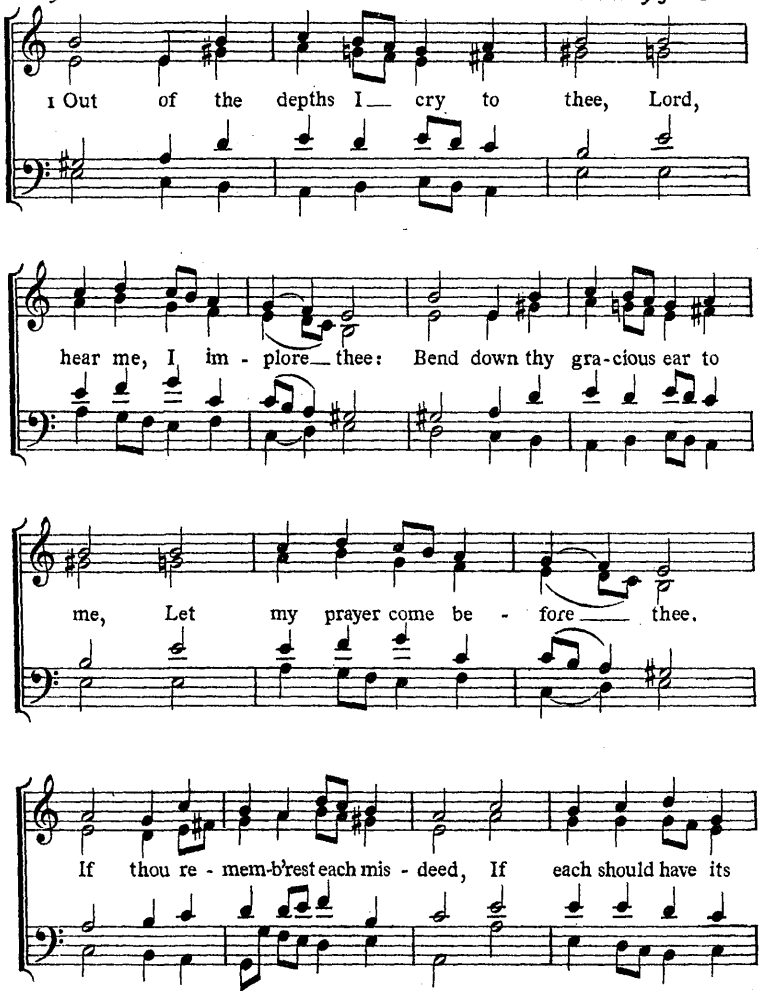
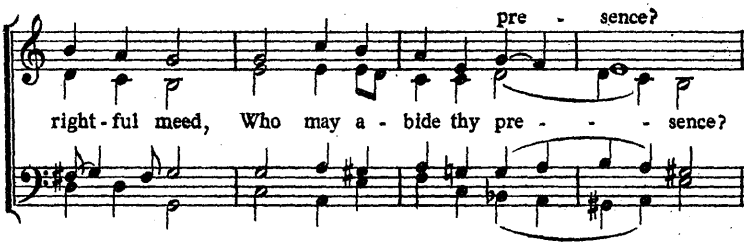


194

OUT OF THE DEPTHS I CRY TO THEE

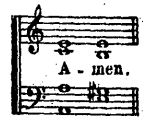
Aus Tiefer not (87.87.88.7)

M. Luther
Tr. by C. Winkworth

Walther's *Gesangbuch*
Harm. by J. S. Bach



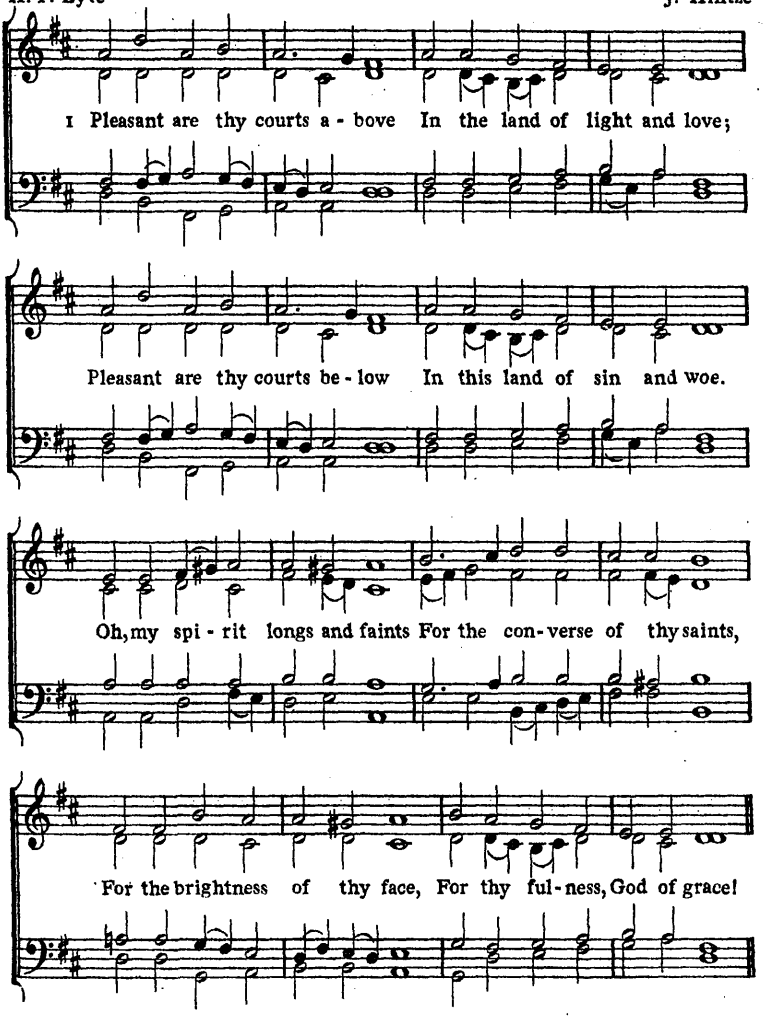
2 Our pardon is thy gift, thy love
And grace alone avail us;
Our works could ne'er our guilt remove,
The strictest life must fail us.
That none may boast himself of aught
But own, in fear, thy grace hath wrought
What in him seemeth righteous.

3 And thus my hope is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit.
I rest upon his faithful word
To them of contrite spirit.
That he is merciful and just,
Here is my comfort and my trust,
His help I wait with patience.

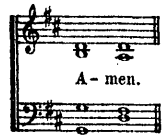
4 Though great our sins and sore our woes,
His grace much more aboundeth;
His helping love no limit knows,
Our deepest need it soundeth;
Our kind and faithful shepherd, he
Who shall at last set Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow. Amen.

195

PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS ABOVE

Salsburg (Alle Menschen) (77.77.D)

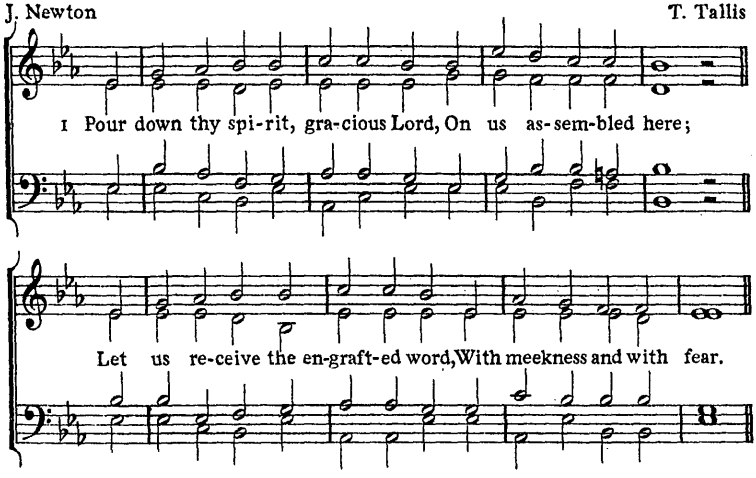
H. F. Lyte J. Hintze

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast:
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length,
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and Shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.
Amen.

POUR DOWN THY SPIRIT, GRACIOUS LORD

Tallis (C.M.)

J. Newton T. Tallis

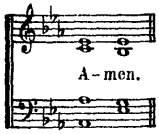


2 By faith in thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he who in thy name believes
Shall live, to die no more.

3 Preserve the power of faith alive
In those that love thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

4 Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free;
And often, since, our life had failed
Unless renewed by thee.

5 To thee we look, to thee we bow,
To thee for help we call;
Our life and resurrection thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all. Amen.

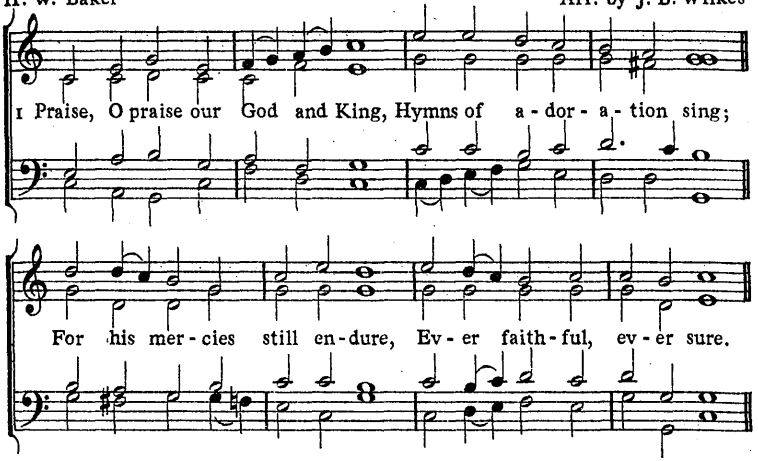


197

PRAISE, O PRAISE OUR GOD AND KING

Monkland (77.77.)

H. W. Baker — Arr. by J. B. Wilkes



2 Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure;

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

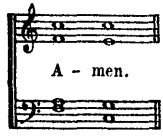
4 Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure;

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

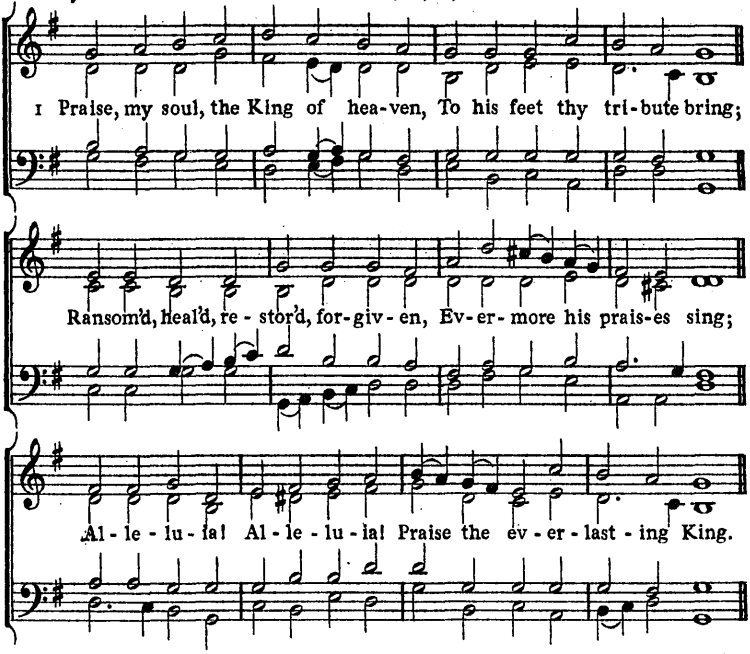
6 Praise him for our harvest-store,
He hath fill'd the garner-floor;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure;

7 And for richer Food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 Glory to our bounteous King;
Glory let creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

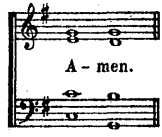


198 PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN

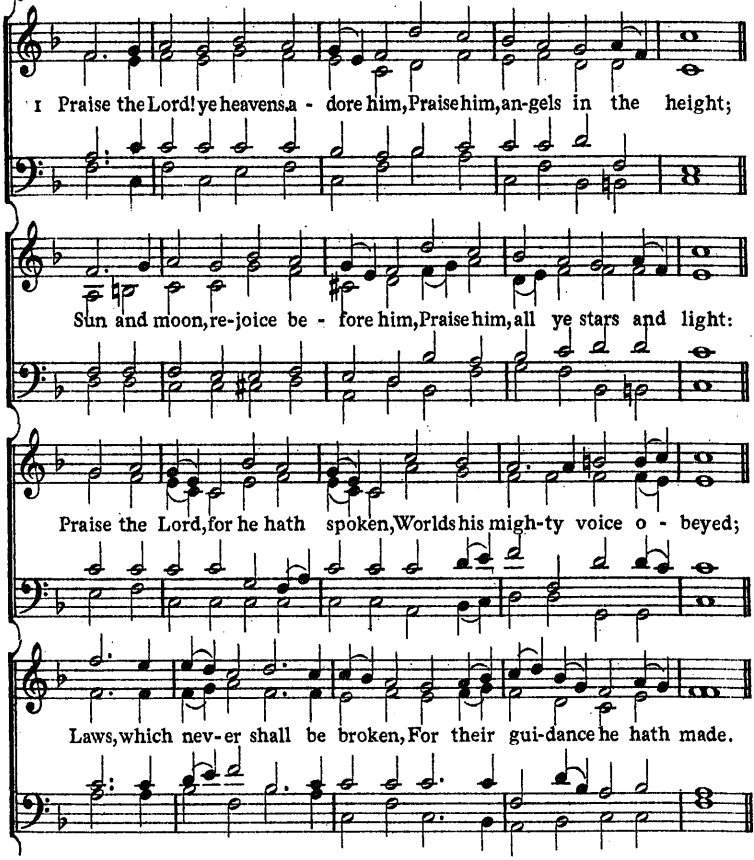
H. F. Lyte — Corinth (87.87.87.) — S. Webbe

2 Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

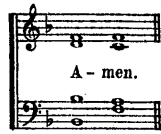
3 Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height, adore him,
Ye behold him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before him,
Gathered in from every race;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace. Amen.



199 PRAISE THE LORD! YE HEAVENS, ADORE HIM

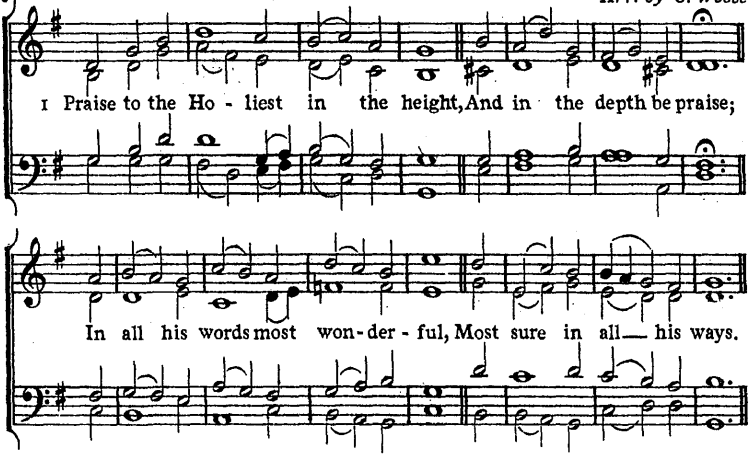
? J. Kempthorne Austria (87.87.D.) J. Haydn

2 Praise the Lord! for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name. Amen.



200

PRAISE TO THE HOLIEST
Richmond (C.M.)

J. H. Newman

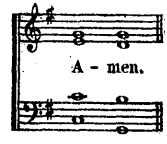
T. Haweis
Arr. by S. Webbe

2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

5 O generous love! that he who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

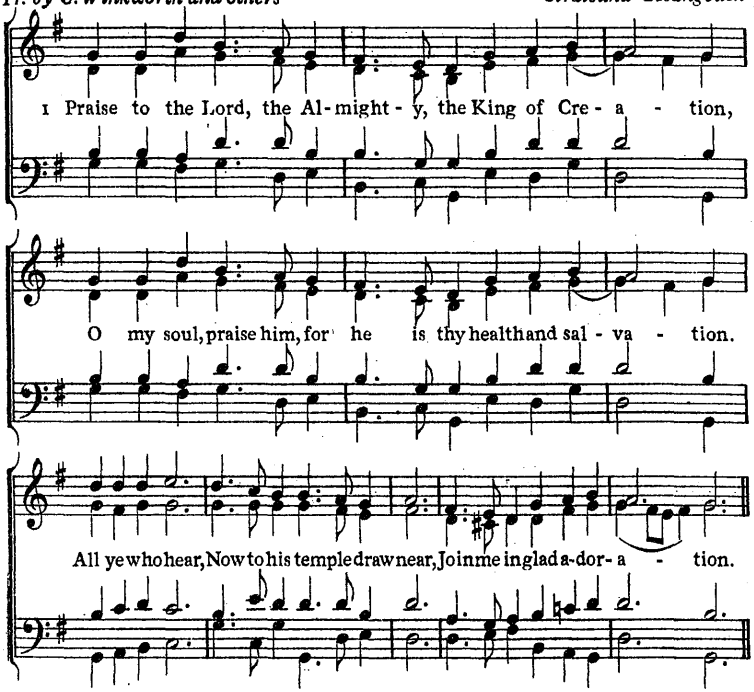
6 And in the garden secretly
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways. Amen.

201 PRAISE TO THE LORD, THE ALMIGHTY, THE KING OF CREATION

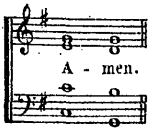
Hast du denn liebster (14.14.478.)

J. Neander

Tr. by C. Winkworth and others

Stralsund Gesangbuch

2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shieldeth thee under his wings, and so gently sustaineth:
Hast thou not seen
How thy desires have been
Granted in what he ordaineth?

3 Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee,
Surely his goodness and mercy here daily attend thee;
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with his love he befriend thee. Amen.

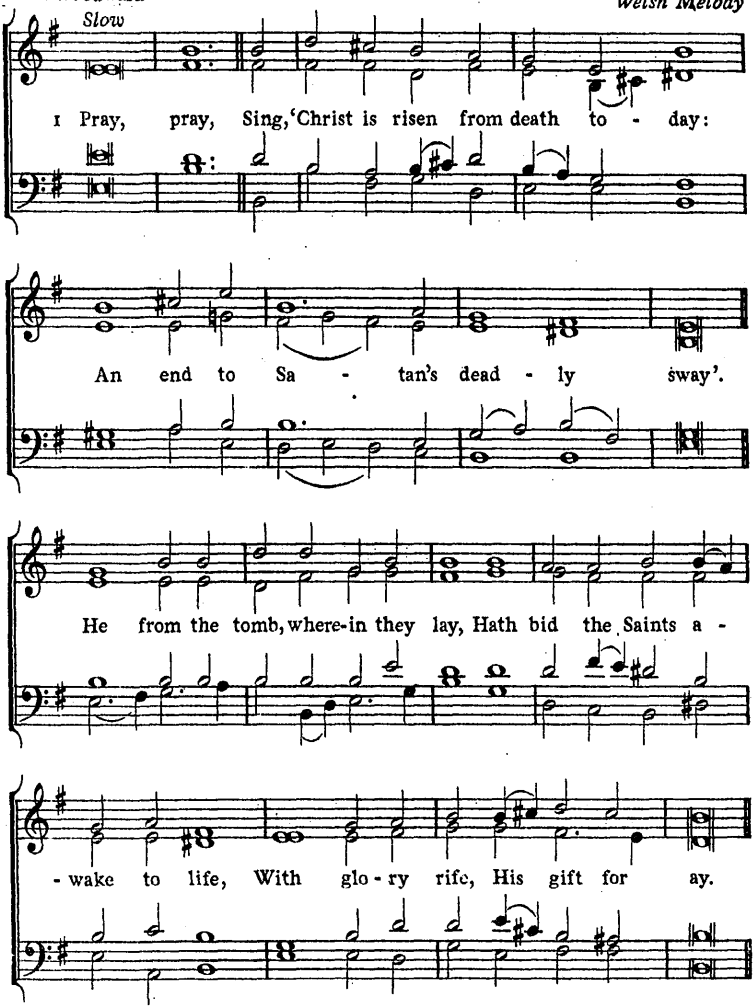
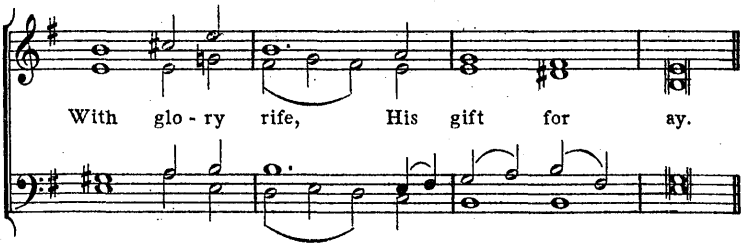


202

PRAY, PRAY

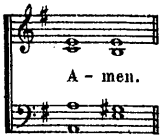
Braint (2.8888.44.)

G. R. Woodward

Welsh Melody



2 Fain, fain
The love of Christ doth us constrain:
To save the sheep, a lamb was slain.
Th'eternal Son, with ne'er a stain,
Hath with the Father set the child,
Once wayward wild,
At peace again.

3 Raise, raise,
GoodChristian folk, your thankful lays:
And on this holiest day of days,
Joyful in heart and soul upraise
To Christ the Paschal Victim, song,
Both loud and long,
Of duteous praise. Amen.



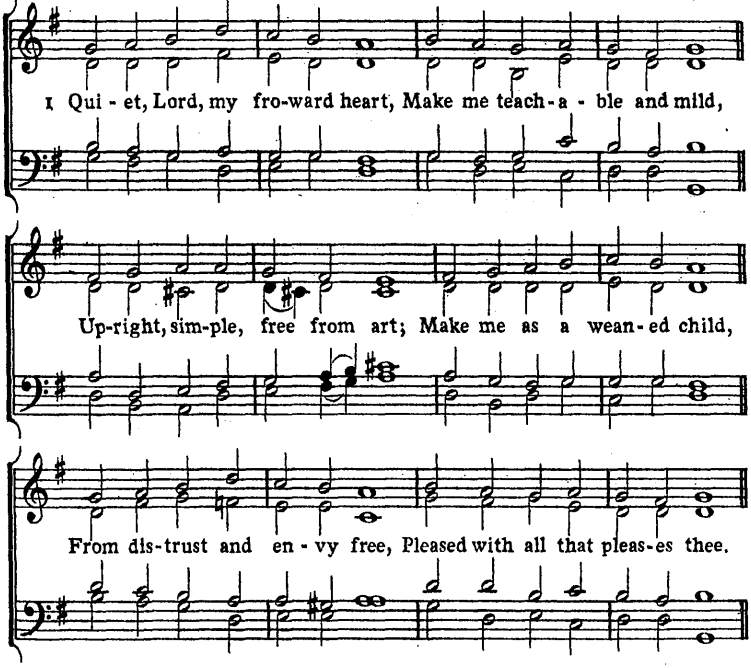
203

QUIET, LORD, MY FROWARD HEART

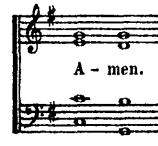
Cassel (77.77.77.)

J. Newton

From Erbaulicher Musikalischer Christen-Schatz, 1745

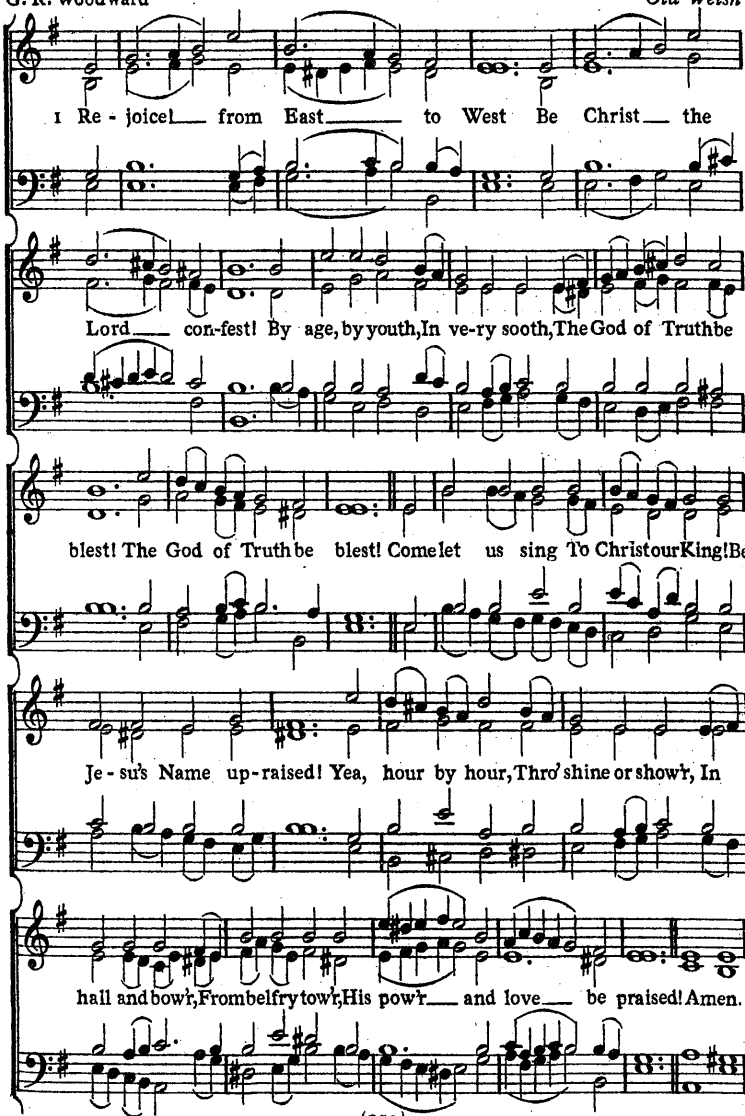


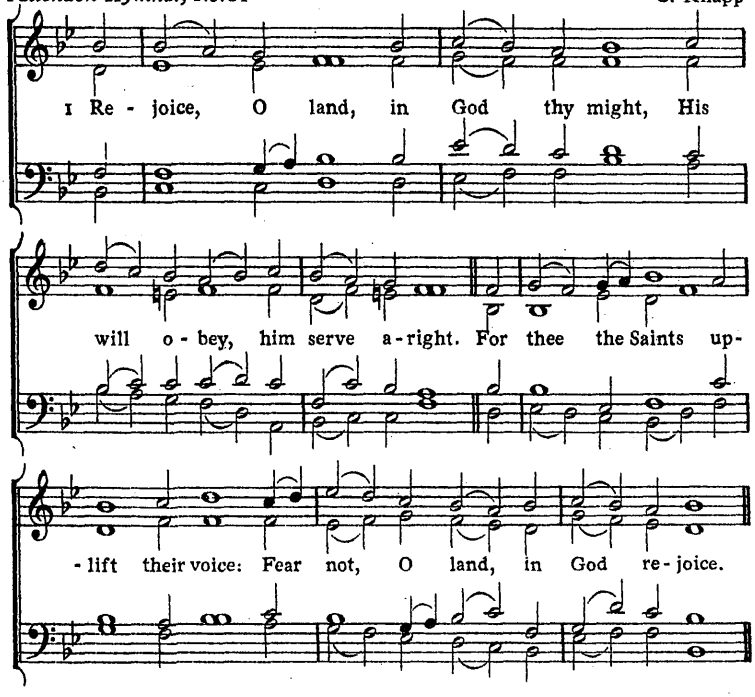
2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
Amen.

204

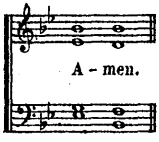
REJOICE! FROM EAST TO WEST

Glan Geirionydd (Irreg.)

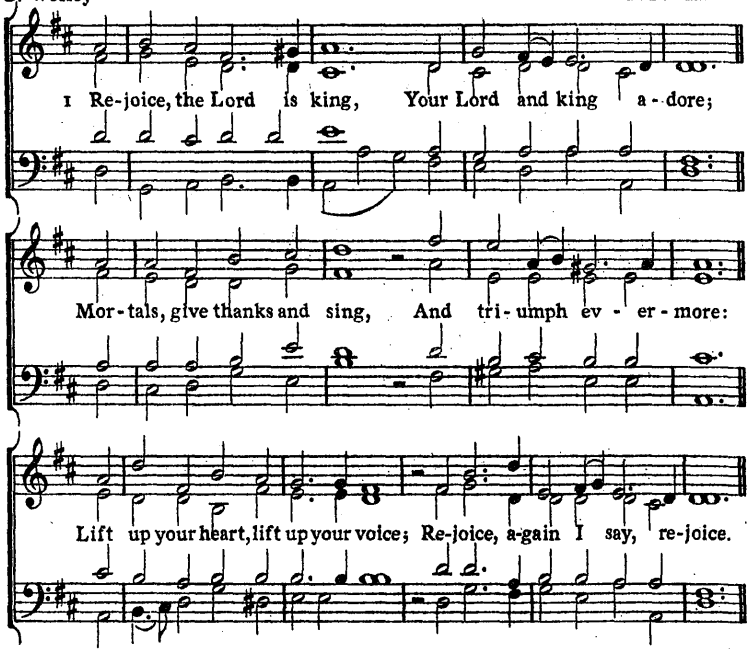
G. R. Woodward — *Old Welsh*

205 REJOICE, O LAND, IN GOD THY MIGHT
Wareham (L.M.)

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 54 C. Knapp

2 Glad shalt thou be, with blessing crowned,
With joy and peace thou shalt abound;
Yea, love with thee shall make his home
Until thou see God's kingdom come.

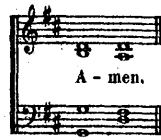
3 He shall forgive thy sins untold:
Remember thou his love of old;
Walk in his way, his word adore,
And keep his truth for evermore.
Amen.



206 REJOICE, THE LORD IS KING

C. Wesley Gospel (66.66.88.) G. F. Handel

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

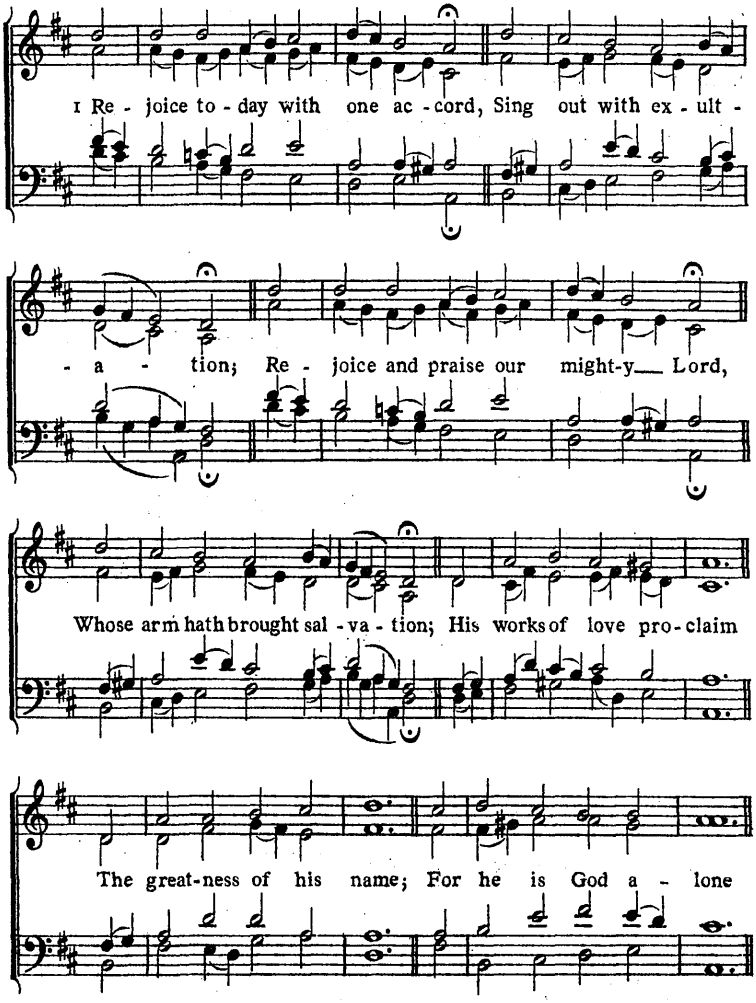
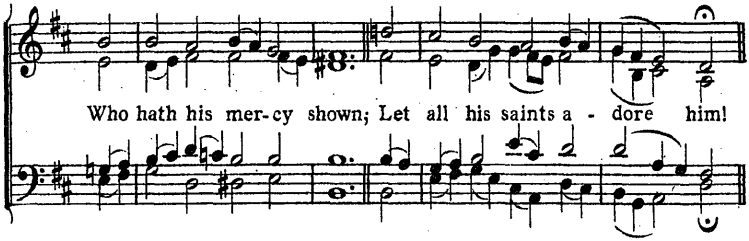
3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. Amen.

207

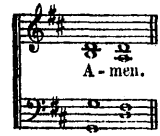
REJOICE TO-DAY

Ein feste Burg (87.87.6666.7)

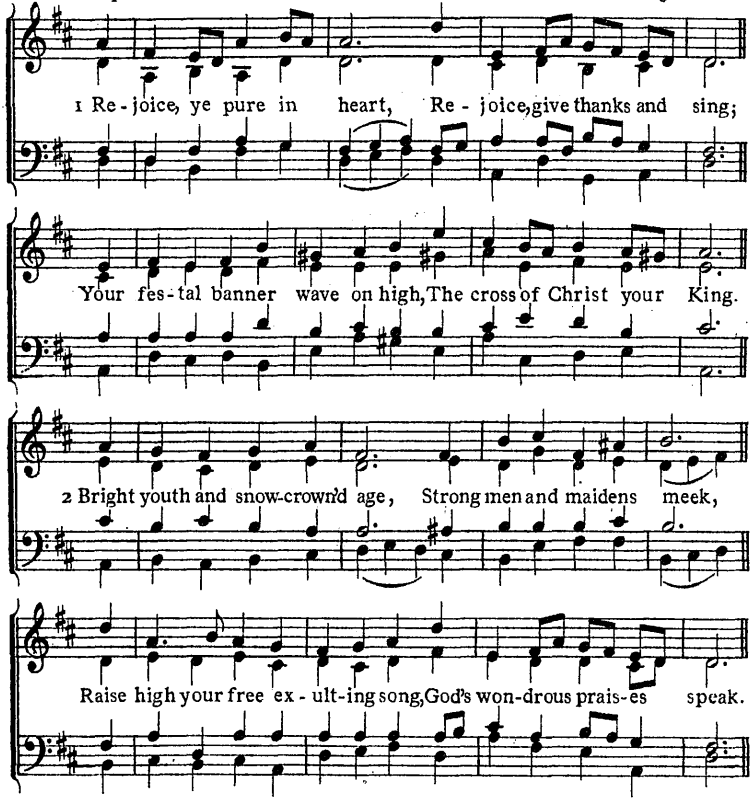
H. W. Baker

M. Luther
Harm. by J. S. Bach



2 When in distress to him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
O trust in him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say
'O praise our God alway;'
Let all his saints adore him!

3 Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his name;
For he is God alone
Who hath his mercy shown;
Let all his saints adore him! Amen.

REJOICE, YE PURE IN HEART

Ich halte treulich still (D.S.M.)

E. H. Plumptre *Attributed to J. S. Bach*

3 Yes onward, onward still
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Thro' gate and porch and column'd aisle,
The hallow'd pathways throng.

4 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

5 Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

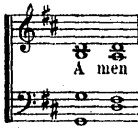
6 With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

7 Yes, on through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

8 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

9 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's home,
Jerusalem the blest.

10 Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

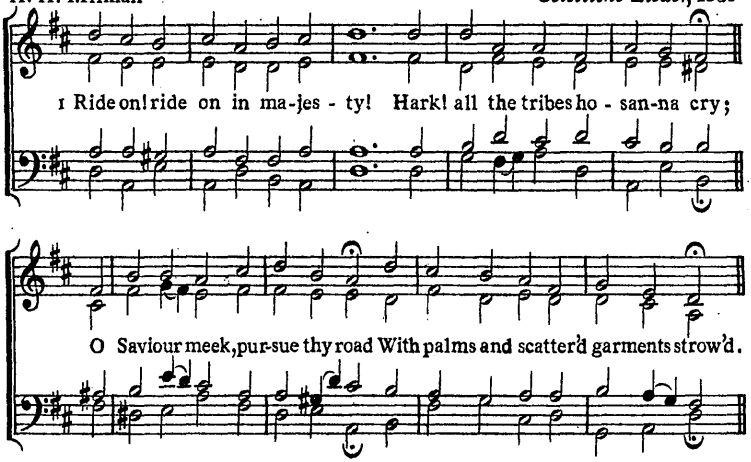
Amen.

209

RIDE ON! RIDE ON IN MAJESTY

Vom Himmel Hoch (Erfurt) (L. M.)

H. H. Milman

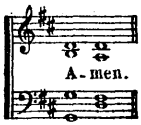
Geistliche Lieder, 1539



2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The Angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

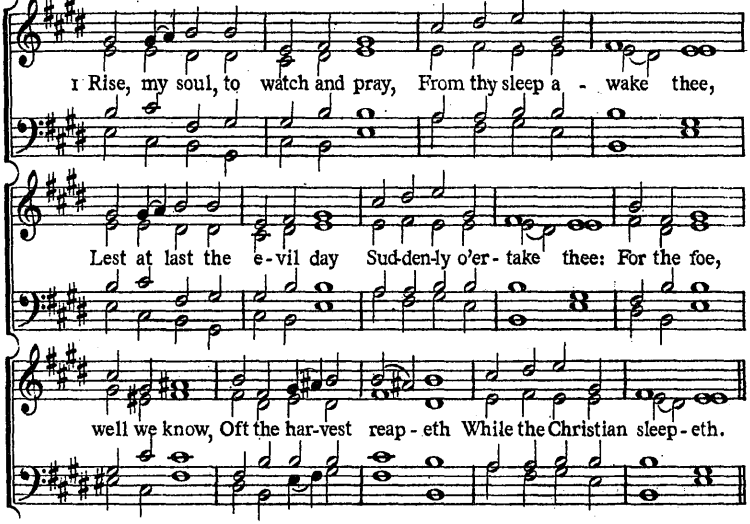
4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh,
The Father on his sapphire throne
Awaits his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign. Amen.

210 RISE, MY SOUL, TO WATCH AND PRAY

Straf' mich nicht (76.76.33.66)

J. B. Freystein

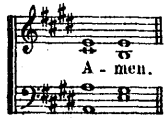
Tr. by C. Winkworth *From Hundert Arien, Dresden, 1694*



2 Watch against thyself, my soul;
See thou do not stifle
Grace, that should thy thoughts control,
Nor with mercy trifle:
Pride and sin lurk within,
All thy hopes to scatter:
List not when they flatter.

3 But while watching, also see
That thou pray unceasing,
For the Lord must make thee free,
Strength and faith increasing;
So to do service true;
Let not sloth enslave thee;
Pray and he will save thee.

4 Courage then, for he will give
All that we are needing,
Through the Son, in whom we live,
Who for us is pleading:
Day by day watch and pray,
While the tempests lower,
Till he come with power. Amen.

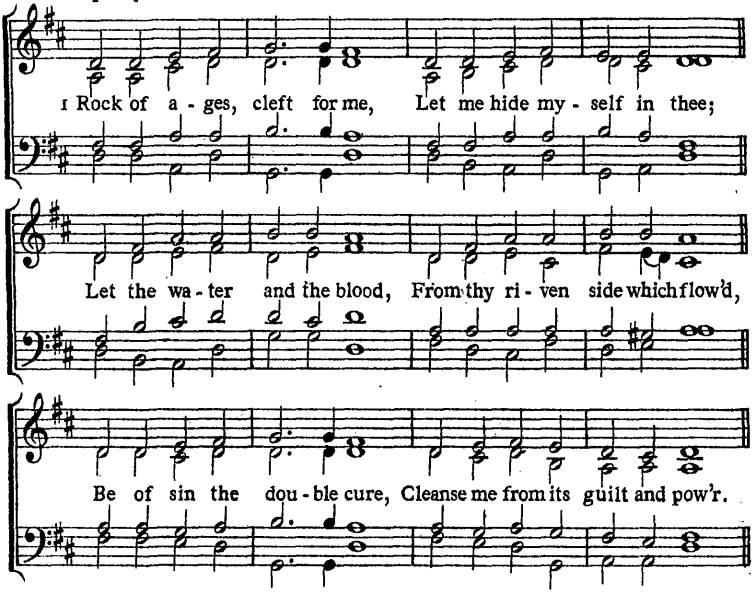


211

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME

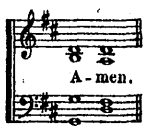
Petra (or Redhead No. 76) (77.77.77)

A. M. Toplady R. Redhead

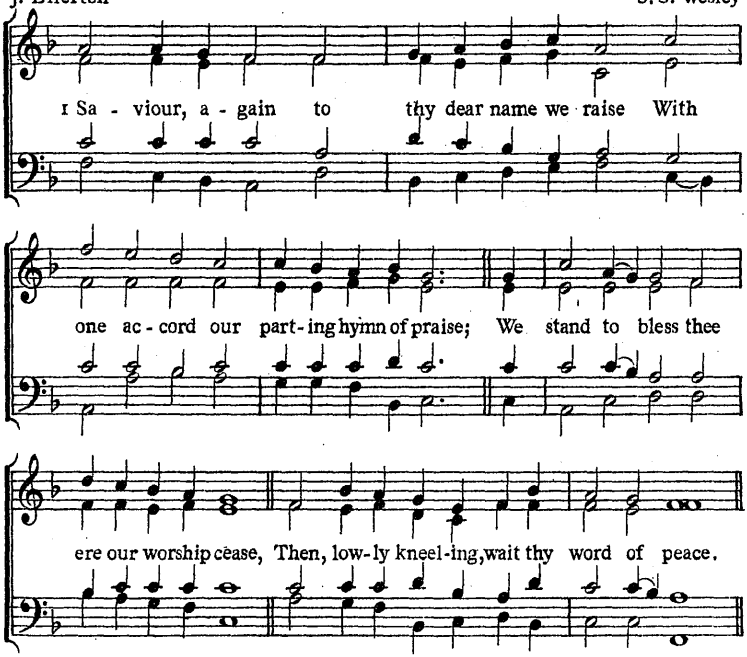


2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgement throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. Amen.

212 SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME WE RAISE

Ellingham (10.10.10 10)

J. Ellerton S. S. Wesley

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day:
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame
That in this house have called upon thy name.

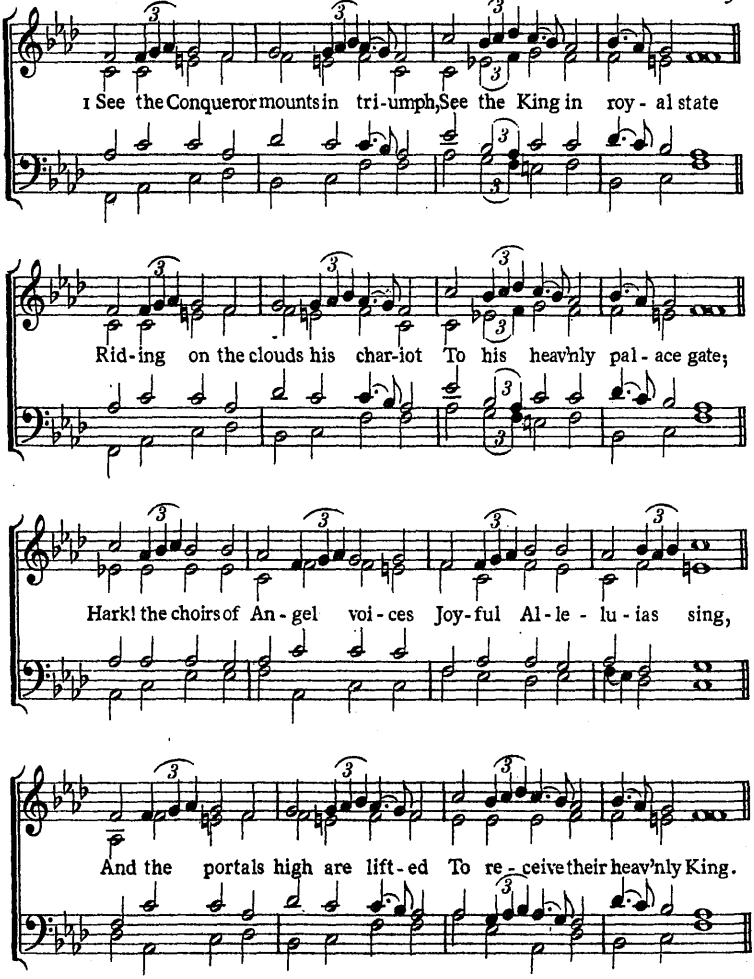
3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace. Amen.

213

SEE THE CONQUEROR MOUNTS IN TRIUMPH

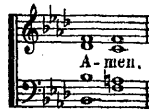
*Ebenezer (Ton-y-Botel) (87.87.D)

C. Wordsworth — *Welsh Melody*

[*By permission of W. Gwenlyn Evans & Son, Carnarvon.]

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gain'd the victory;
He who on the Cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquish'd sin and Satan,
He by death has spoil'd his foes.

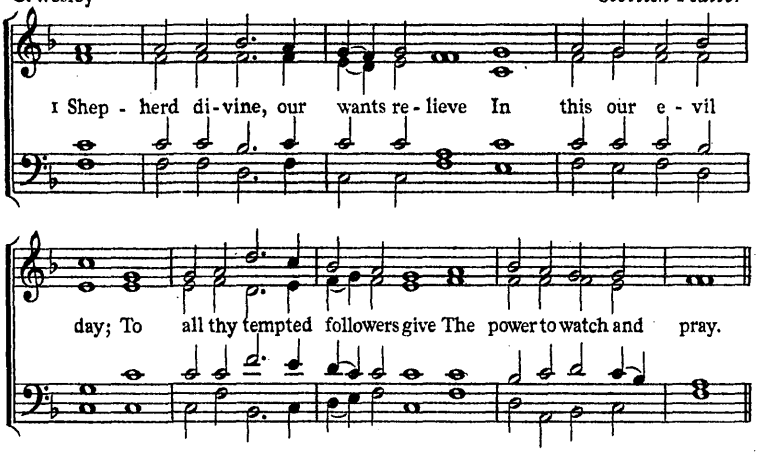
3 While he lifts his hands in blessing,
He is parted from his friends;
While their eager eyes behold him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walk'd with God, and pleased him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
To his everlasting home.

4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With his Blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before him quail;
Now he plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of his grace.

5 He has raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with him in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in thine Ascension
We by faith behold our own. Amen.

214

SHEPHERD DIVINE, OUR WANTS RELIEVE

Wigton (C.M.)

C. Wesley — *Scottish Psalter*

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 The Spirit's interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy Face,
And know thy hidden Name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
'I will not let thee go.'

5 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy Name to me;
With all thy great Salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

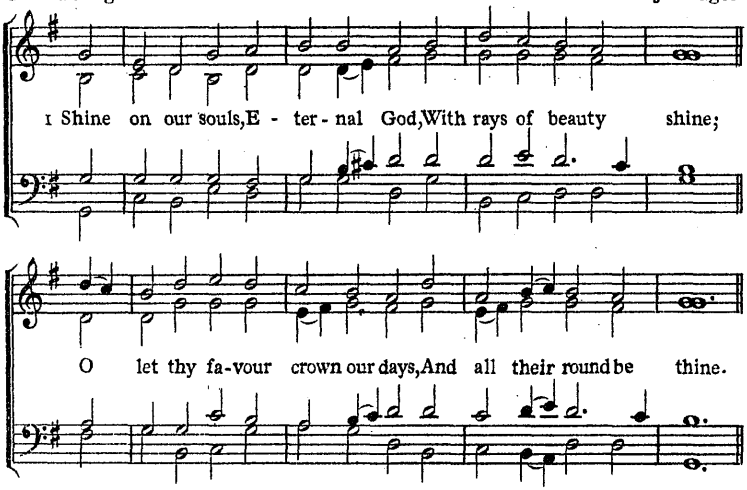
6 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thine open face;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And prayer in endless praise. Amen.

215

SHINE ON OUR SOULS, ETERNAL GOD

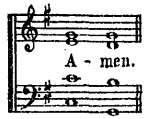
Gräfenberg (C.M.)

P. Doddridge J. Crüger



2 Did we not raise our hands to thee
Our hands might bid in vain;
Small joy success itself could give
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

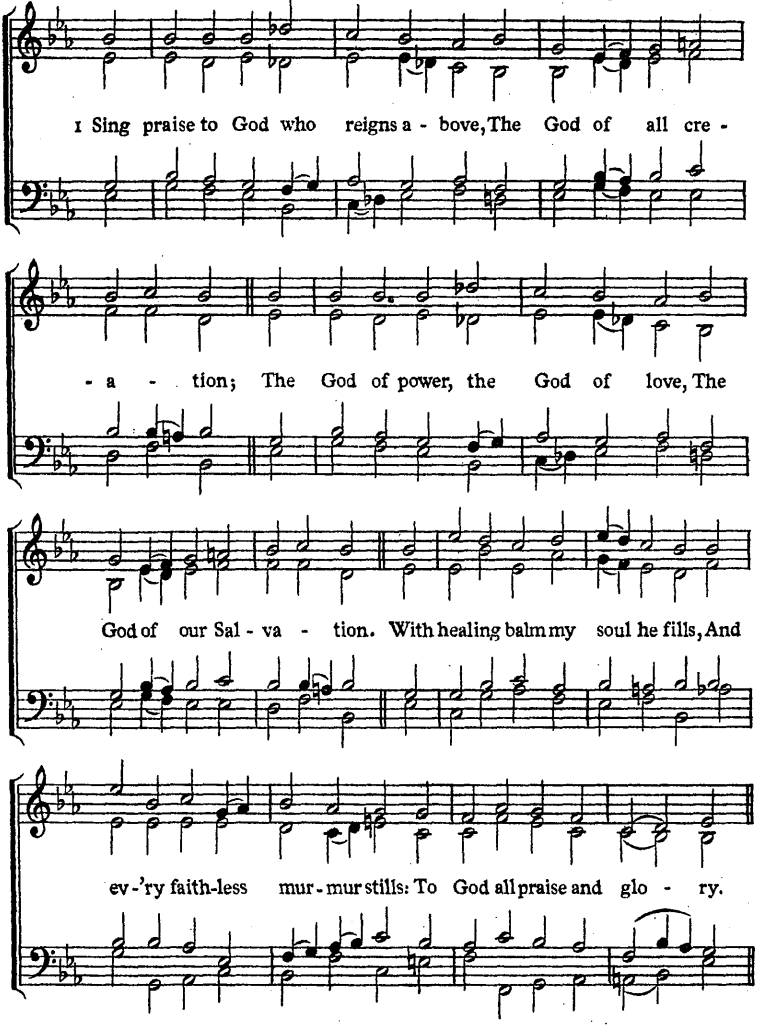
4 Thus cheer us through this desert road
Till all our labours cease
And Heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace. Amen.

T

SING PRAISE TO GOD WHO REIGNS ABOVE

Es ist das Heil (87.87.88.7)

F. E. Cox
from J. J. Schütz

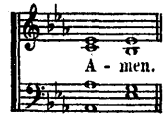
Miltenburg Processionale



2 The Angel-host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span
And power which form'd creation's plan:
To God all praise and glory.

3 What God's almighty power hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of his might
Lo! all is just, and all is right;
To God all praise and glory.

4 The Lord is never far away,
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace and joy and blessing;
As with a mother's tender hand,
He leads his own, his chosen band;
To God all praise and glory.

5 Thus all my toilsome way along
I sing aloud thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises:
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart;
Both soul and body bear your part;
To God all praise and glory. Amen.

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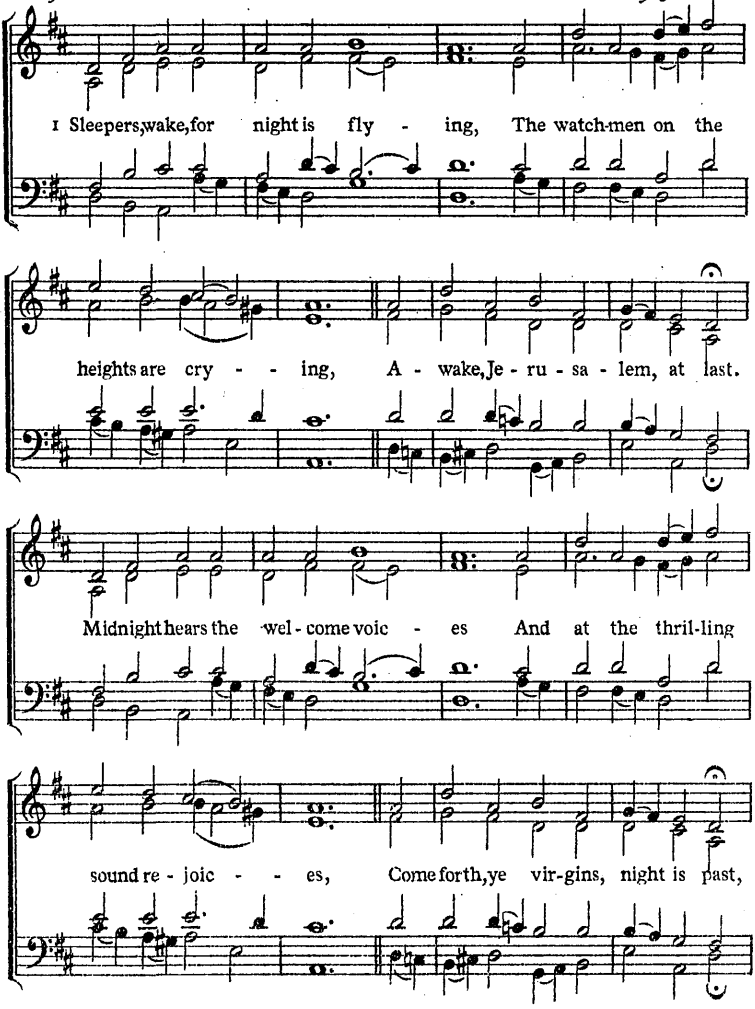
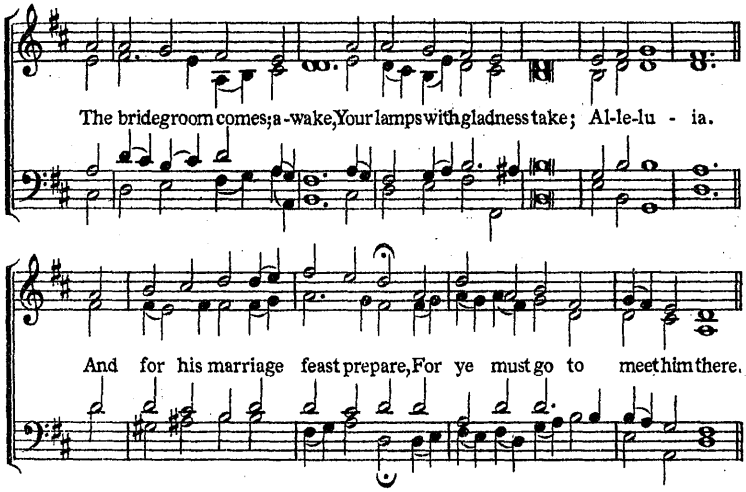
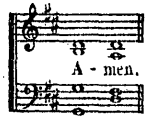
SLEEPERS, WAKE

Wachet auf (898.898.664.88)

P. Nicolai
Tr. by C. Winkworth

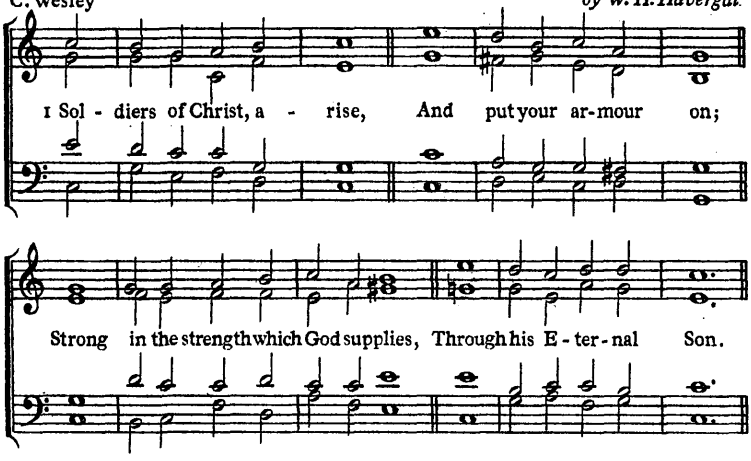
P. Nicolai
Harm. by J. S. Bach

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her star is risen; her light is come:
Ah! come, thou Blesséd one,
God's own beloved Son,
Alleluia,
We follow till the halls we see
Where thou hast bid us dwell with thee.

3 Now let all the heavens adore thee,
And men and angels sing before thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round the dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours:
But we rejoice and sing to thee
Our hymn of praise eternally. Amen.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE

Narenza (S.M.)

C. Wesley

From the German
by W. H. Havergal.



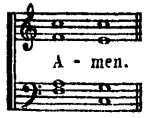
2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may obtain, through Christ alone,
A crown of joy at last.

6 Jesu, Eternal Son,
We praise thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore. Amen.



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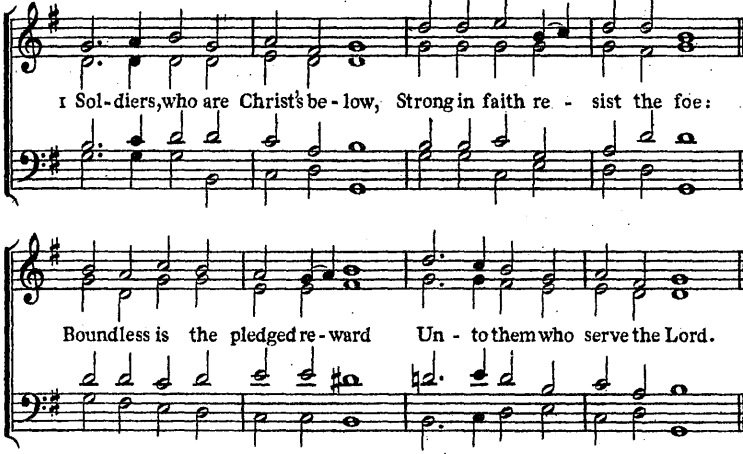
SOLDIERS, WHO ARE CHRIST'S BELOW

Orientis Partibus (7777)

J. H. Clark

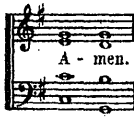
Attributed to Pierre de Corbeil



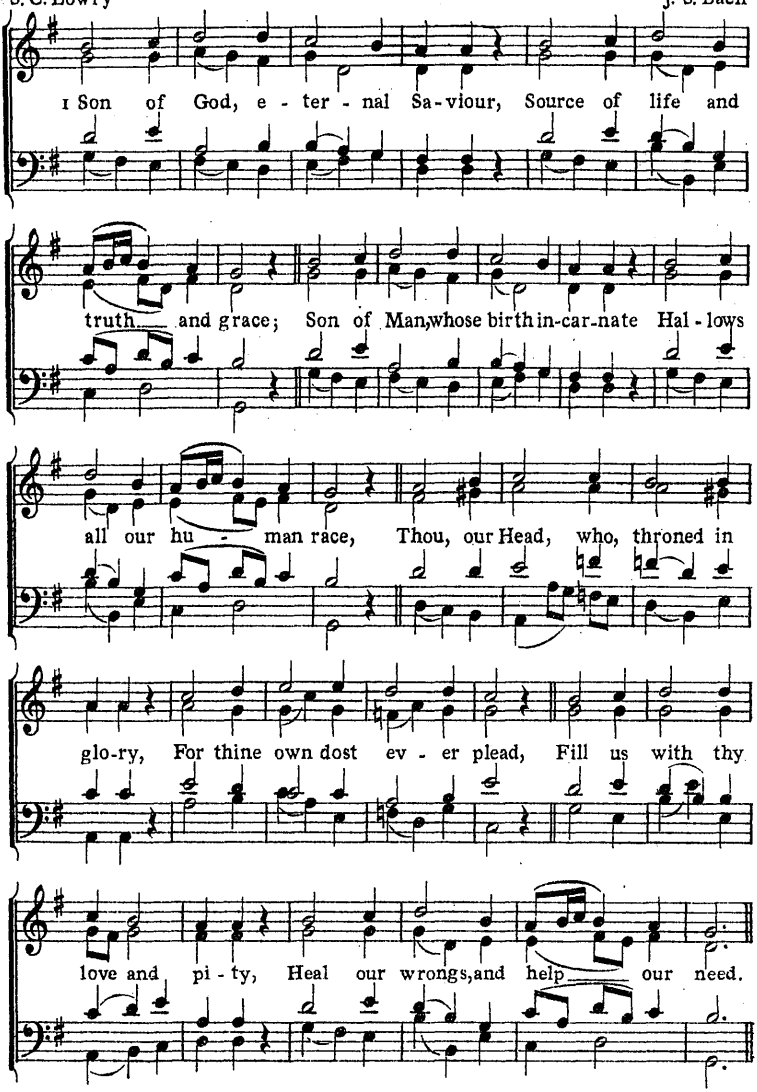
2 'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his, serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.

3 For the souls that overcome
Waits the beauteous heavenly home,
Where the blessèd evermore
Tread, on high, the starry floor.

4 Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth;
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
God himself is thy Reward.

5 Father, who the crown dost give,
Saviour, by whose death we live,
Spirit, who our hearts doth raise,
Three in One, thy Name we praise.
Amen.

SON OF GOD, ETERNAL SAVIOUR

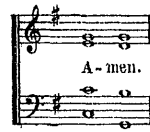
Werde Munter (87.87.87.87)

S. C. Lowry — J. S. Bach

2 As thou, Lord, hast lived for others,
So may we for others live;
Freely have thy gifts been granted,
Freely may thy servants give.
Thine the gold and thine the silver,
Thine the wealth of land and sea;
We but stewards of thy bounty,
Held in solemn trust for thee.

3 Come, O Christ, and reign among us,
King of love, and Prince of peace,
Hush the storm of strife and passion,
Bid its cruel discords cease;
By thy patient years of toiling,
By thy silent hours of pain,
Quench our fevered thirst of pleasure,
Shame our selfish greed of gain.

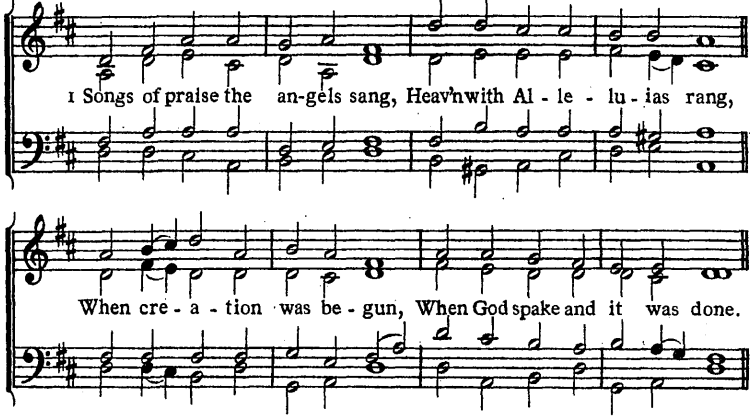
4 Ah, the past is dark behind us,
Strewn with wrecks and stained with blood;
But before us gleams the vision
Of the coming brotherhood:
See the Christlike host advancing,
High and lowly, great and small,
Linked in bonds of common service
For the common Lord of all.

5 Son of God, eternal Saviour,
Source of life and truth and grace,
Son of Man, whose birth incarnate
Hallows all our human race,
Thou who prayedst, thou who willest
That thy people should be one,
Grant, O grant our hope's fruition:
Here on earth thy will be done. Amen.



Culbach (7777)

J. Montgomery *Heilige Seelenlust, 1652*

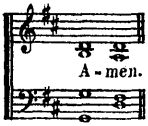


2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

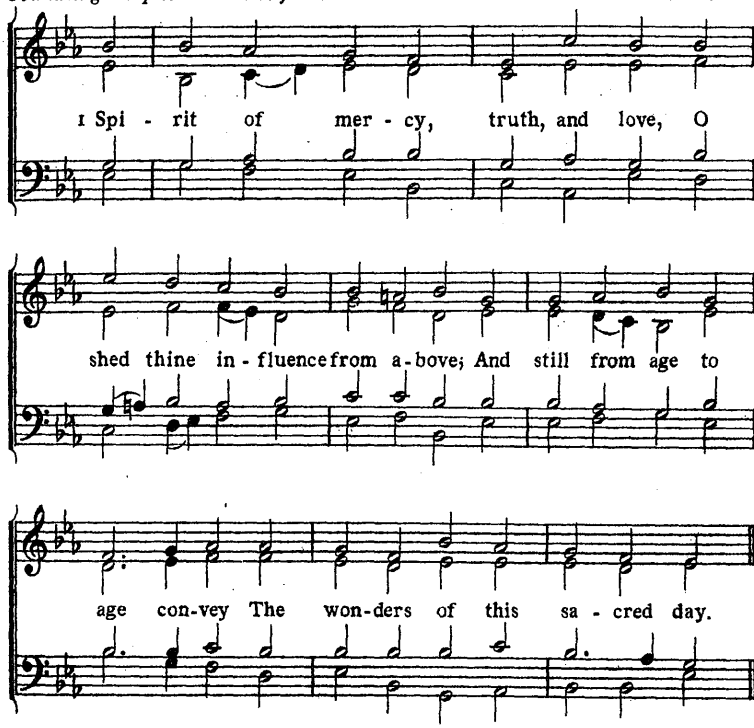
3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

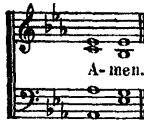
4 And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise;
Jesu, glory unto thee,
Ever with the Spirit be. Amen.

SPIRIT OF MERCY, TRUTH, AND LOVE

Melcombe (L.M.)

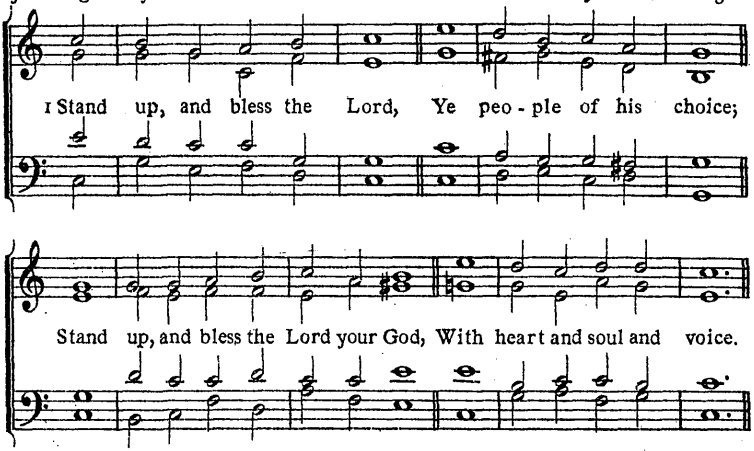
Foundling Hospital Collection, 1774 S. Webbe

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
Still o'er thy holy church preside;
Still let mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love. Amen.

STAND UP AND BLESS THE LORD

Narenza (S.M.)

J. Montgomery

From the German
by W. H. Havergal

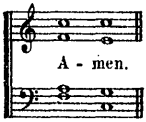


2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy Name,
And laud, and magnify?

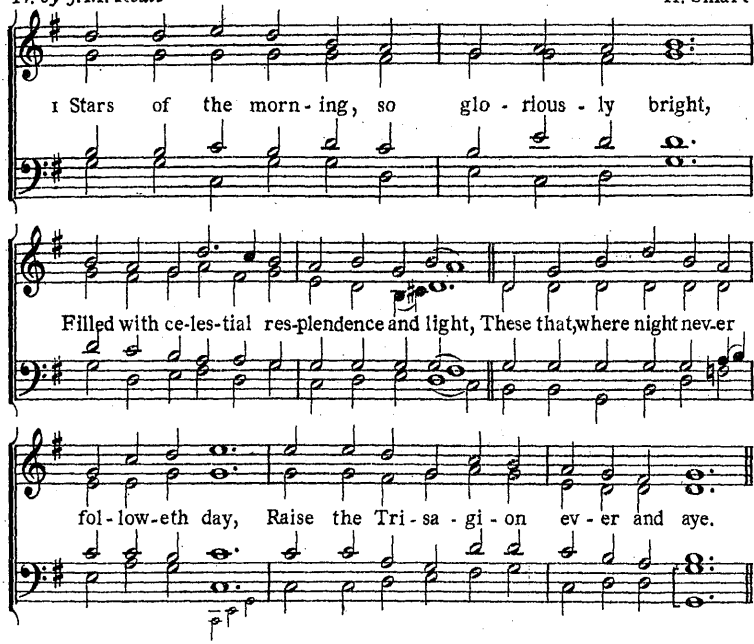
3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heav'n our thought.

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore. Amen.



St. Joseph the Hymnographer Trisagion (10.10.10.10)
Tr. by J. M. Neale H. Smart

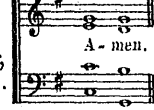


2 These are thy counsellors; these dost thou own,
Lord God of Sabaoth nearest thy throne;
These are thy ministers; these dost thou send,
Help of the helpless ones, man to defend.

3 Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,
Then all the sons of God shouted for joy.

4 These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers;
Where with the living ones, mystical Four,
Cherubin, Seraphin, bow and adore.

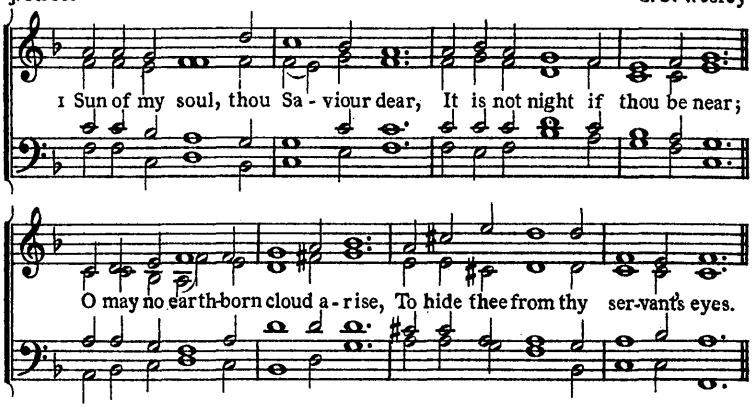
5 Still let them succour us; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore. Amen.



225 SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR

Winscott (L.M.)

J. Keble S. S. Wesley

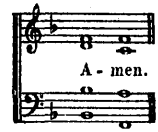


2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

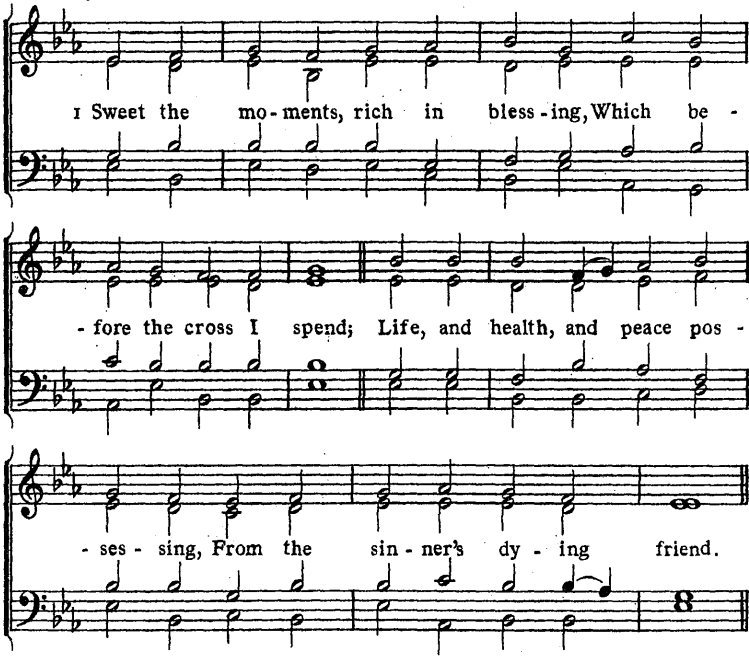
4 If some poor wand'ring child of thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heav'n above. Amen.

SWEET THE MOMENTS, RICH IN BLESSING

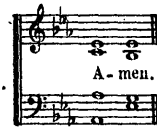
Ringe Recht (Batty) (87.87)

Adapted from James Allen — *Moravian Melody*



2 Here I rest, for ever viewing
Mercy pour'd in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before his cross to lie,
Whilst I see divine compassion
Beaming in his languid eye.

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on thee,
Till I taste thy full salvation,
And thine unveil'd glory see. Amen.

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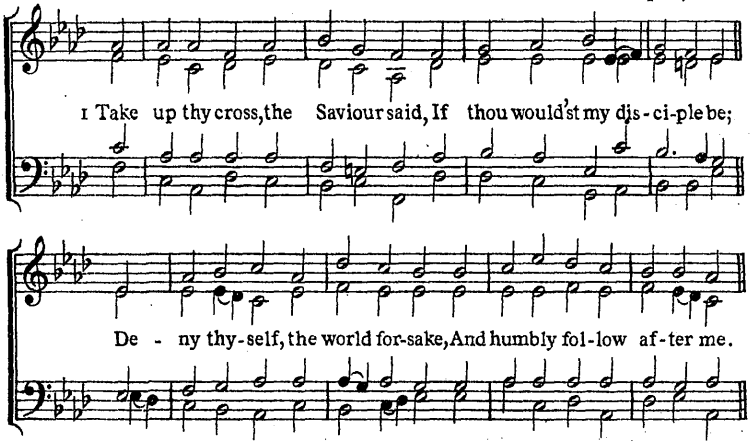
TAKE UP THY CROSS, THE SAVIOUR SAID

Breslau (L. M.)

C. W. Everest

C. Gall, *As Hymnodus Sacer*
Leipsic, 1625



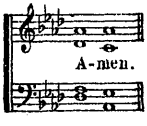
2 Take up thy cross, let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross then in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

6 To thee, Great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend;
O grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end. Amen.



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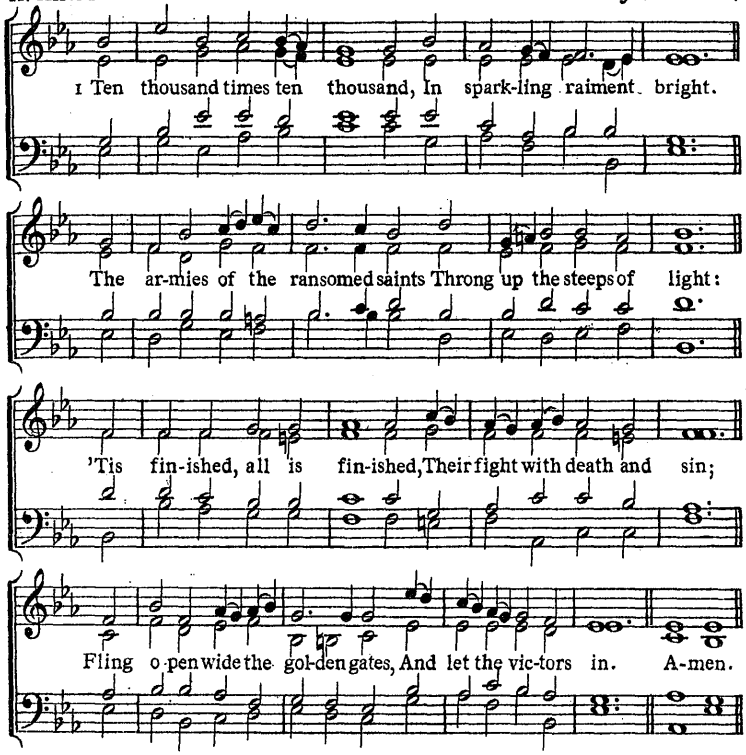
TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND

Komm, Seele (76.86.D.)

H. Alford J. W. Franck

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

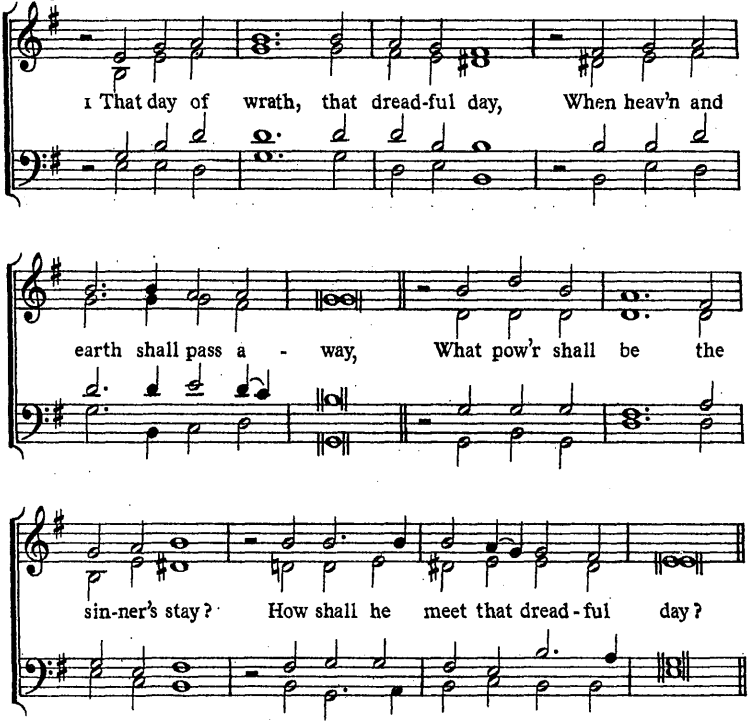
3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimm'd with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

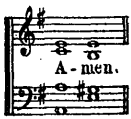
4 Bring near thy great Salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come. Amen.

229 THAT DAY OF WRATH, THAT DREADFUL DAY

Yattendon 36 (L. M.)

From the Latin
Tr. by Sir W. Scott

T. Campion

2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away. Amen.

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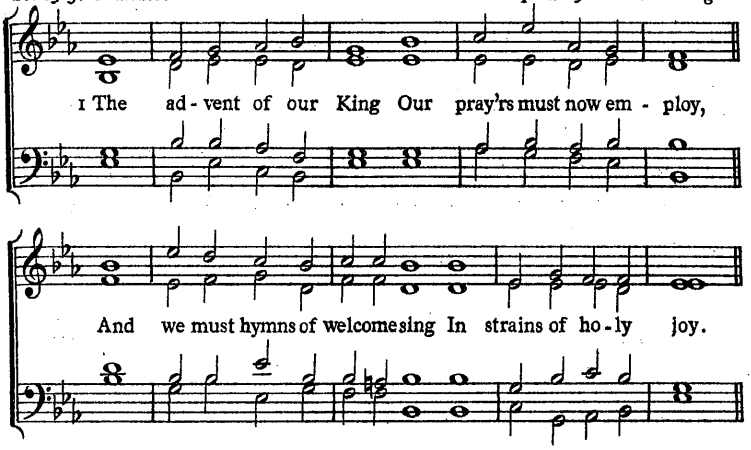
THE ADVENT OF OUR KING

Franconia (S. M.)

C. Coffin
Tr. by J. Chandler

J. B. König
Adapted by W. H. Havergal



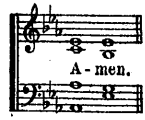
2 The Everlasting Son
Incarnate deigns to be;
Himself a servant's form puts on,
To set his servants free.

3 Daughter of Sion, rise
To meet thy lowly King;
Nor let thy faithless heart despise
The peace he comes to bring.

4 As Judge, on clouds of light,
He soon will come again,
And his true members all unite
With him in heav'n to reign.

5 Before the dawning day
Let sin's dark deeds be gone;
The old man all be put away,
The new man all put on.

6 All glory to the Son,
Who comes to set us free,
With Father, Spirit, ever one,
Through all eternity. Amen.



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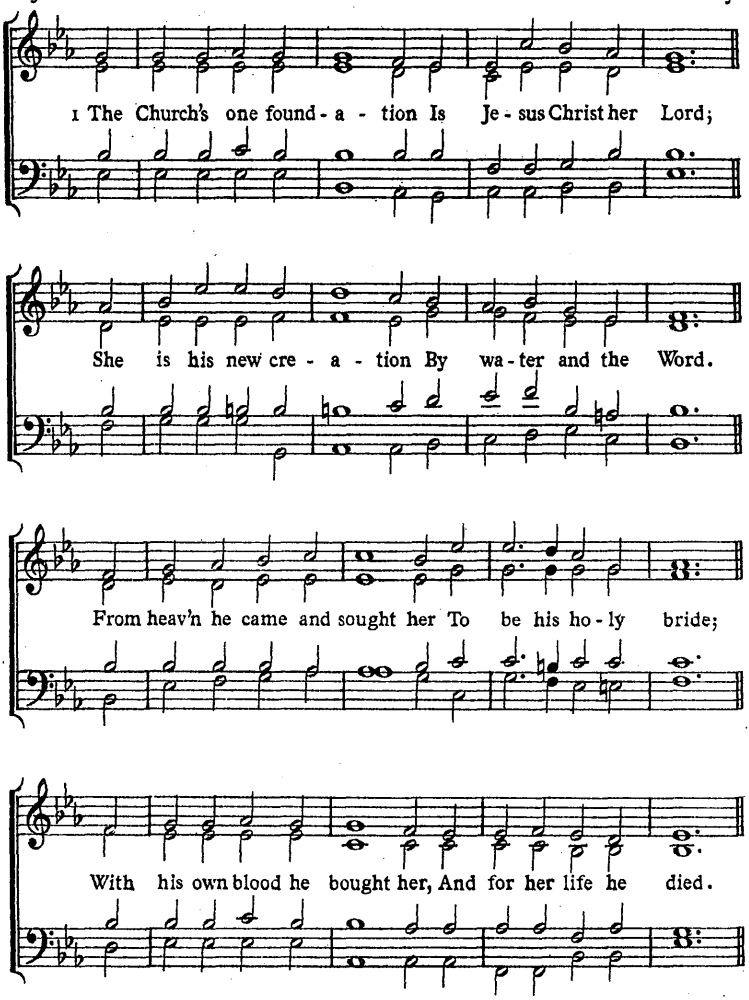
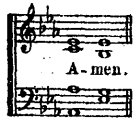
THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

Aurelia (76.76.D.)

S. J. Stone S. S. Wesley

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

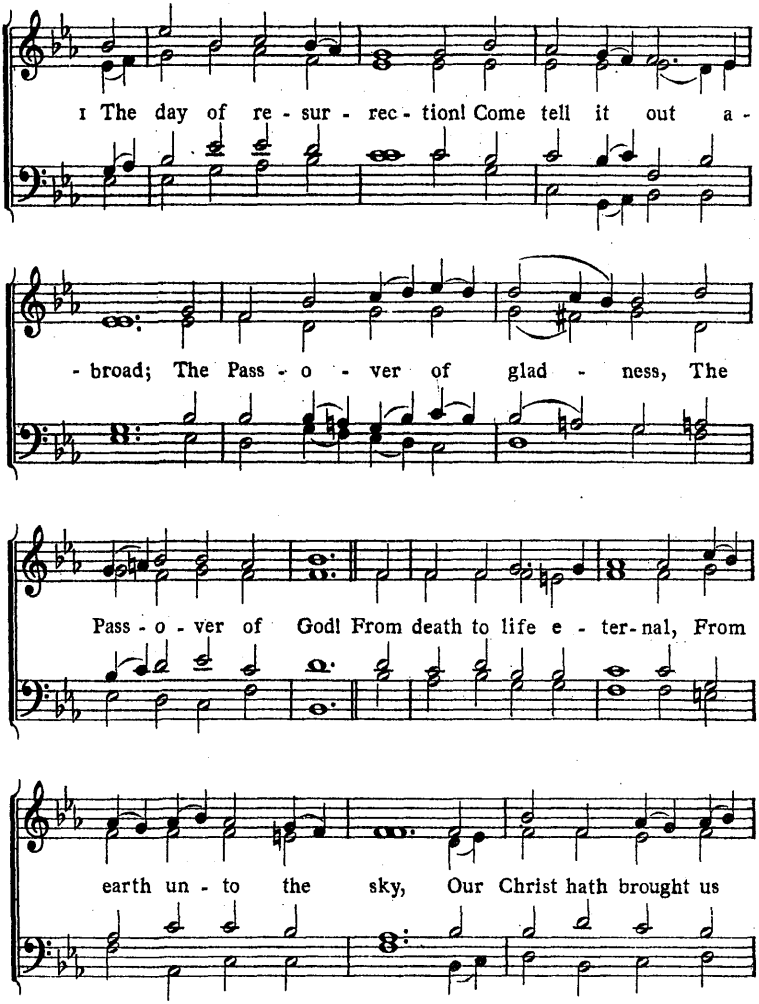
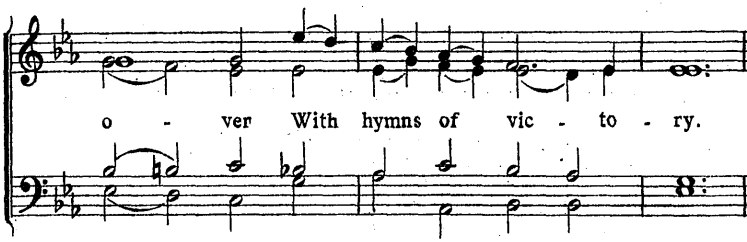
3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest:
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

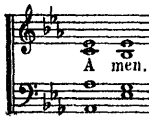
5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee. Amen.

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION

Komm, Seele (7676.D.)

St. John Damascene
Tr. by J. M. Neale

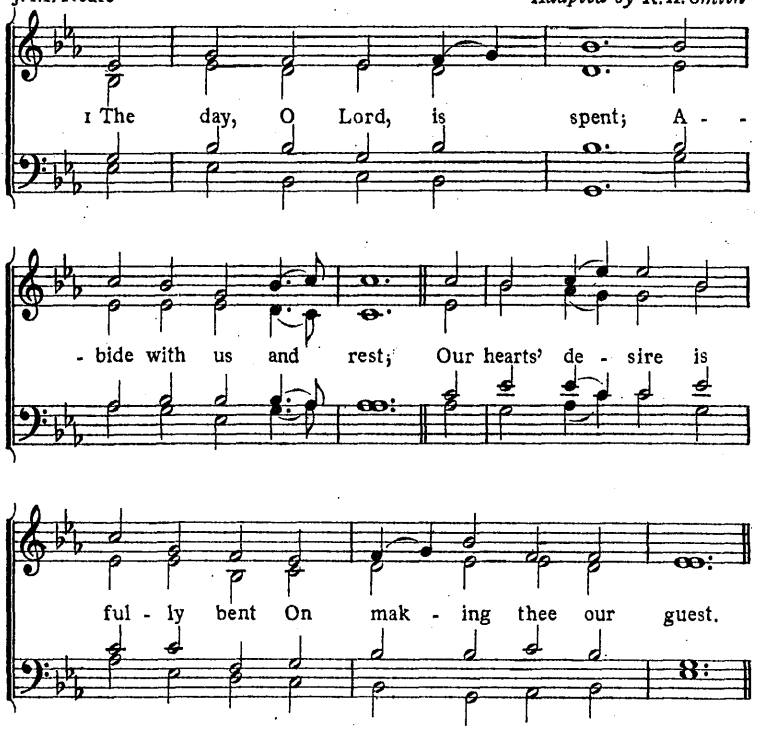
J. W. Franck



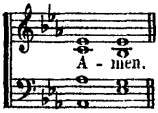
2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own 'All hail,' and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heav'ns be joyful,
And earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end. Amen.

THE DAY, O LORD, IS SPENT

Selma (S.M.)

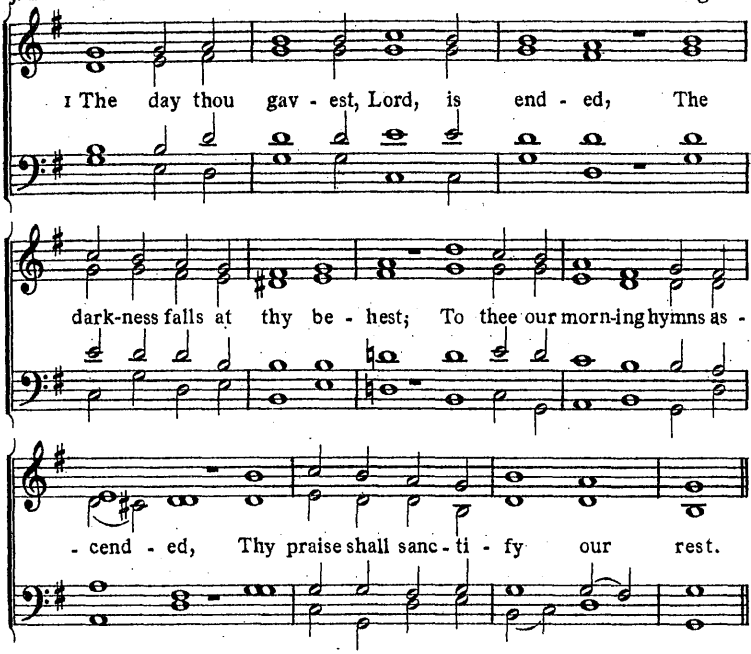
J. M. Neale

Traditional Melody of Arras
Adapted by R. A. Smith

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore. Amen.

THE DAY THOU GAVEST, LORD, IS ENDED

Lève le Cœur (98.98)

J. Ellerton — L. Bourgeois

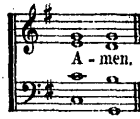


2 We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway. Amen.



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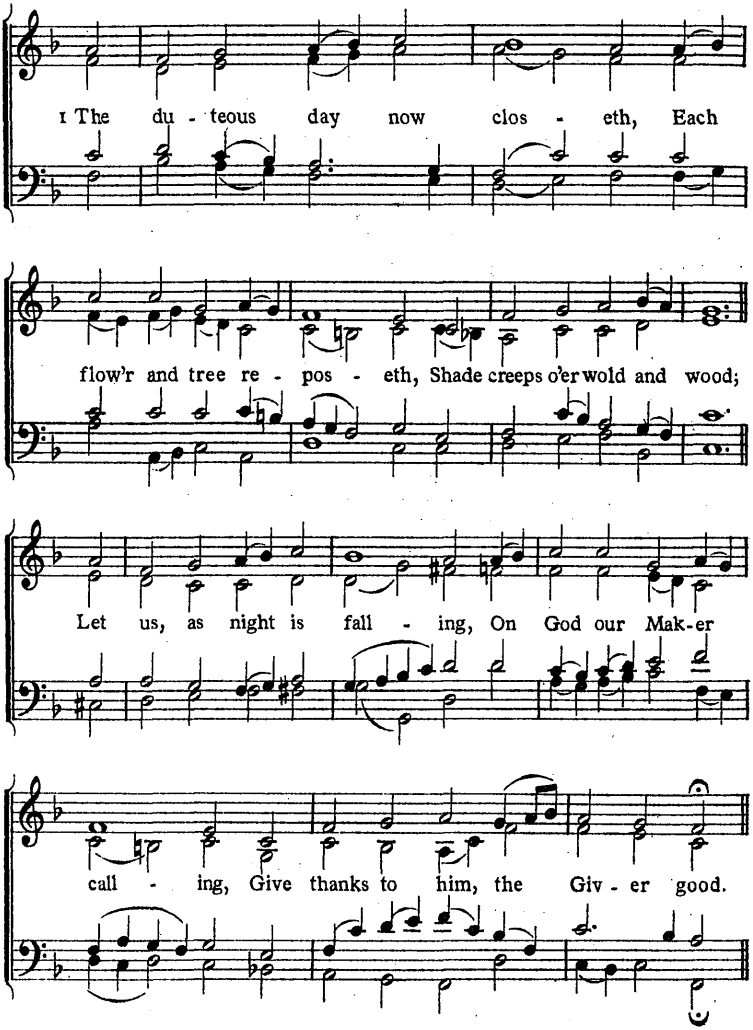
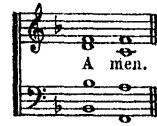
THE DUTEOUS DAY NOW CLOSETH

Innsbruck (776.778)

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 83. H. Isaac.

2 Now all the heavenly splendour
Breaks forth in starlight tender
From myriad worlds unknown;
And man, the marvel seeing,
Forgets his selfish being,
For joy of beauty not his own.

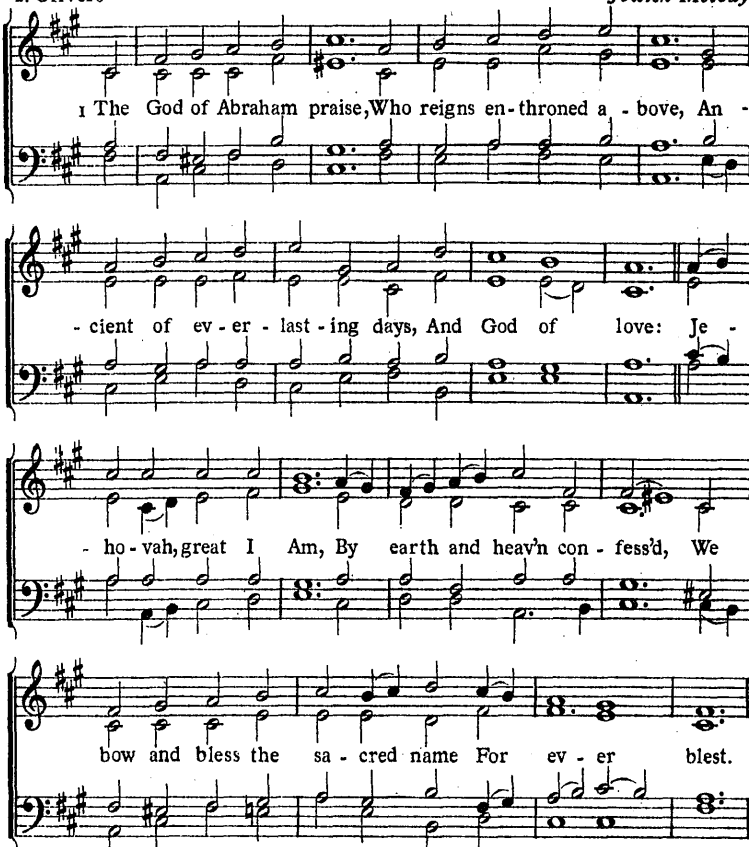
3 His care he drowneth yonder,
Lost in th' abyss of wonder;
To heaven his soul doth steal:
This life he disesteemeth,
The day it is that dreameth,
That doth from truth his vision seal.

4 Awhile his mortal blindness
May miss God's loving-kindness
And grope in faithless strife:
But when life's day is over
Shall death's fair night discover
The fields of everlasting life. Amen.



THE GOD OF ABRAHAM PRAISE

Leoni (66.84.D.)

T. Olivers — *Jewish Melody*

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him our only portion make,
Our shield and tower.

3 Through nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds we urge our way
At his command.
The watery deep we pass,
With Jesus in our view;
And through the howling wilderness
Our way pursue.

4 The goodly land we see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

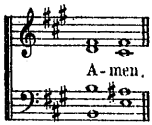
5 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world of sin,
The Prince of peace:
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains,
And glorious with his saints in light
For ever reigns.

6 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garment white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
Beneath serener skies,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

7 Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

8 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' cry,
'Almighty King!
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be:
Jehovah, Father, Great I Am,
We worship thee!

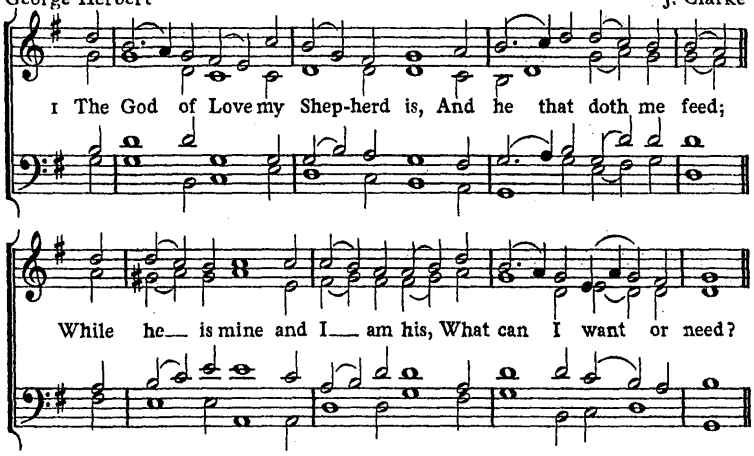
9 Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow,
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace
For ever new;
He shows his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the worlds above
The slaughter'd Lamb.

10 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
'Hail! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,'
They ever cry:
Hail! Abraham's God, and mine!
(I join the heav'nly lays),
All might and majesty are thine
And endless praise. Amen.

237

THE GOD OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS

St. Paul's (C.M.)

George Herbert J. Clarke



2 He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

3 Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame,
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy name.

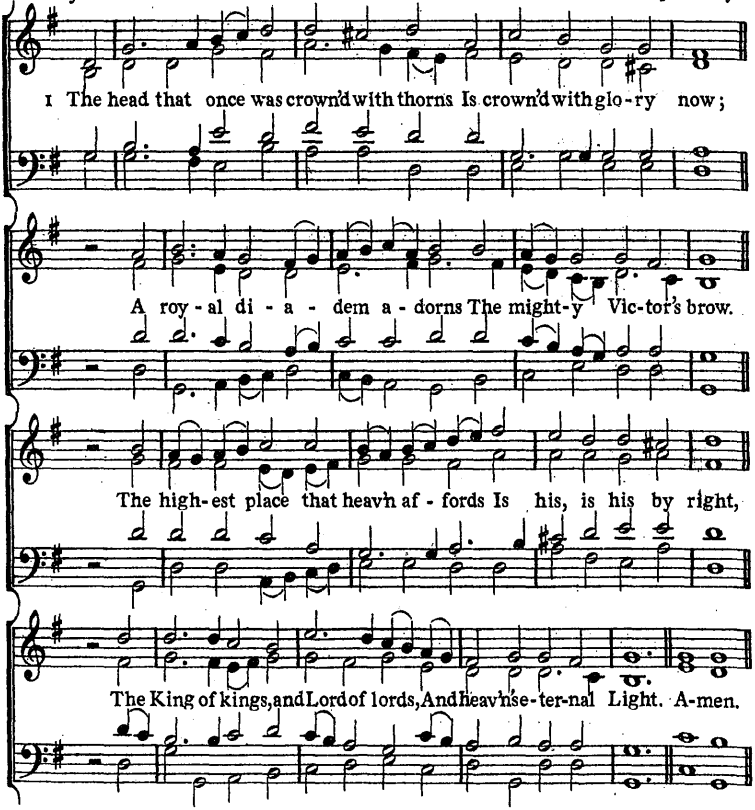
4 Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

5 Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove
So neither shall my praise. Amen.

238 THE HEAD THAT ONCE WAS CROWN'D WITH THORNS

Tye (D.C.M.)

T. Kelly *From* Christopher Tye



2 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love
And grants his Name to know.
To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given:
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heav'n.

3 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.
The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme. Amen.

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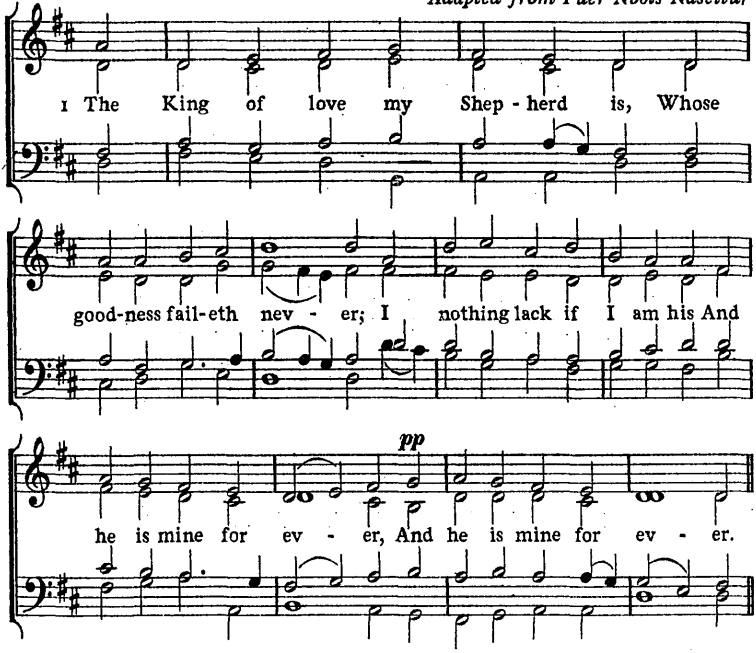
THE KING OF LOVE

Puer Nobis Nascitur (87.87.)

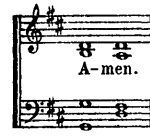
H. W. Baker

Adapted from Puer Nobis Nascitur

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth:
And O what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

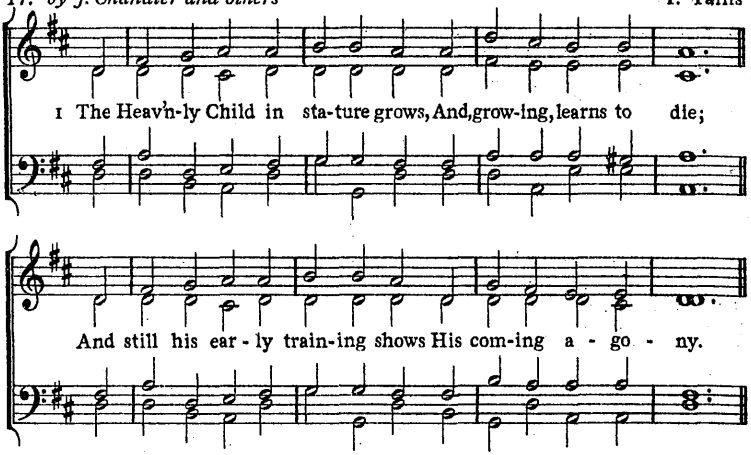
6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever. Amen.

240

THE HEAVENLY CHILD IN STATURE GROWS

Tallis Ordinal (C.M.)

From J. B. de Santeuil
Tr. by J. Chandler and others

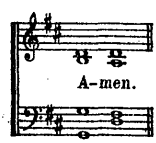
T. Tallis



2 The Son of God his glory hides
With parents mean and poor;
And he, who made the heav'ns, abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

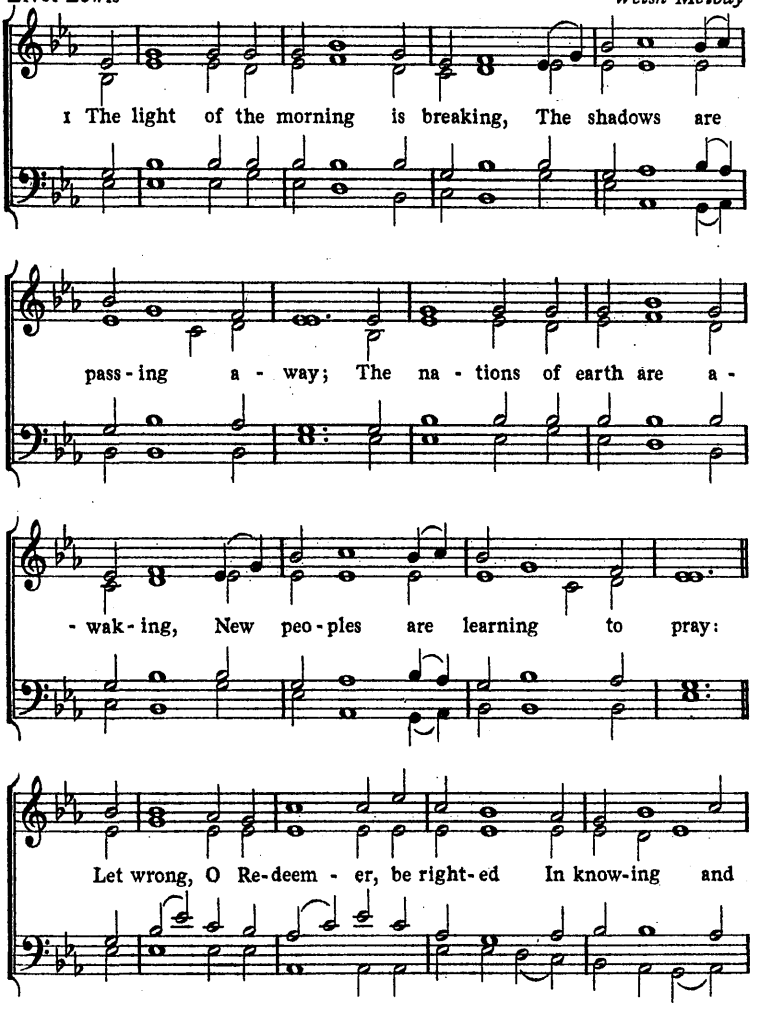
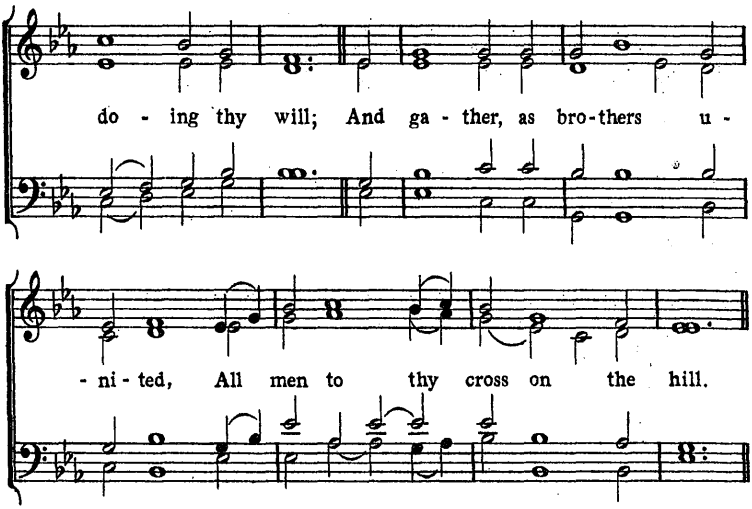
3 Those mighty hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
The maker of the stars on high
A humble trade pursues.

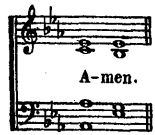
4 He, whom the choirs of angels praise
Bearing each dread decree,
His earthly parents now obeys
In deep humility.

5 For this thy lowliness reveal'd,
Jesu, we thee adore,
And praise to God the Father yield
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

X

241 THE LIGHT OF THE MORNING IS BREAKING

Crugybar (98.98.D.)

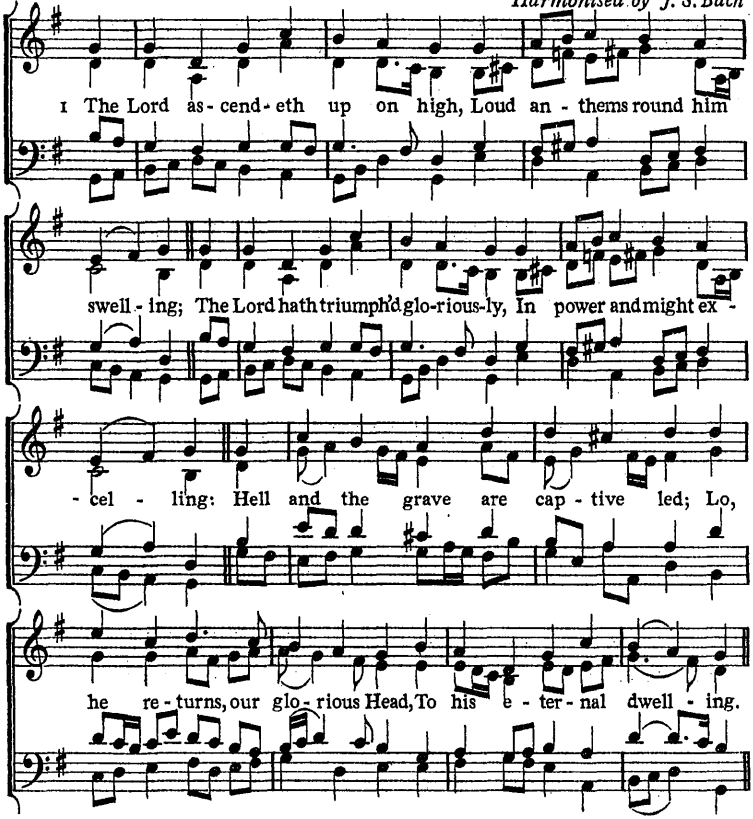
Elvet Lewis *Welsh Melody*



2 Thy throne, O Redeemer, be founded
In wisdom and beauty and love;
Thy name through the wide world be sounded,
Till earth be as heaven above;
Though hills and high mountains should tremble,
Though heaven and earth pass away,
Thy voice shall in triumph assemble
Thy loved ones at dawning of day. Amen.

242

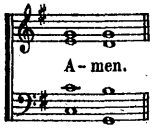
THE LORD ASCENDETH UP ON HIGH

Nun freut euch (87.87.887.)

A. T. Russell

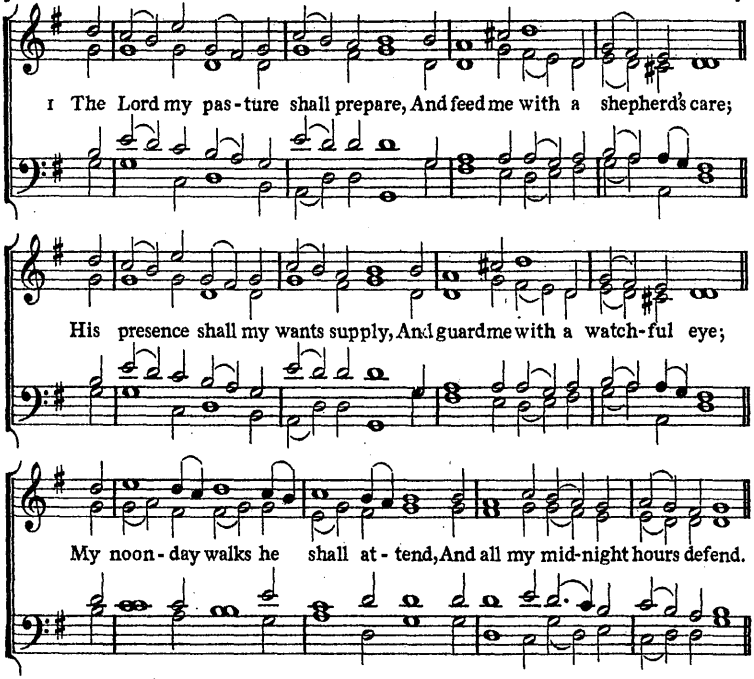
Wittenburg Gesangbuch
Harmonised by J. S. Bach

2 The heavens with joy receive their Lord;
O day of exultation!
By saints, by angel-hosts adored
For his so great salvation:
O earth, adore thy glorious King,
His Rising, his Ascension sing
With grateful adoration.

3 By saints in earth and saints in heaven,
With songs for ever blended,
All praise to Christ our King be given,
Who hath to heaven ascended:
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God of heaven's resplendent host,
In bright array extended. Amen.



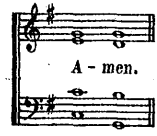
243 THE LORD MY PASTURE SHALL PREPARE
Yarmouth (88.88.88.)

J. Addison H. Carey



2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

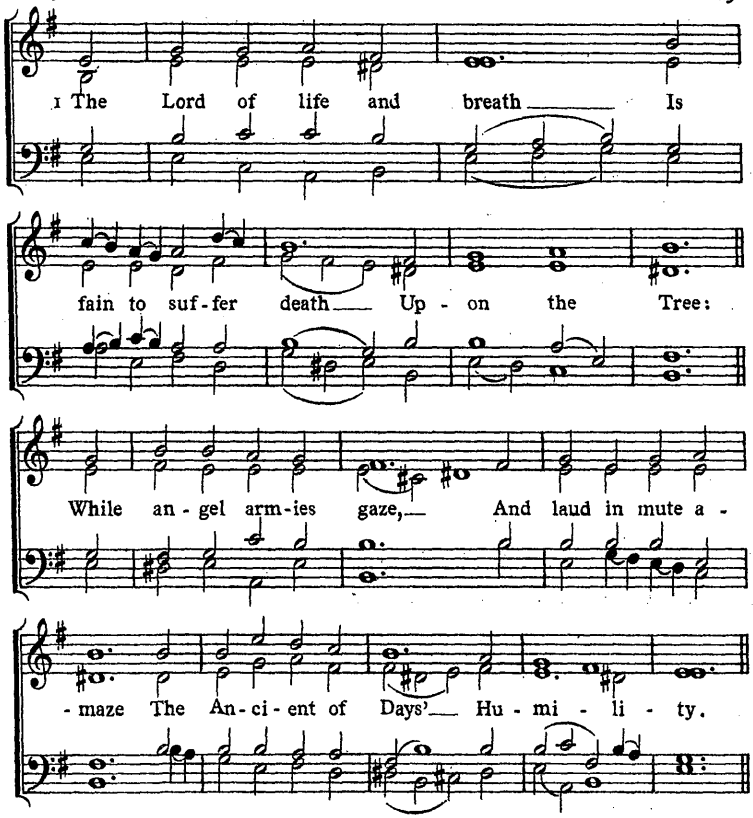
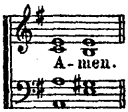
3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
Amen.



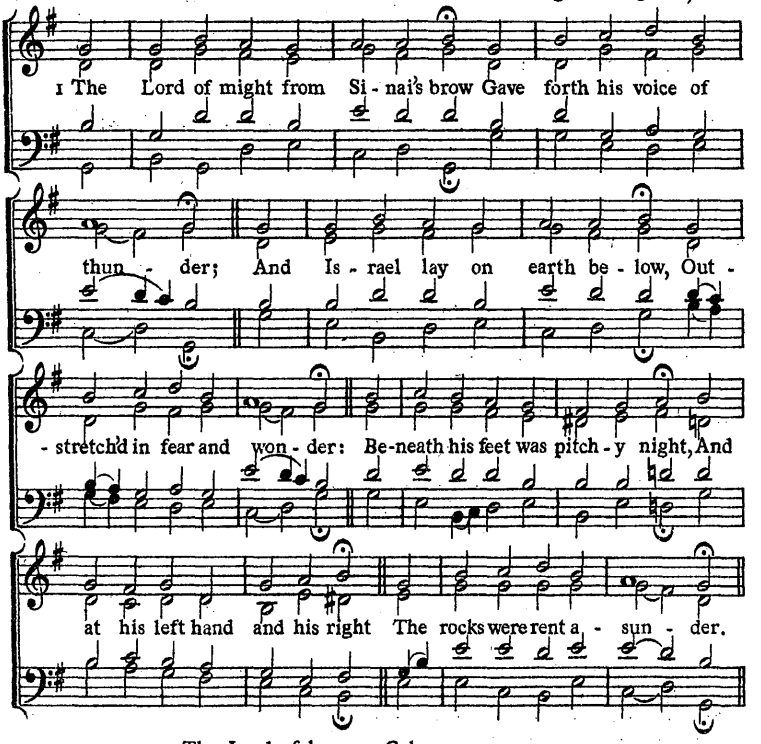
THE LORD OF LIFE AND BREATH

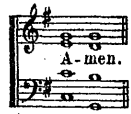
Llandowror (664.6664)

From the Greek
Tr. by G. R. Woodward

Welsh Melody

2 Of his own free-will slain,
The Word is ris'n again,
As he foresaid:
Who, at the latter day
Will raise and take away
To happiness for ay
The faithful dead. Amen.

THE LORD OF MIGHT FROM SINAI'S BROW

Nun freut euch (87. 87. 887)

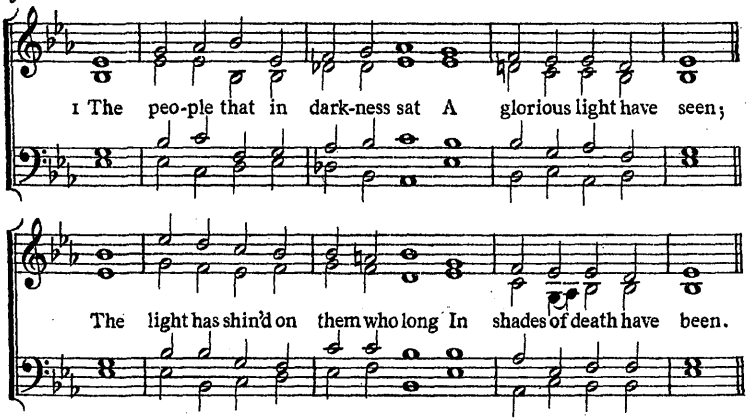
R. Heber — Klug's *Gesangbuch, 1535*

2 The Lord of love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Uprais'd to heaven his languid eye
In nature's hour of danger:
For us he bore the weight of woe,
For us he gave his blood to flow,
And met his Father's anger.

3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim his right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound, and angel-song,
And Alleluias loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated. Amen.

246

THE PEOPLE THAT IN DARKNESS SAT

Dundee (C. M.)

J. Morison *Scottish Psalter*



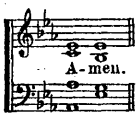
2 To hail thee, Sun of Righteousness,
The gathering nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

3 For thou their burden dost remove,
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

4 For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on his shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.

5 His Name shall be the Prince of peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

6 His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

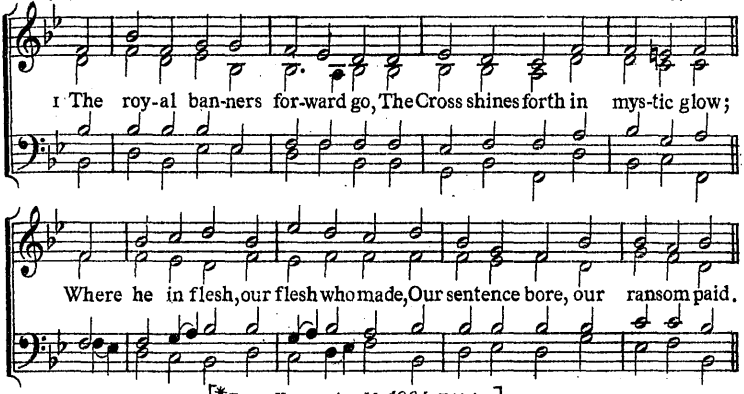
7 Lord Jesus, reign in us, we pray,
And make us thine alone,
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit One. Amen.

247

THE ROYAL BANNERS FORWARD GO

Winchester New (L. M.)

Venantius Fortunatus
*Tr. by J. M. Neale and others**

Musikalische Handbuch.
Hamburg, 1690



[**From Hymns A. & M. 1904 Edition*]

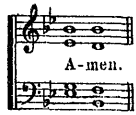
2 His feet and hands outstretching there,
He will'd the piercing nails to bear,
For us and our redemption's sake
A victim of himself to make.

3 There whilst he hung, his sacred side
By soldier's spear was open'd wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with his Blood.

4 Fulfill'd is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be:
For God is reigning from the Tree.

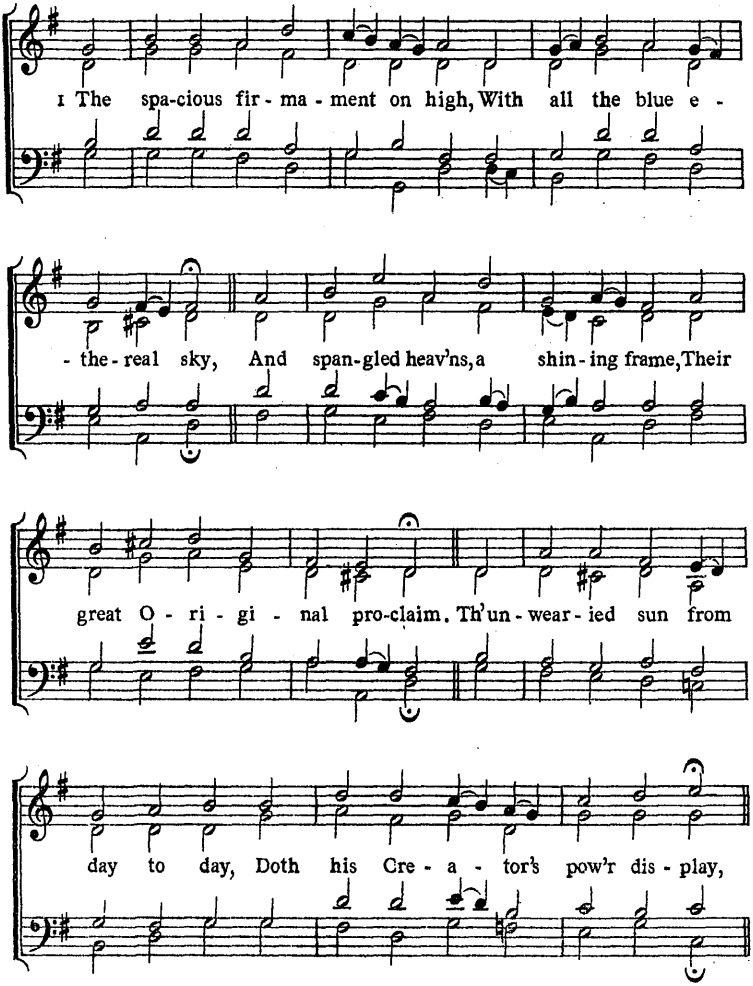
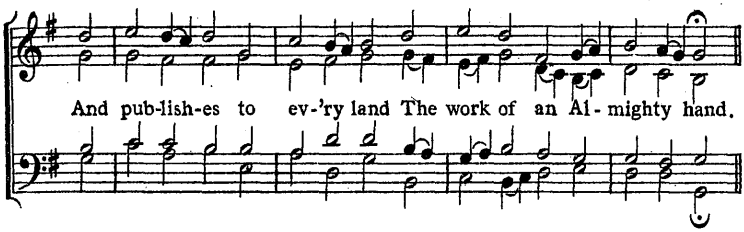
5 O Tree of glory, Tree most fair,
Ordain'd those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in royal hue it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's Blood!

6 Upon its arms like balance true,
He weigh'd the price for sinners due,
The price which none but he could pay,
And spoil'd the spoiler of his prey.

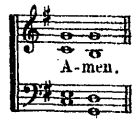
7 To thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the Cross thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore. Amen.

248

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH

Addison's (8888. 8888)

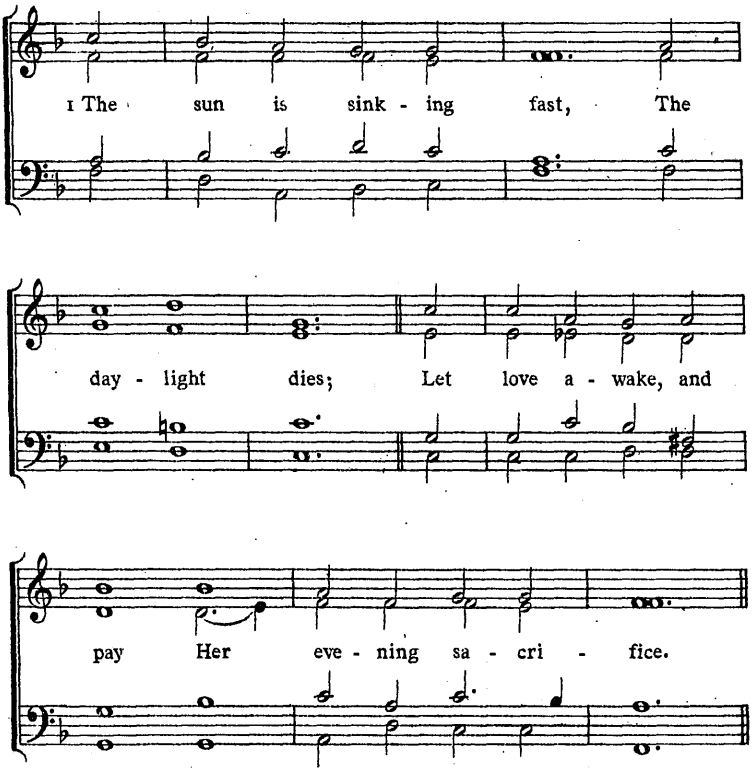
J. Addison *Sacred Harmony, 1780*



2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.' Amen.

249 THE SUN IS SINKING FAST
St. Columba (64.66)

XVIIIth Century
Tr. by E. Caswall

H. S. Irons



2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resign'd;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live.

4 So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

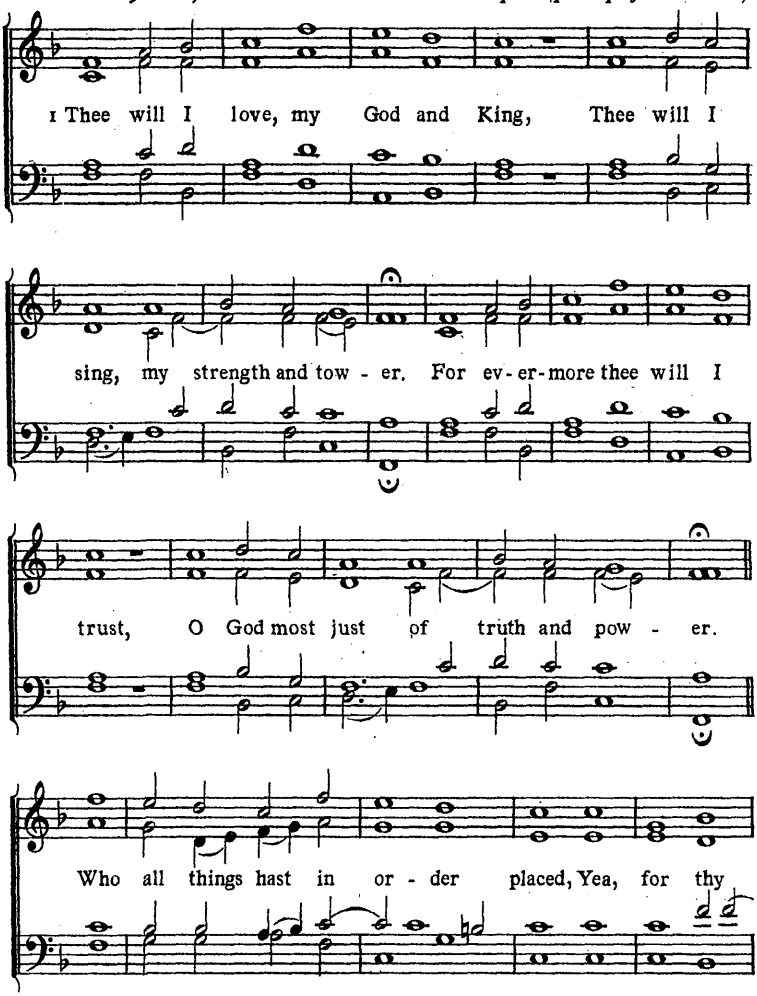
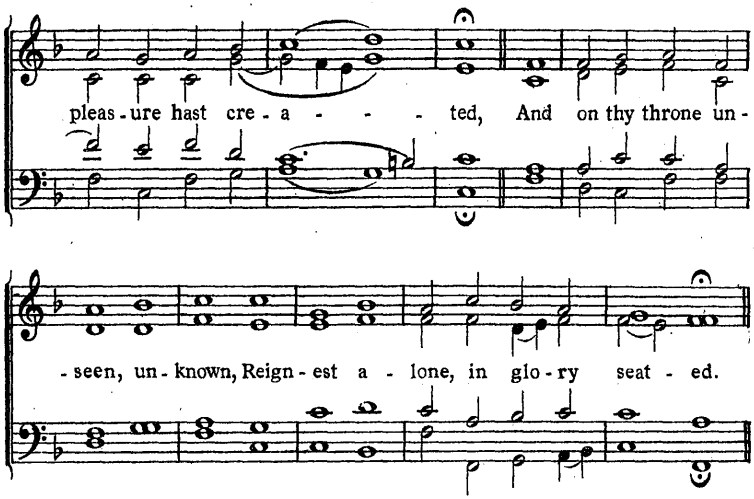
5 Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside.

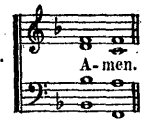
6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but he
With all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me—

7 One Sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
May I be ever his,
And he for ever mine. Amen.

250 THEE WILL I LOVE, MY GOD AND KING

Old 138th (89.89.D.)

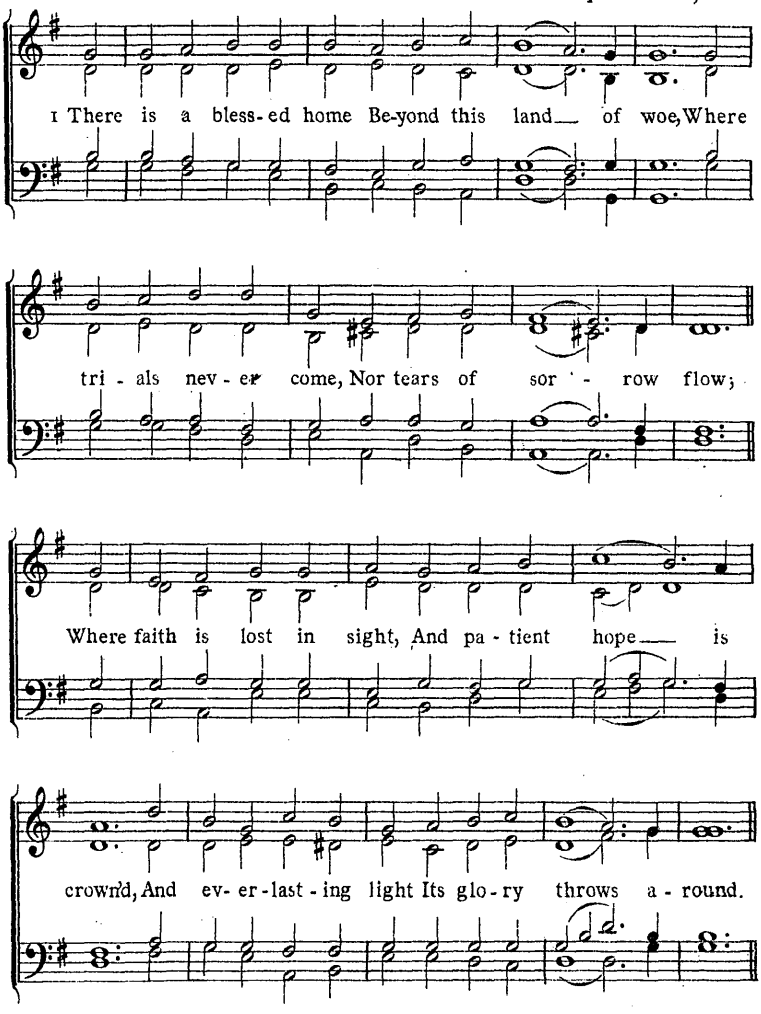
Yattendon Hymnal, No. 99 *Adapted (perhaps from Marot)*

2 Set in my heart thy love I find;
My wand'ring mind to thee thou leadest;
My trembling hope, my strong desire
With heav'nly fire thou kindly feedest.
Lo, all things fair thy path prepare,
Thy beauty to my spirit calleth,
Thine to remain in joy or pain,
And count it gain whate'er befalleth.

3 O more and more thy love extend,
My life befriend with heav'nly pleasure;
That I may win thy Paradise,
Thy pearl of price, thy countless treasure.
Since but in thee I can go free
From earthly care and vain oppression,
This pray'r I make for Jesu's sake
That thou me take in thy possession. Amen.

251

THERE IS A BLESSED HOME

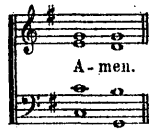
Annue Christe (6.6.6.6.D)

H. W. Baker

La Feillée
Méthode du plain-chant, 1782

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.

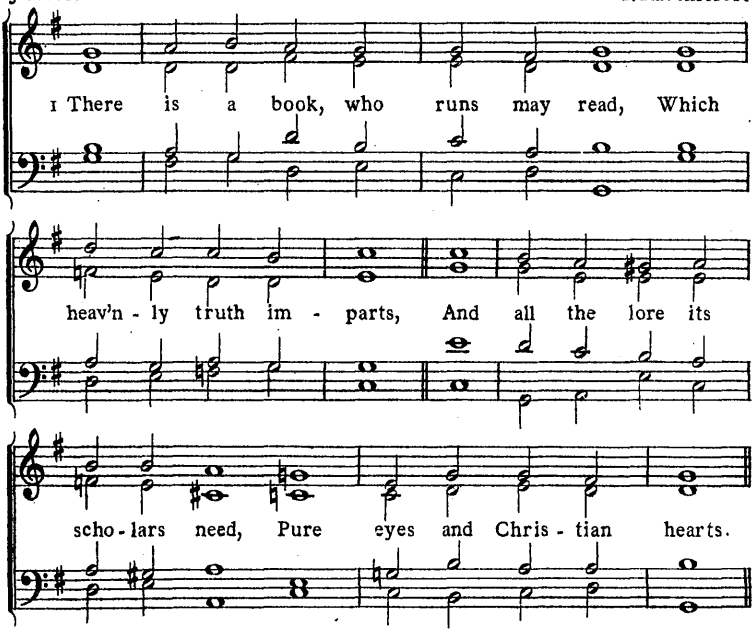
4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.



THERE IS A BOOK, WHO RUNS MAY READ

Lincoln (C. M.)

J. Keble — T. Ravenscroft

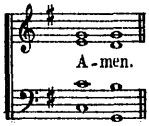


2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd great and small
In peace and order move.

4 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

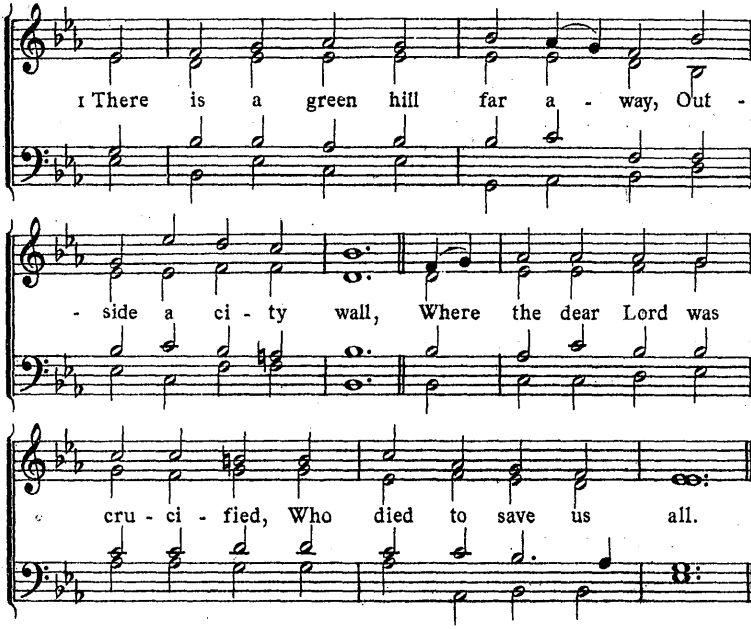
5 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere. Amen.



THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY

Horsley (C. M.)

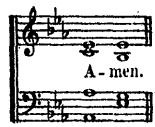
C. F. Alexander — W. Horsley



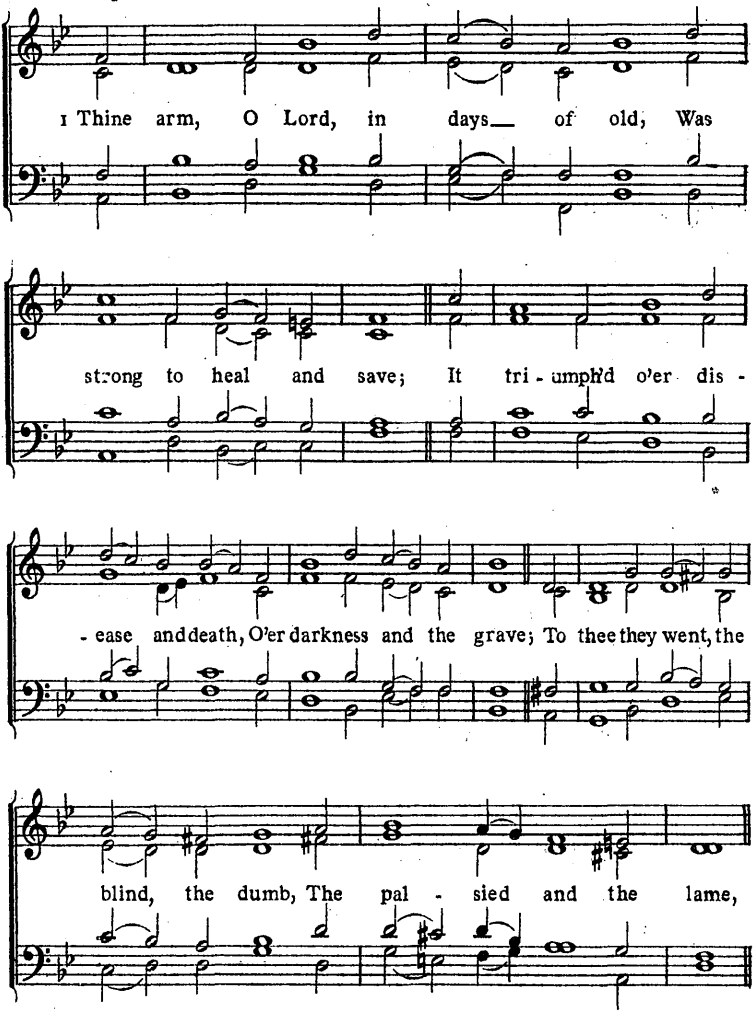
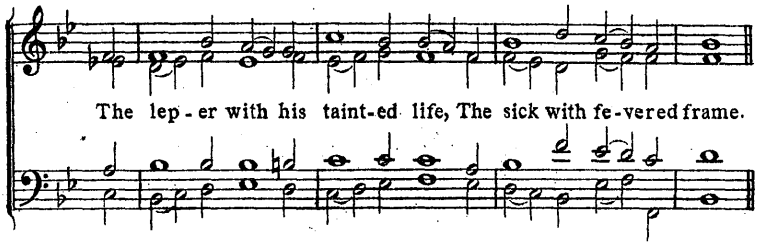
2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffer'd there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious Blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heav'n, and let us in.

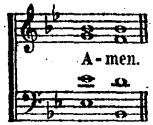
5 Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming Blood
And try his works to do. Amen.

THINE ARM, O LORD, IN DAYS OF OLD

St. Matthew (D.C.M.)

E. H. Plumptre — W. Croft



2 And lo! thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight;
And youth renew'd and frenzy calmed
Own'd thee, the Lord of light.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Genesareth's shore.

3 Be thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With thine almighty breath;
To hands that work and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heav'nly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise thee evermore. Amen.



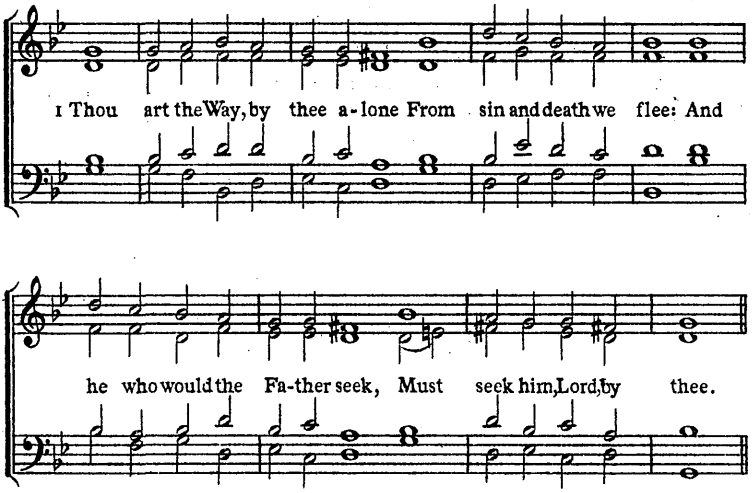
255

THOU ART THE WAY

Windsor (C.M.)

G.W. Doane

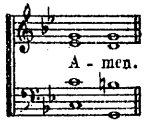
Este's *Whole Book of Psalms, 1592*



2 Thou art the Truth; thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

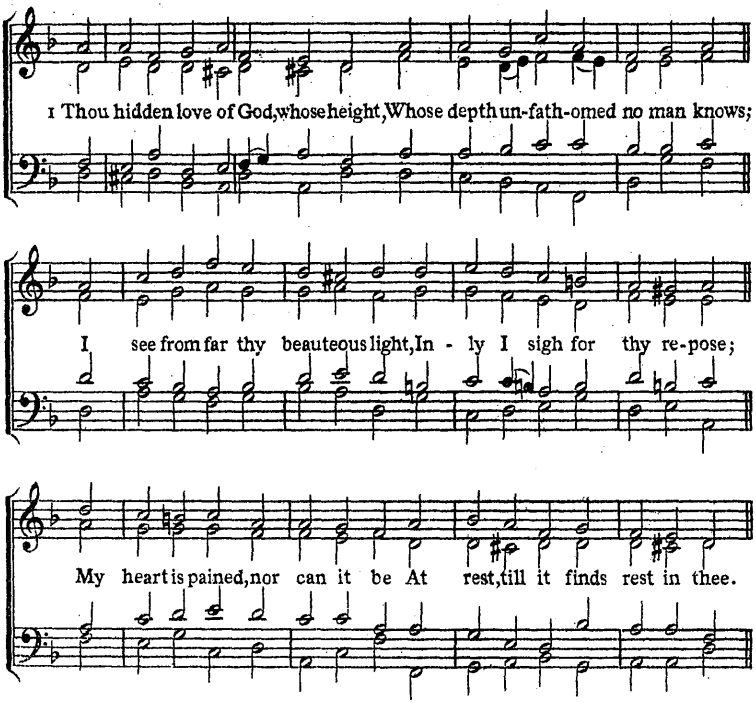
3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering Arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

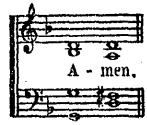


THOU HIDDEN LOVE OF GOD, WHOSE HEIGHT

Vater Unser (88.88.88)

J. Wesley — From M. Luther

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

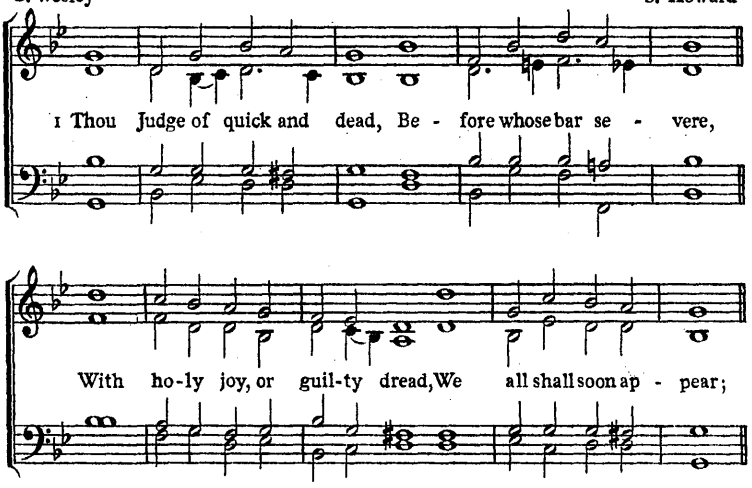
3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee:
Yet, while I seek but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see:
Oh! when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend?

4 O Lord, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may 'Abba, Father,' cry. Amen.

257

THOU JUDGE OF QUICK AND DEAD

St. Bride (S.M.)

C. Wesley S. Howard



2 Our waken'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;

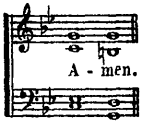
3 To pray, and wait that hour,
The awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heav'n come down,

4 Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

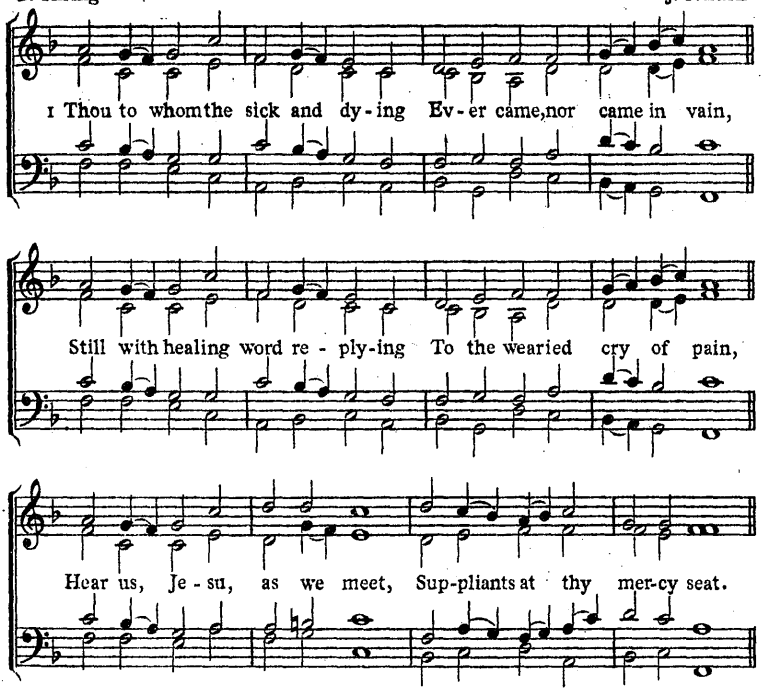
5 To sober earthly joys,
To quicken holy fears,
For ever let th' Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;

6 The solemn midnight cry,
'Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!'

7 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.

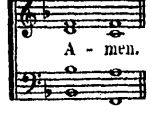
8 O may we thus insure
Our lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest. Amen.

THOU TO WHOM THE SICK AND DYING

St. Leonard (87.87.77)

G. Thring J. S. Bach

2 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart;
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliants to thy mercy-seat.

4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,
To thy healing virtue yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransom'd, cleansed, heal'd,
One in thee together meet,
Pardon'd, at thy judgement-seat. Amen.



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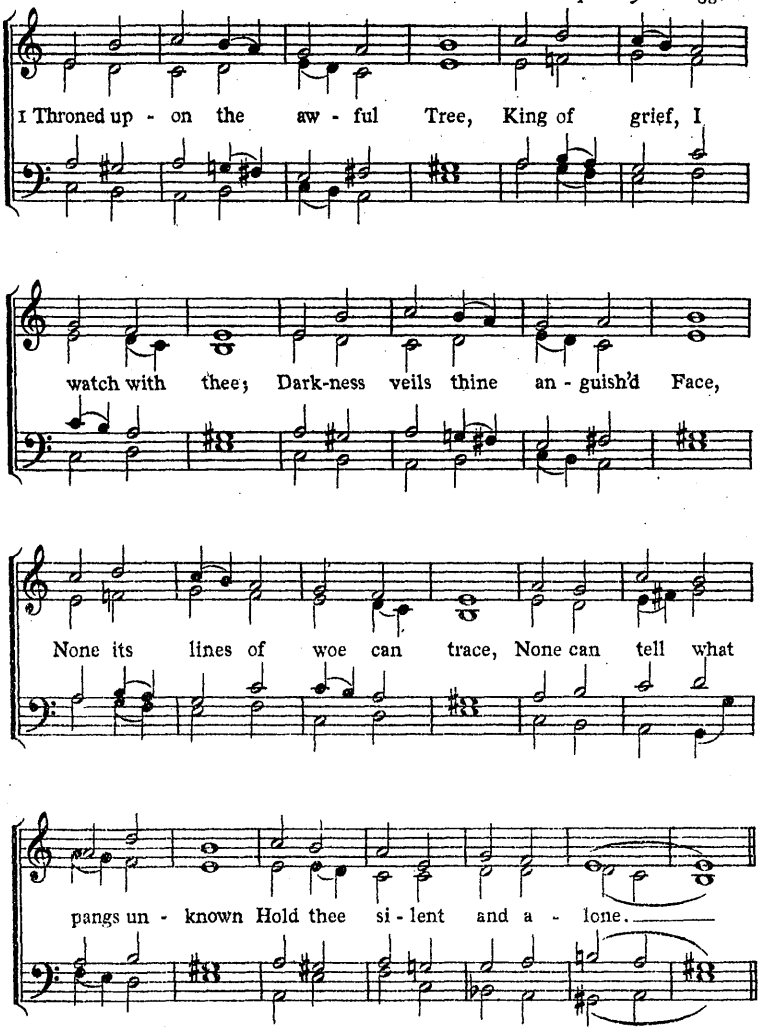
THRONED UPON THE AWFUL TREE

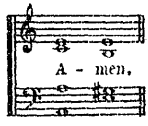
Aus Tiefer Not (77.77.77)

J. Ellerton

Walther's *Gesangbüchlein*
Adapted by C. Steggall

2 Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

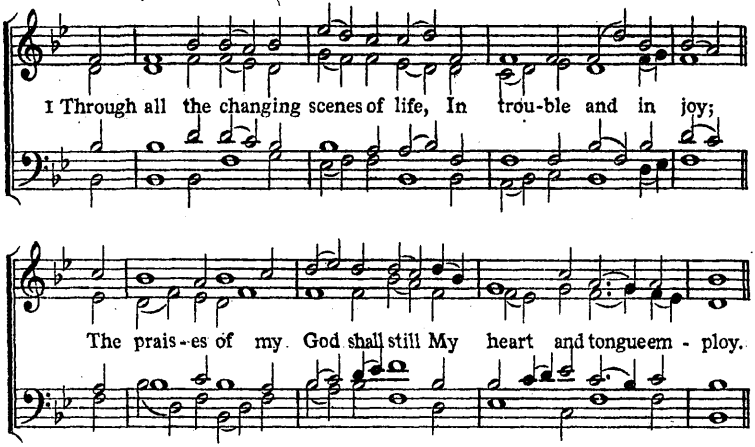
3 Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, his own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask him—can it be?—
'Why hast thou forsaken me?'

4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know thee nigh. Amen.



260 THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE

Wiltshire (C.M.)

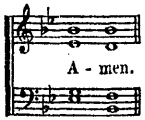
Tate and Brady G. Smart

2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his Name;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

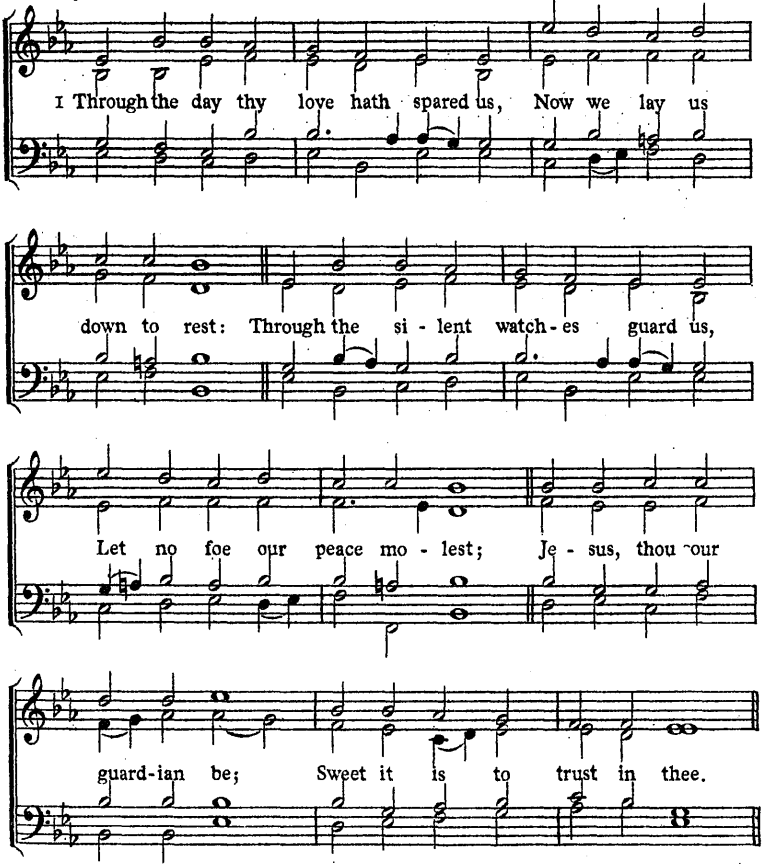
5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

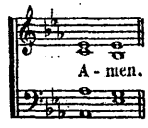
6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, at it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.



261 THROUGH THE DAY THY LOVE HATH SPARED US

Dretzel (87.87.77)

T. Kelly From C. H. Dretzel

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose,
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with thee in heav'n at last.
Amen.

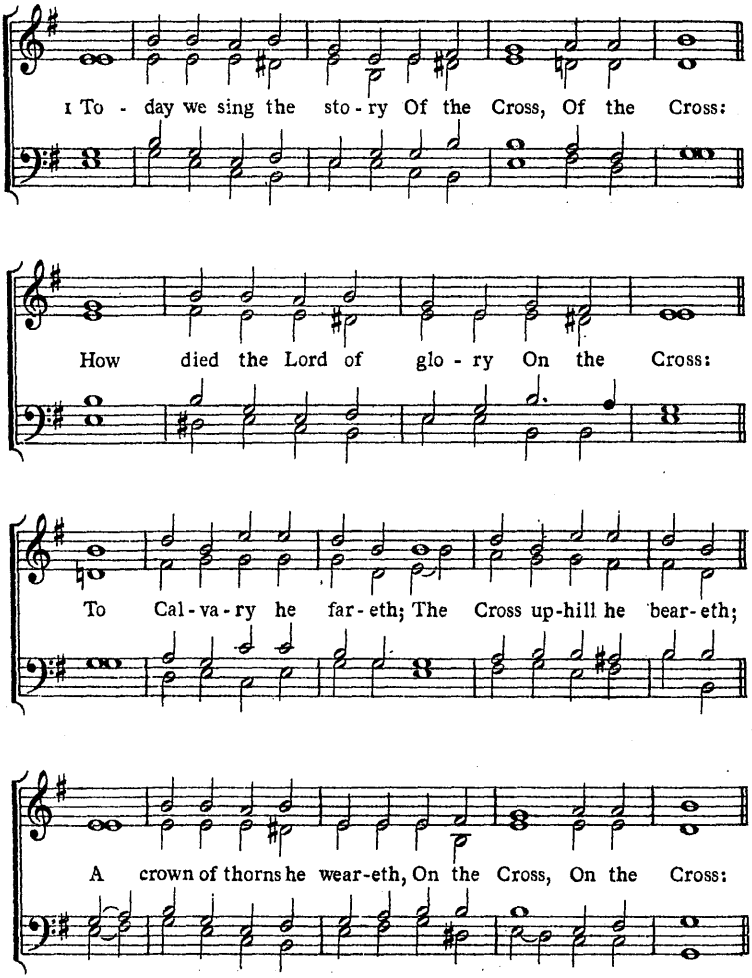
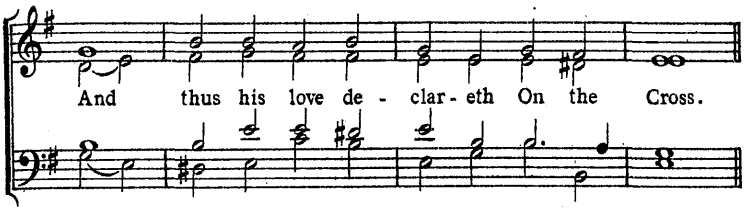


262

TO-DAY WE SING THE STORY

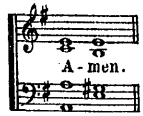
Twrgwyn (7673.777.673)

G. R. Woodward — *Old Welsh Melody*



2 Right early on that morning,
For our sake, For our sake,
He suffer'd scourge and scorning,
For our sake:
In law-court sinners try him,
In his own blood bedye him,
And cry,'Let crucify him',
For our sake, For our sake;
Two malefactors nigh him,
For our sake.

3 If Jew did once reject thee,
Jesu Christ, Jesu Christ,
Fain will we recollect thee,
Jesu Christ:
Because thy side was riven,
That clean we might be shriven,
And life eternal given,
Jesu Christ, Jesu Christ,
Not from thy presence driven,
Jesu Christ. Amen.

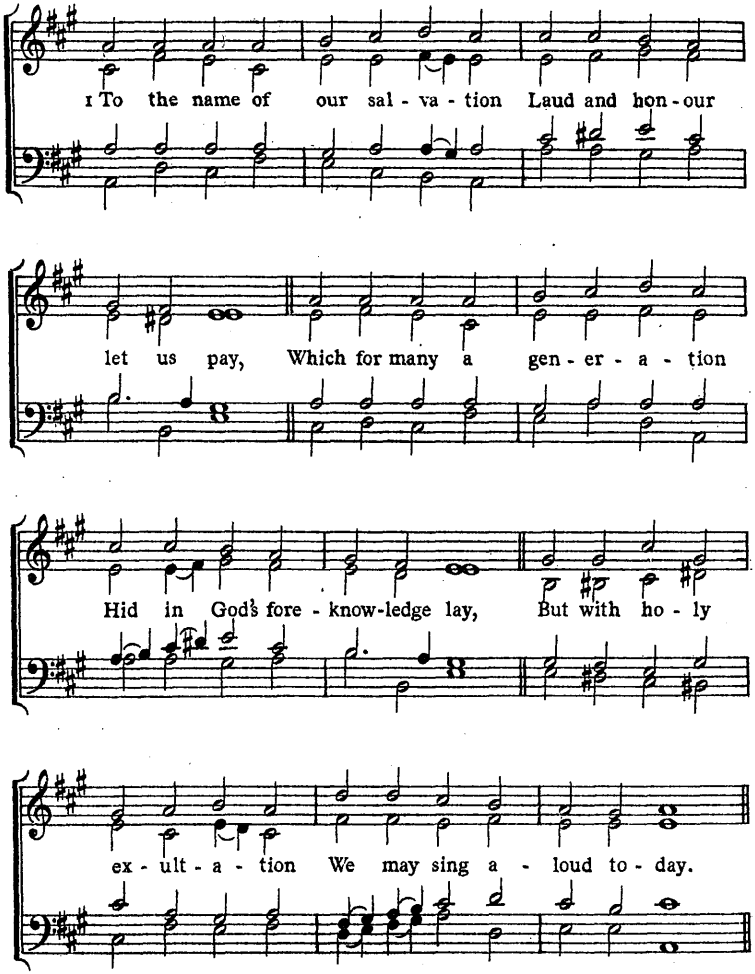


263

TO THE NAME OF OUR SALVATION

Oriel (87.87.87)

From the Latin
Tr. by J. M. Neale

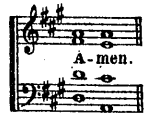
C. Ett
Cantica Sacra

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

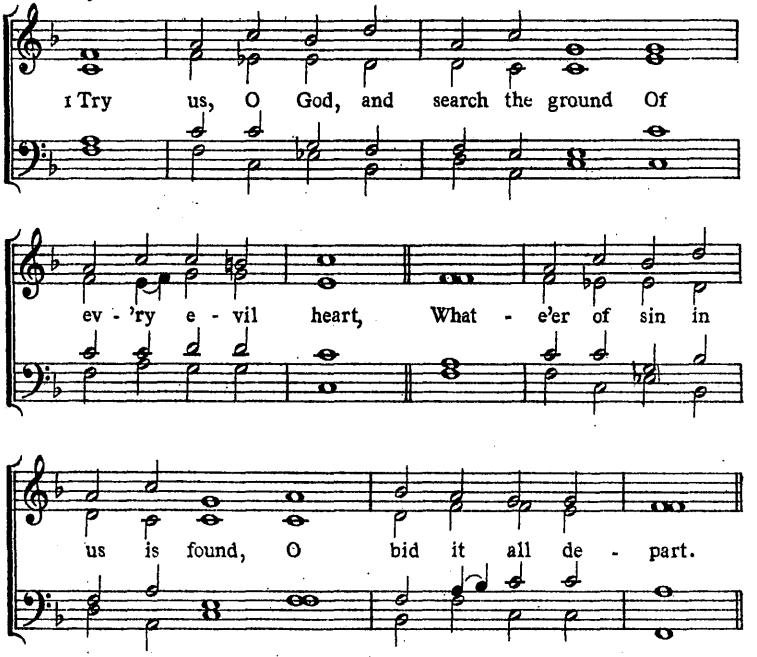
4 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

5 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

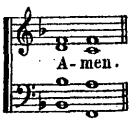
6 Therefore we in love adoring
This most blessèd Name revere,
Holy Jesu, thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring
We may sing with Angels there. Amen.



TRY US, O GOD
York (Stilt) (C.M.)

C. Wesley *Scottish Psalter*

2 When to the right or left we stray
Pity thy helpless sheep,
Bring back our feet into the way
And then thy wanderers keep.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear,
Let each his friendly aid afford
To soothe his brother's care.

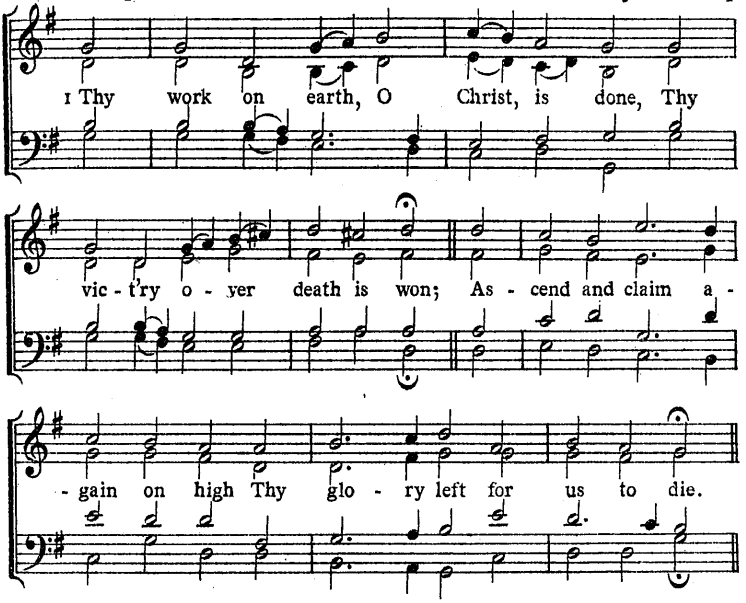
4 Complete at length thy work of grace
And take us to thy rest
Among the saints who see thy face
To be for ever blest. Amen.

265

THY WORK ON EARTH, O CHRIST, IS DONE

Illsley (L. M.)

C. Coffin
Tr. by R. Campbell

John Bishop

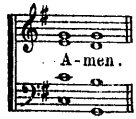


2 A radiant cloud is now thy car,
And earth lies stretch'd beneath thee far;
Ten thousand thousands round thee sing,
And share the triumphs of their King.

3 The angel-host enraptured waits:
Wide open stand th' eternal gates:
O God and Man! the Father's throne
Henceforth is evermore thine own.

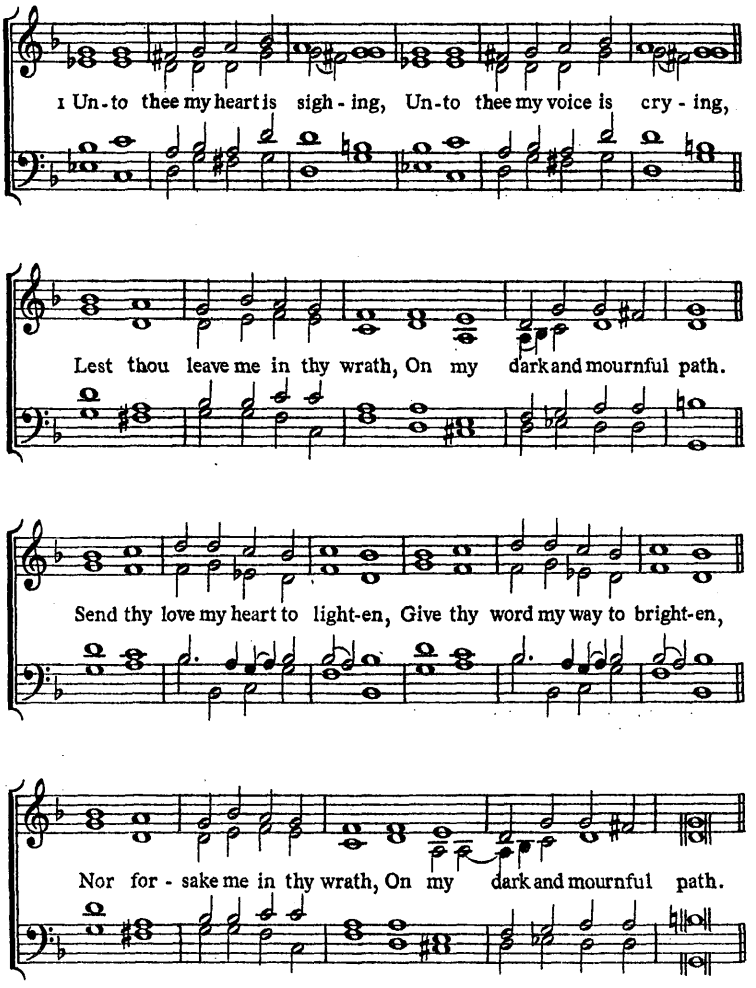
4 Where thou, O Christ, the Head, art gone,
Thou callest us to follow on;
O may thy sacred footsteps be
The road by which we come to thee.

5 All praise from every heart and tongue
To thee, ascended Lord, be sung;
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.



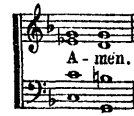
UNTO THEE MY HEART IS SIGHING

Marot (88.77.D.)

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 58 L. Bourgeois

2 Foolish was I and unworthy,
Senseless as a beast before thee,
Heark'ning not to thy command,
Heeding not thy guiding hand.
Yet wert thou alway beside me,
Strong to lead me and to guide me,
Me rebellious to command,
With thy kind and guiding hand.

3 Nought my labour hath attained,
Nought my anxious care hath gained,
All my pride found no reward
In the light of thy reward.
Yet if thou, O Master truest,
All my handiwork renewest,
I shall find my full reward
In the light of thy regard.

4 Soon this mortal being endeth,
To the grave my flesh descendeth;
Faileth now my lamp of faith
At the gloomy gate of death.
Thee I pray, who ever livest,
Thee I pray, who all forgivest,
Comfort me, that I by faith
Pass in peace the gate of death. Amen.

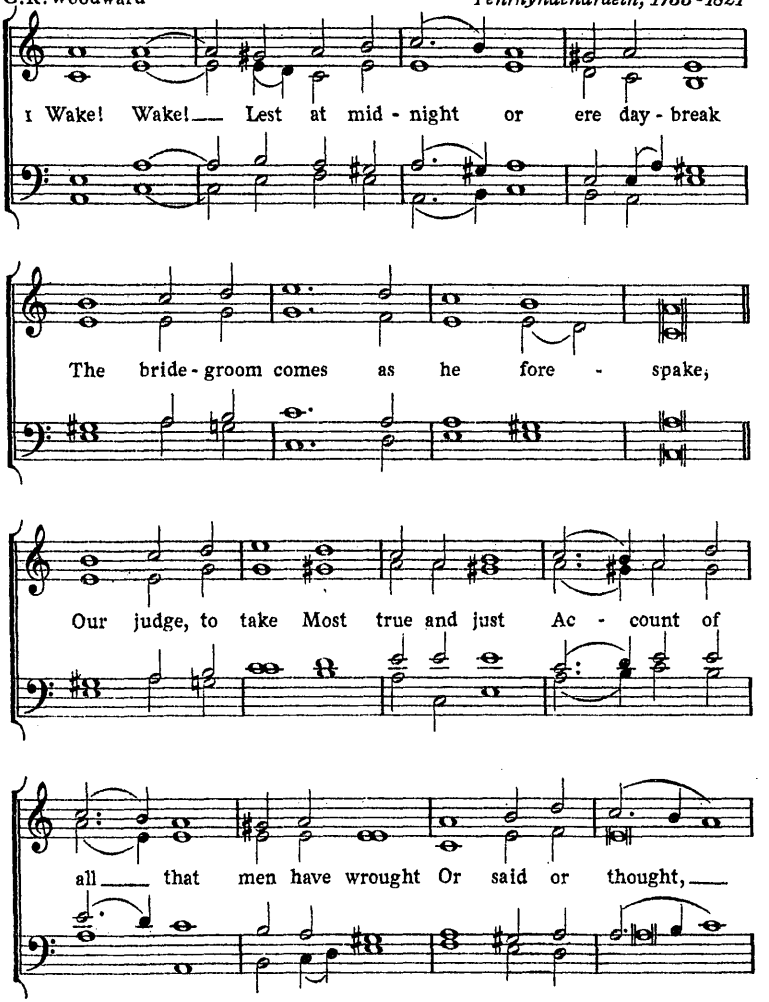
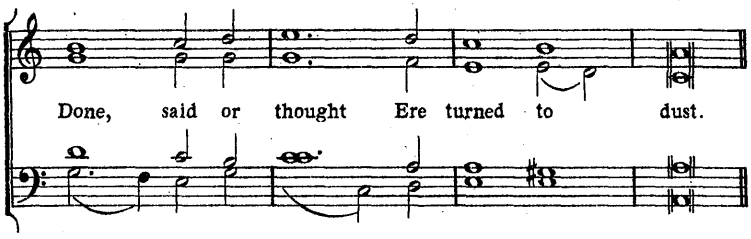


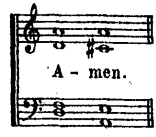
267

WAKE! WAKE!

Dorcas (288.44.844.)

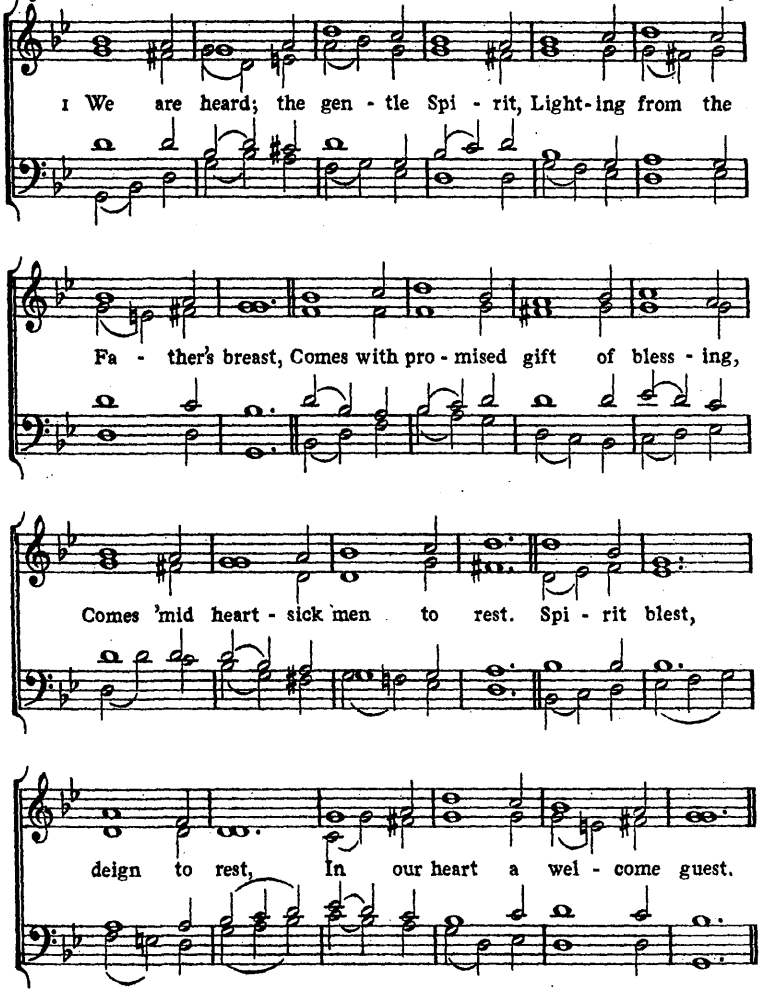
G.R.Woodward

David John James
Penrhyndendraeth, 1733-1821

2 Right! Right!
Right happy count we every wight
That hath his oil-lamp trimmed aright,
Thus burning bright.
Who thus is found
At Doomsday morn he shall not fail
With joy to hail,
With joy to hail
The trumpet's sound. Amen.



WE ARE HEARD

Gwahoddiad (87.87.67.)

W. J. Blew and G. R. Woodward — *Welsh Melody*

2 O what mighty signs and marvels
Tell the presence of our King!
Lo! the whole wide house with wonder
At the rushing blast doth ring.
Spirit blest, etc.

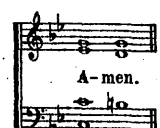
3 Through the bright clear air descending,
Like a burning tongue, it glows;
And o'er all the sainted conclave
In a fiery torrent flows.
Spirit blest, etc.

4 But the flame that kiss'd their forehead,
Softer than the summer wind,
Through their inmost hearts is kindling,
Through their breast, and through their mind.
Spirit blest, etc.

5 In the tongues of all, they utter
Truths that all aghast admire:
Still they speak what seers have spoken,
And whate'er they speak is fire.
Spirit blest, etc.

6 While they preach, the mighty Spirit
On the list'ning audience flows;
All instinct wherewith, of prophets
Straight a new-born harvest grows.
Spirit blest, etc.

7 To the Sire and Son be glory,
Spirit, unto thee be praise,
Through whose pure and holy breathing
Our dull spirits burn and blaze.
One in Three, laud to thee
Be ascribed eternally! Amen.



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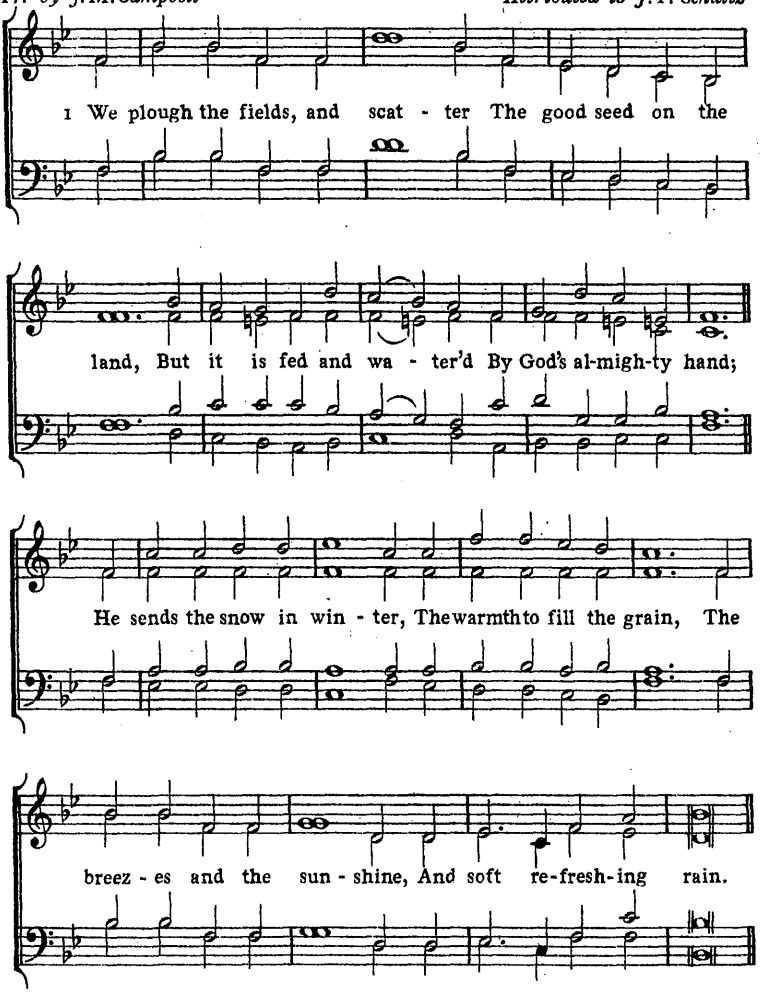
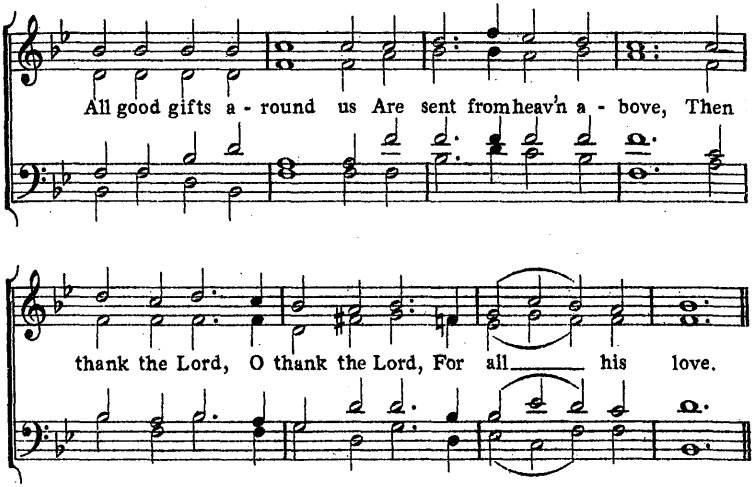
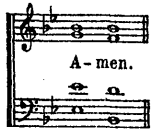
WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS AND SCATTER

Wir Pflügen (76.76.D. with refrain)

M. Claudius
Tr. by J. M. Campbell

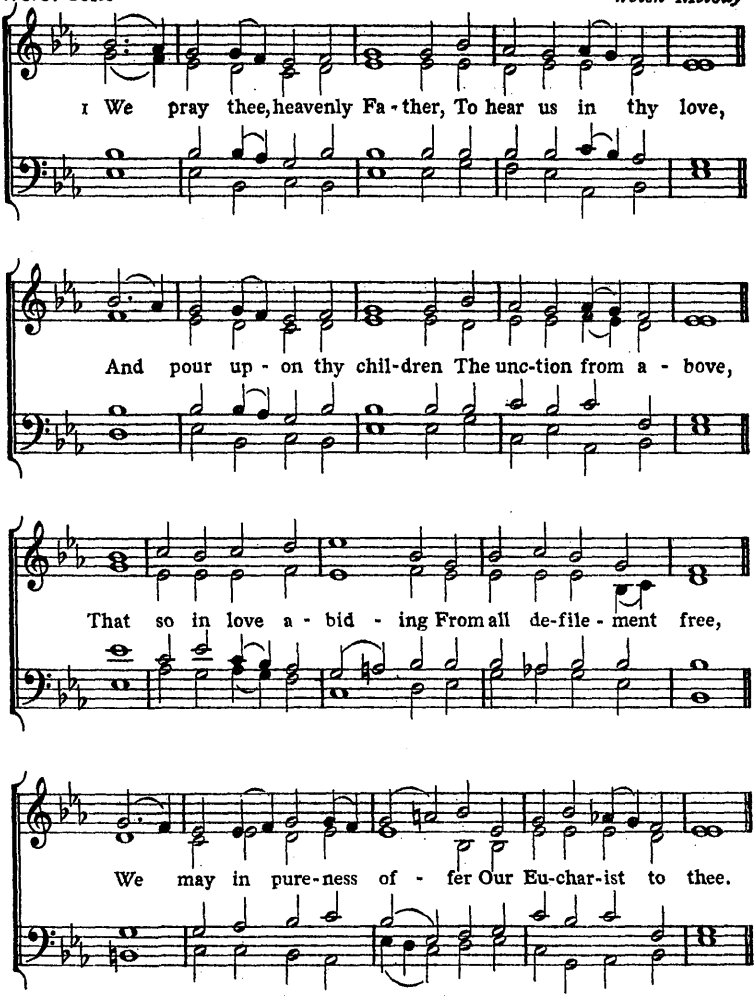
Attributed to J. P. Schultz

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

3 We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc. Amen.



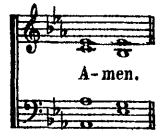
WE PRAY THEE, HEAVENLY FATHER

Meirionydd (76.76.D.)

V. S. S. Coles — *Welsh Melody*

2 Be thou our guide and helper,
O Jesus Christ, we pray;
So may we well approach thee,
If thou wilt be the way:
Thou, very Truth, hast promised
To help us in our strife,
Food of the weary pilgrim,
Eternal Source of Life.

3 And thou, Creator Spirit,
Look on us, we are thine;
Renew in us thy graces,
Upon our darkness shine;
That, with thy benediction
Upon our souls outpour'd,
We may receive in gladness
The Body of the Lord.

4 O Trinity of Persons!
O Unity most High!
On thee alone relying
Thy servants would draw nigh:
Unworthy in our weakness,
On thee our hope is stay'd,
And bless'd by thy forgiveness
We will not be afraid. Amen.



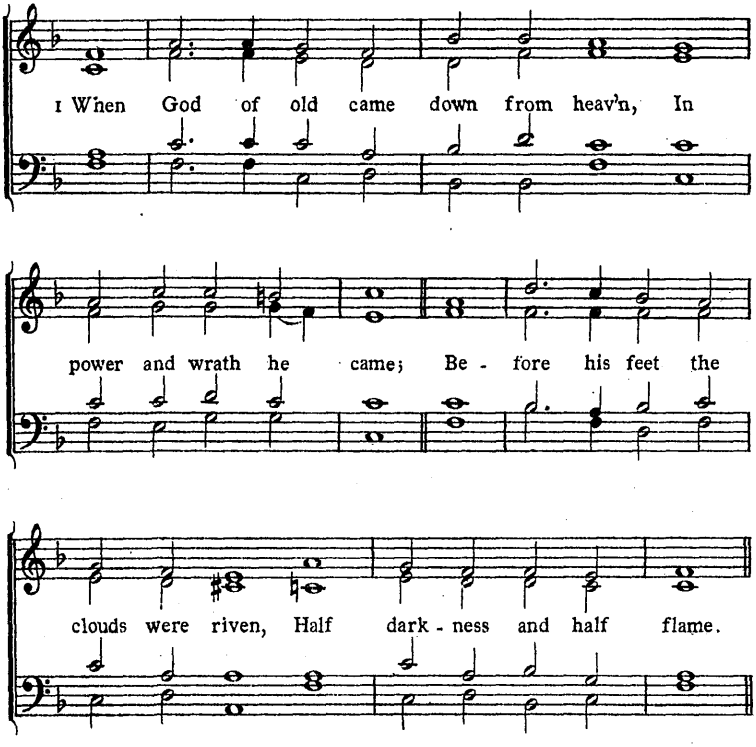
271 WHEN GOD OF OLD CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN

Winchester Old (C.M.)

J. Keble

G. Kirby

in T. Este's Whole Book of Psalms, 1592



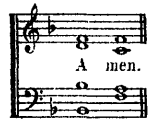
2 But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd his holy dove.

3 The fires, that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown
On every sainted head.

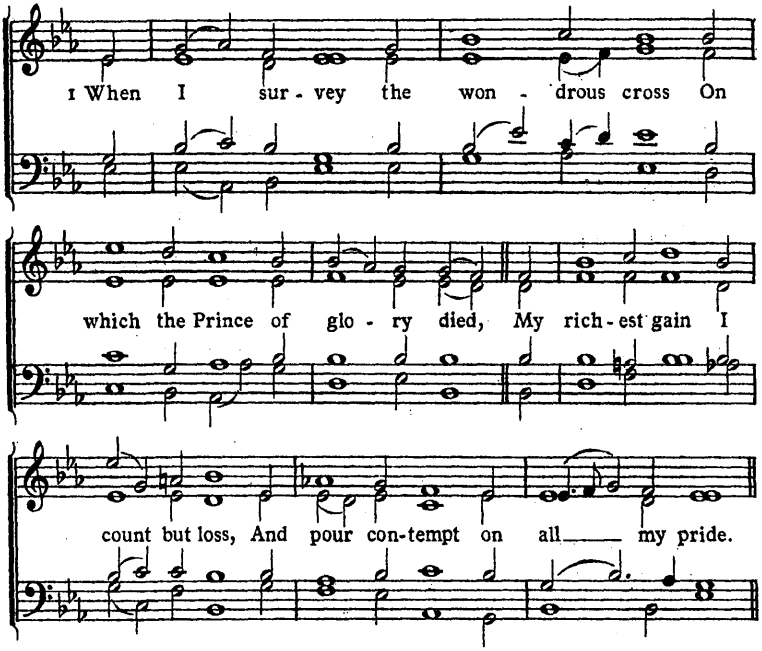
4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that Angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

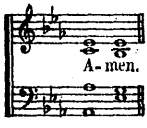
7 Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power;
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

Rockingham (L.M.)

Isaac Watts — E. Miller

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

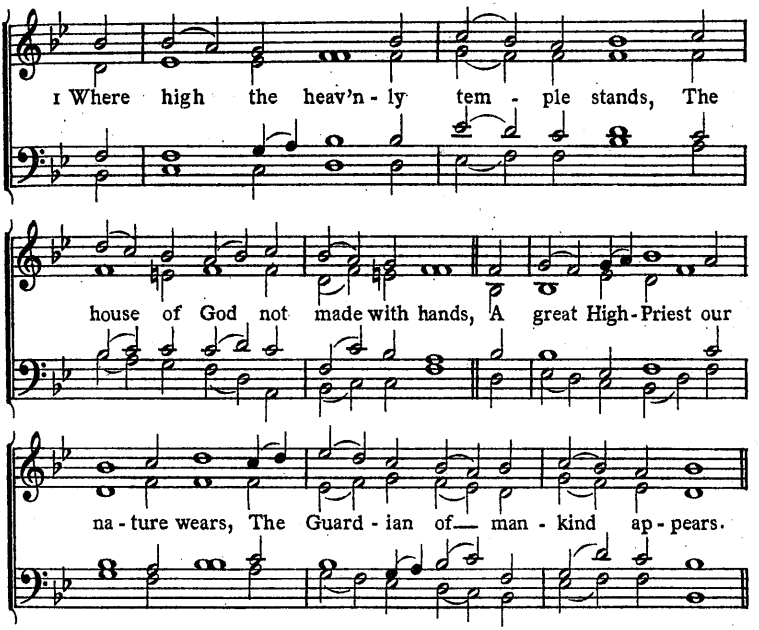
3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

5 To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransom'd race
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

273 WHERE HIGH THE HEAVENLY TEMPLE STANDS

Wareham (L.M.)

M. Bruce W. Knapp

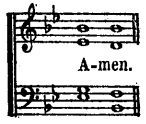


2 He, who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

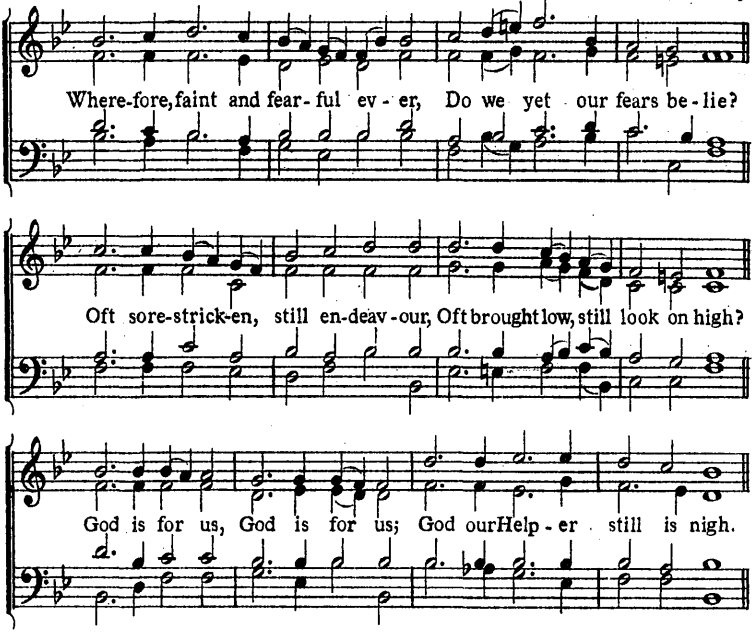
3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

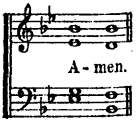
6 With boldness therefore at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour. Amen.

274 WHEREFORE, FAINT AND FEARFUL EVER

Calfari (87.87.47)

T. H. Gill S. Stanley

2 He who suns and worlds upholdeth,
Lends us his upholding hand;
He the ages who unfoldeth,
Doth our times and ways command.
God is for us;
In his strength and stay we stand.

3 Hard the fight with flesh and devil,
Dread the might of inbred sin;
How can we encounter evil
Strong without and strong within?
God is for us;
He will help and we shall win.

4 'Gainst oppression forth he sends us,
His the cause of truth and right;
With his own great host he blends us,
Lending us of his own might.
God is for us;
Brings to happy end the fight.

5 Onward, upward, doth he beckon,
Onward, upward, would we press,
As his own our burdens reckon,
As our own his strength possess.
God is for us;
God, our Helper, still we bless. Amen.

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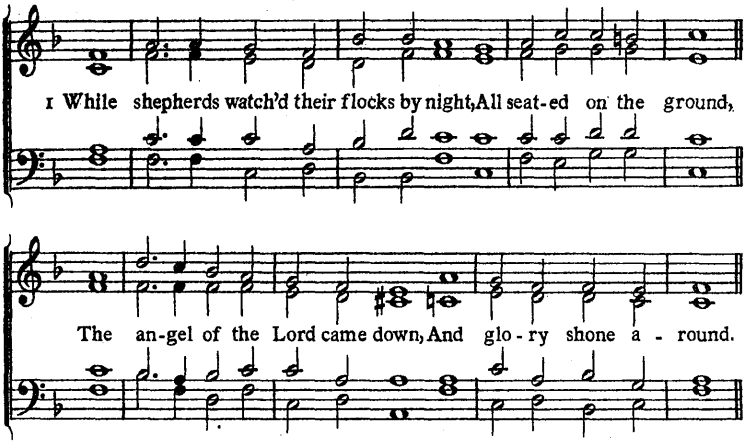
WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED

Winchester Old (C.M.) G. Kirby

N. Tate *in T. Este's Whole Book of Psalms, 1592*

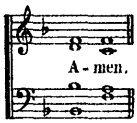


2 'Fear not,' said he: for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 'To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

6 'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
Begin and never cease.' Amen.

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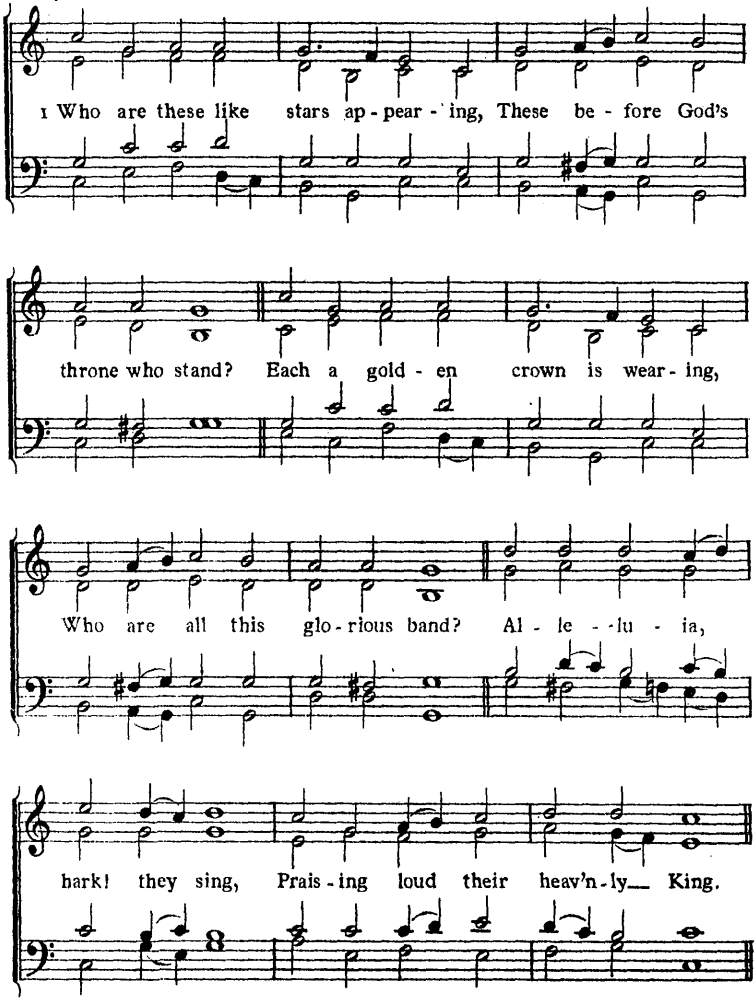
WHO ARE THESE LIKE STARS APPEARING

Zeuch mich (87.87.77)

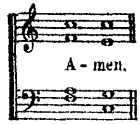
H. T. Schenk

Tr. by Frances E. Cox

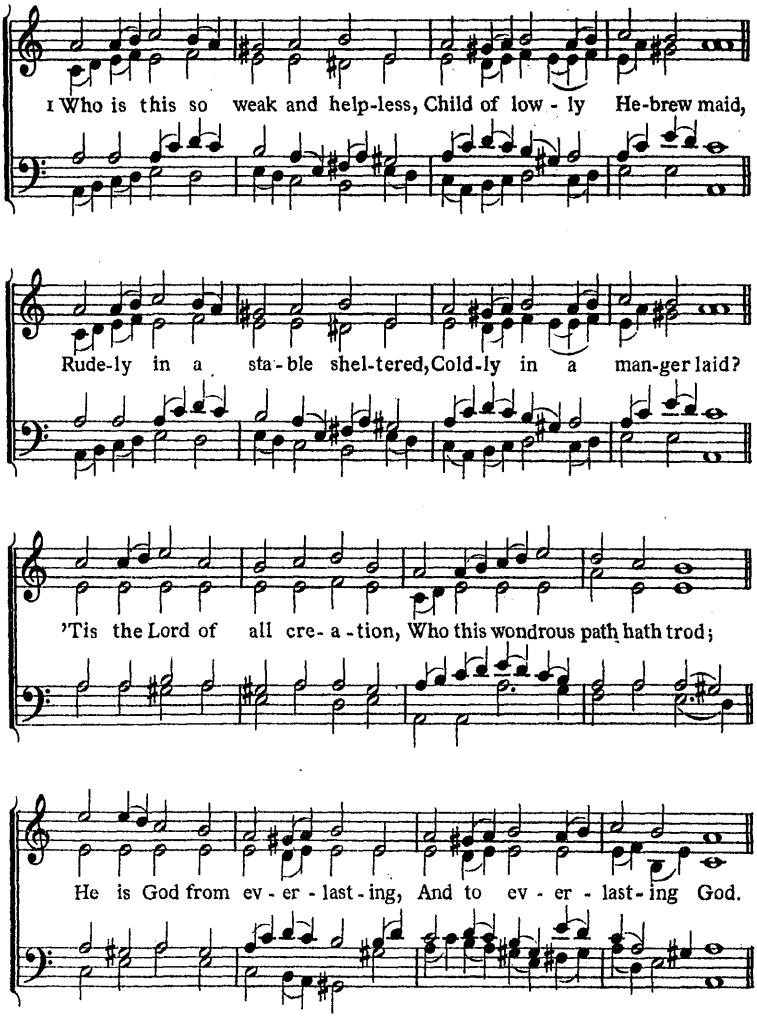
Darmstadter Gesangbuch, 1698

2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness?
These,whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouch'd by time's rude hand?
Whence came all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gain'd.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

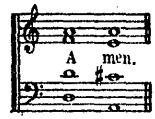
5 These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at his command:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before his face. Amen.

277 WHO IS THIS SO WEAK AND HELPLESS

Eifionydd (87.87.D.)

W. W. How *Welsh Melody*

2 Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

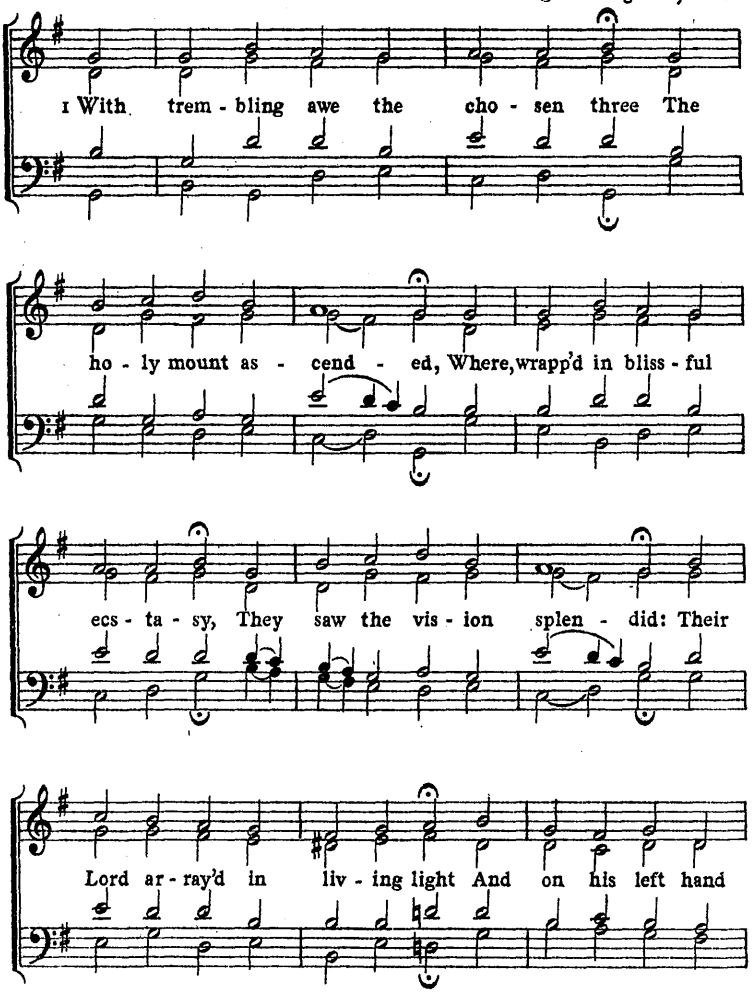
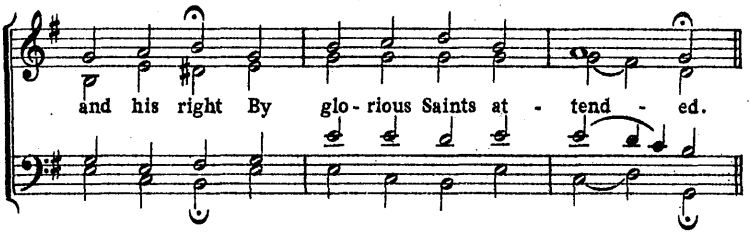
3 Who is this—behold him raining
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On his Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All his foes beneath his throne.

4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
With the thieves on either side?
Nails his hands and feet are tearing
And the spear hath pierced his side.
'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly. Amen.

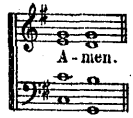


WITH TREMBLING AWE
Nun freut euch (87. 87. 887)

W. W. How

Klug's *Gesangbuch, 1535*



2 O visions bright, too bright to tell,
The joys of heaven unveiling.
How precious on those hearts it fell,
When earthly hopes were failing;
When, Saints no more on either side,
Between the thieves the Saviour died,
'Mid hate and scorn and railing.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, some vision brief
Of future triumph telling,
Gilding with hope our night of grief,
Our clouds of fear dispelling.
If the dim foretaste was so bright,
O what shall be the dazzling light
Of thy eternal dwelling? Amen.

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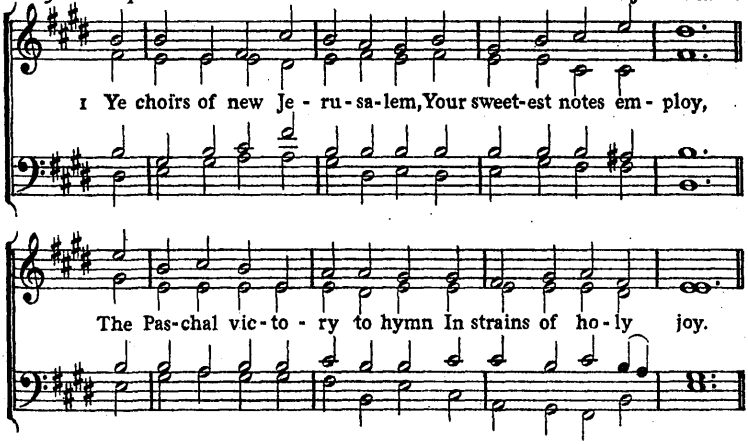
YE CHOIRS OF NEW JERUSALEM.

St. Fulbert (C.M.)

St. Fulbert
Tr. by R. Campbell

H. J. Gauntlett

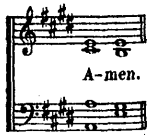


2 For Judah's Lion bursts his chains,
Crushing the serpent's head;
And cries aloud through death's domains
To wake the imprison'd dead.

3 Devouring depths of hell their prey
At his command restore;
His ransom'd hosts pursue their way
Where Jesus goes before.

4 Triumphant in his glory now
To him all power is given;
To him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and Heav'n.

5 While we, his soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within his palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

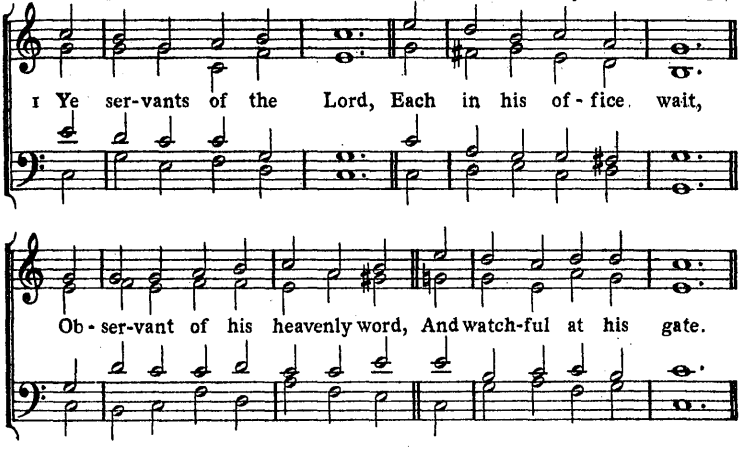
6 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

280

YE SERVANTS OF THE LORD

Narenza (S. M.)

P. Doddridge

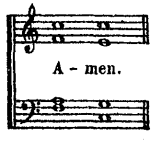
From the German
by W. H. Havergal



2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

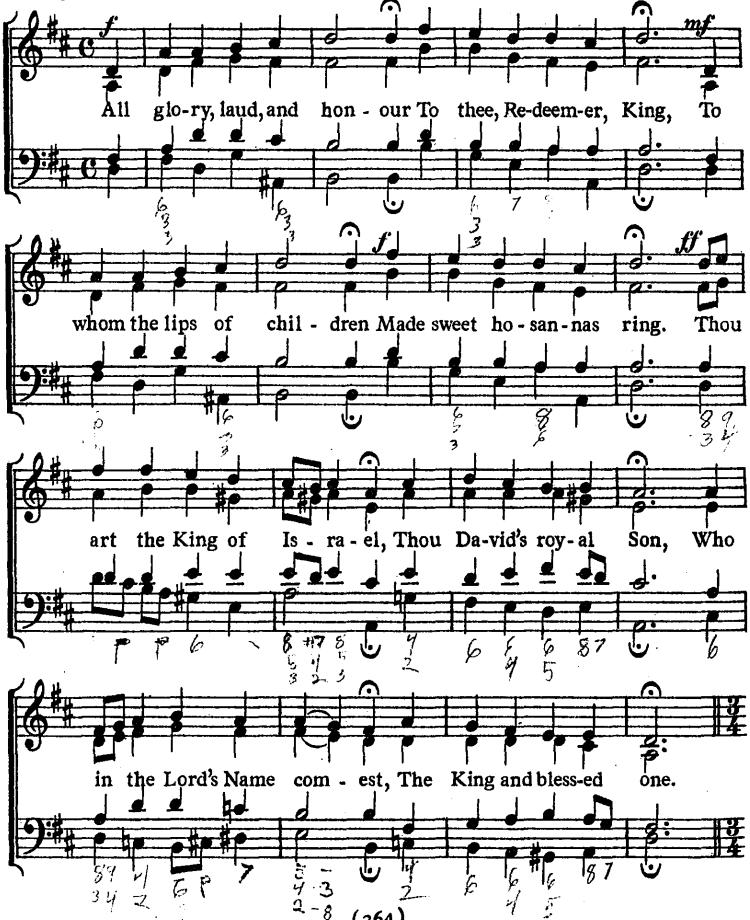
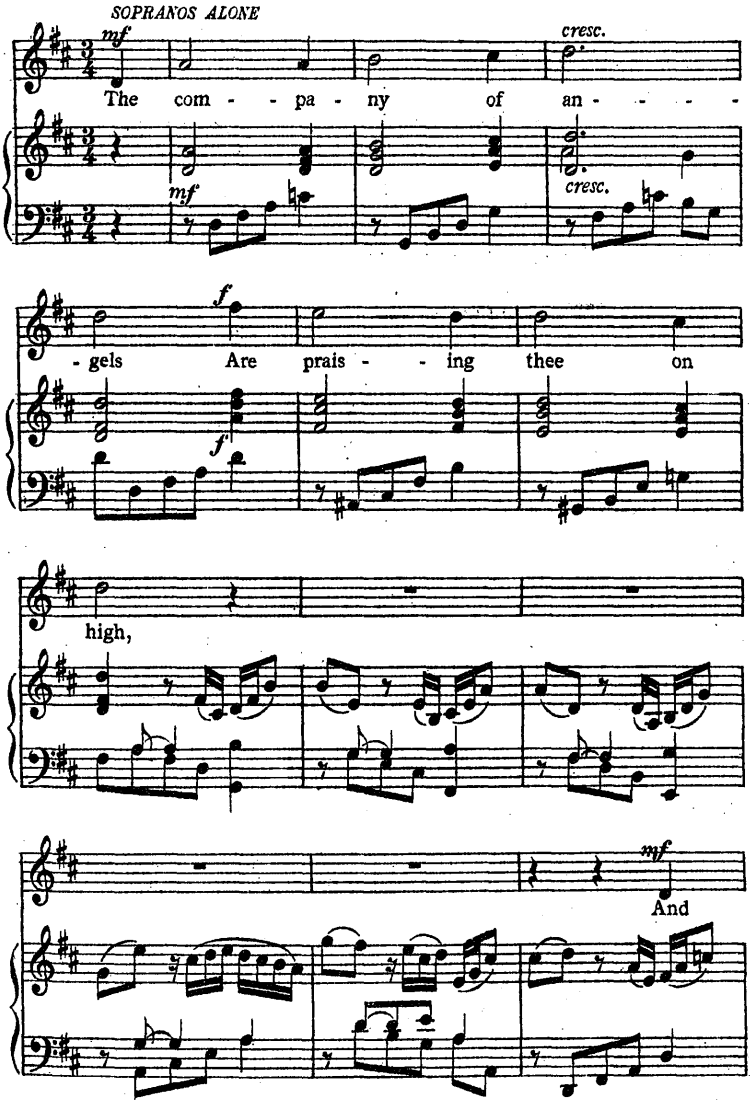
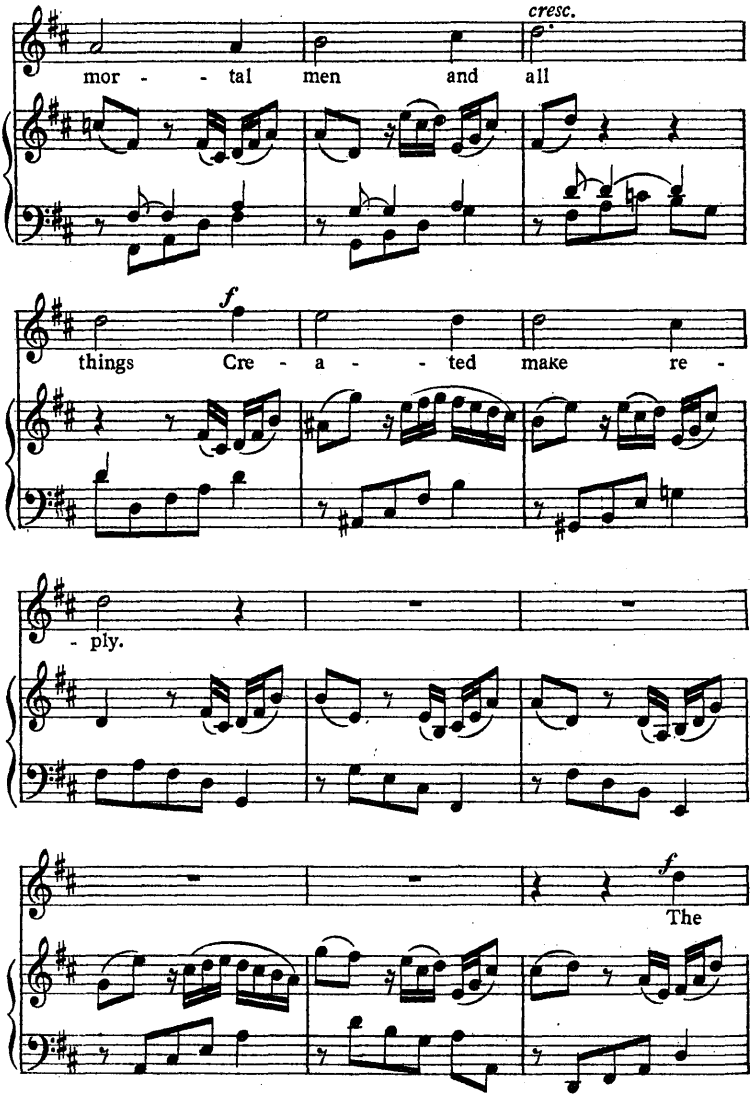
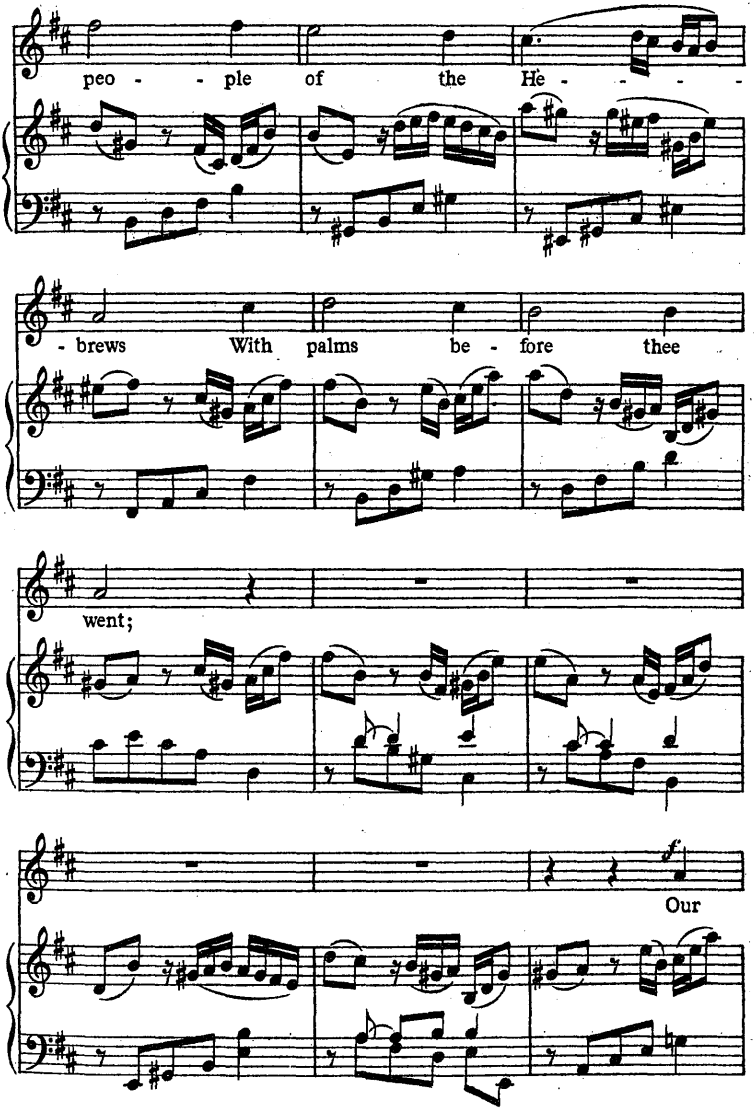
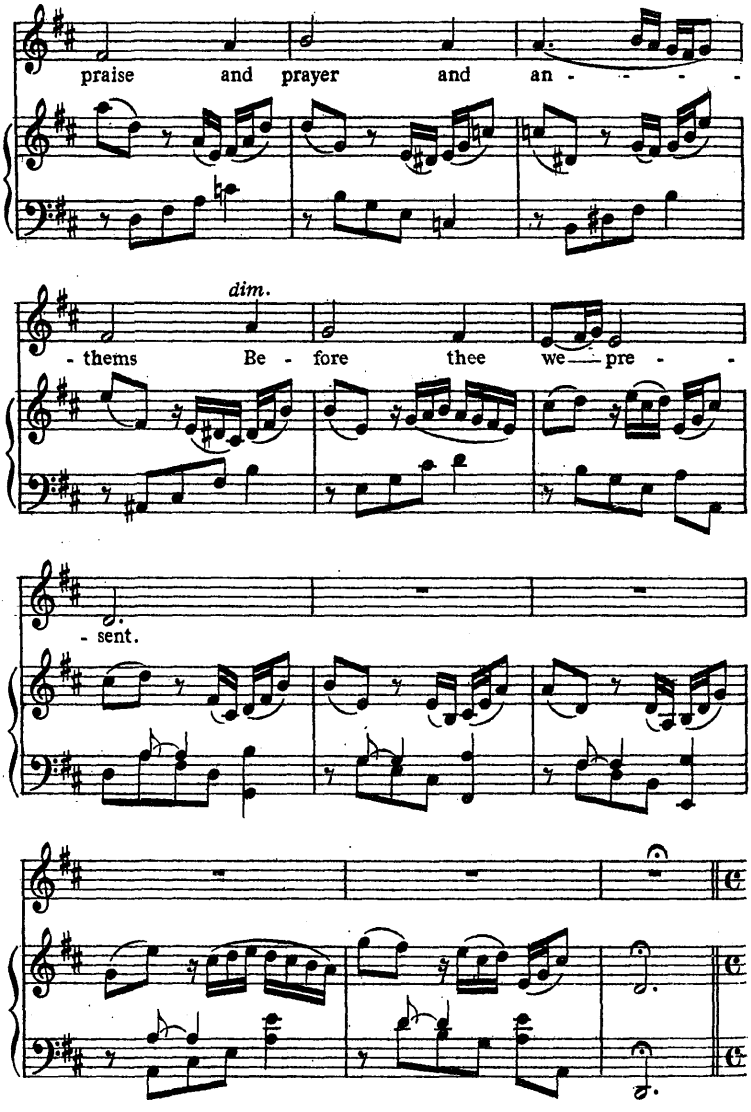
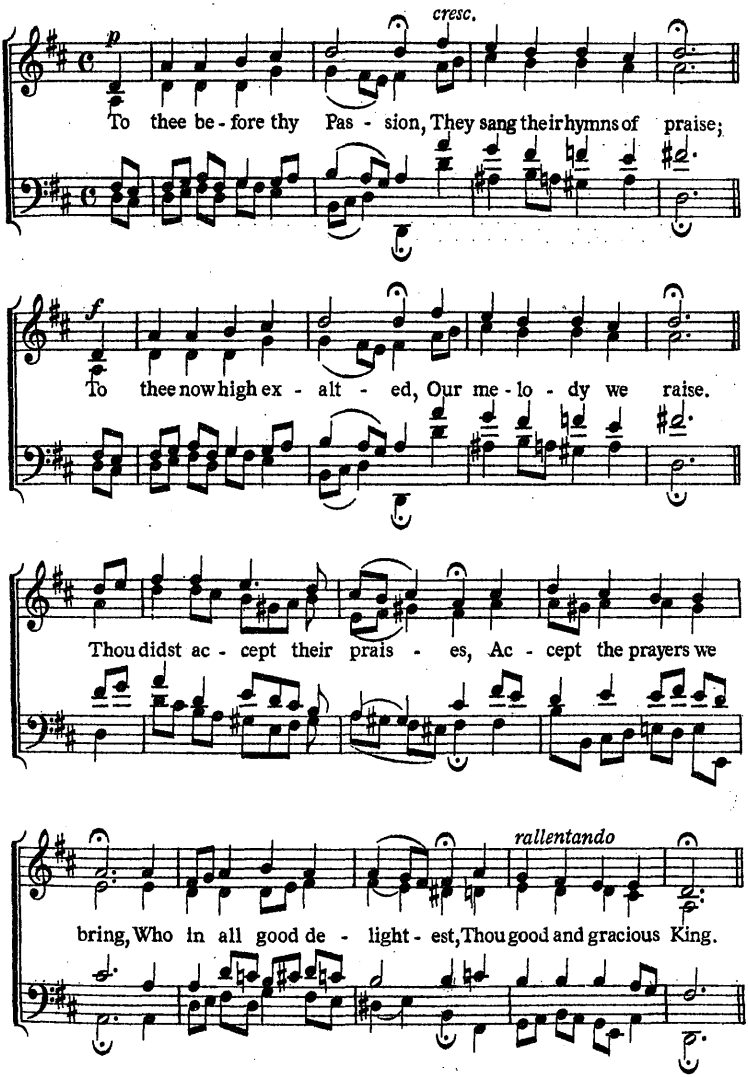
4 O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst th'angelic band. Amen.

ANTHEMS

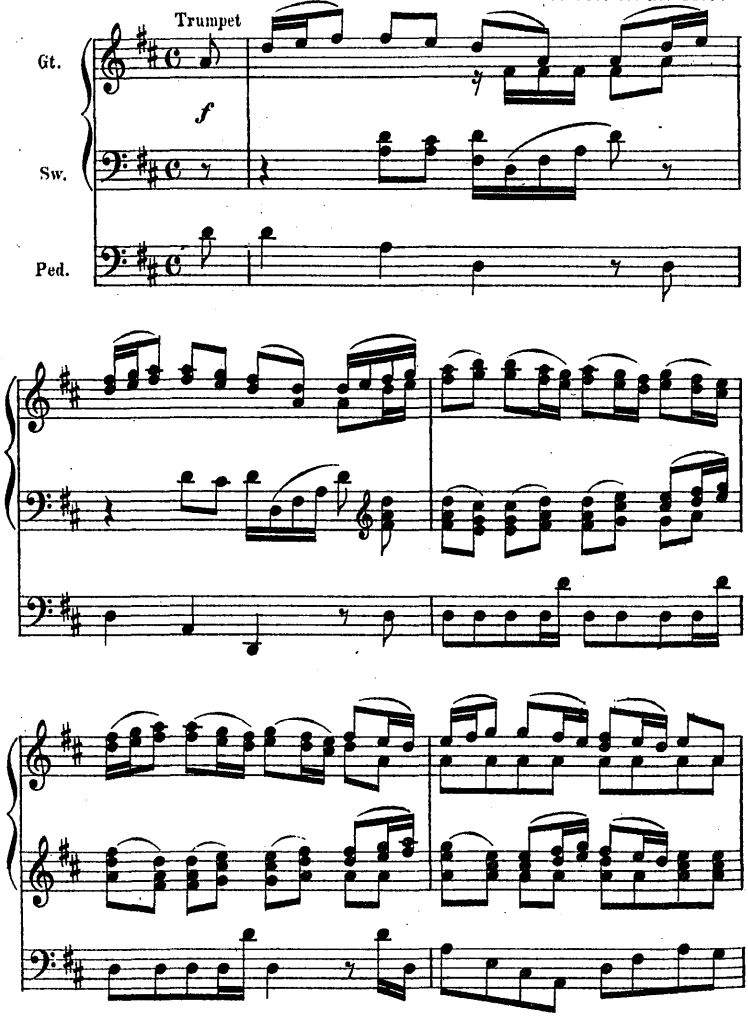
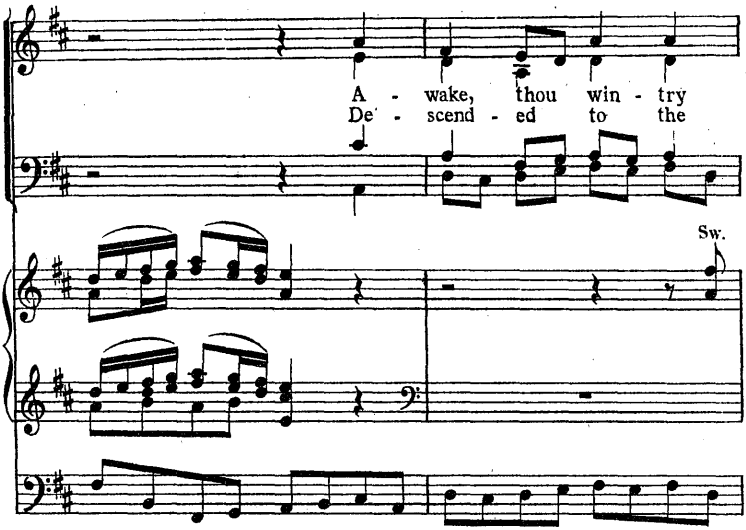
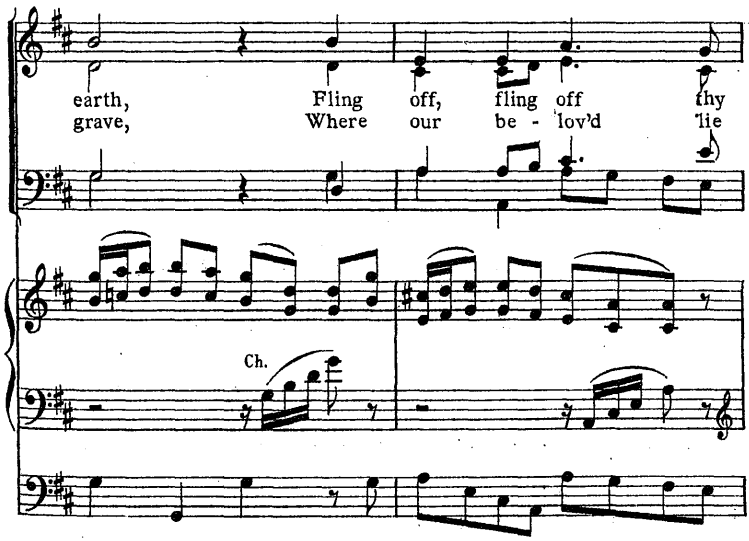
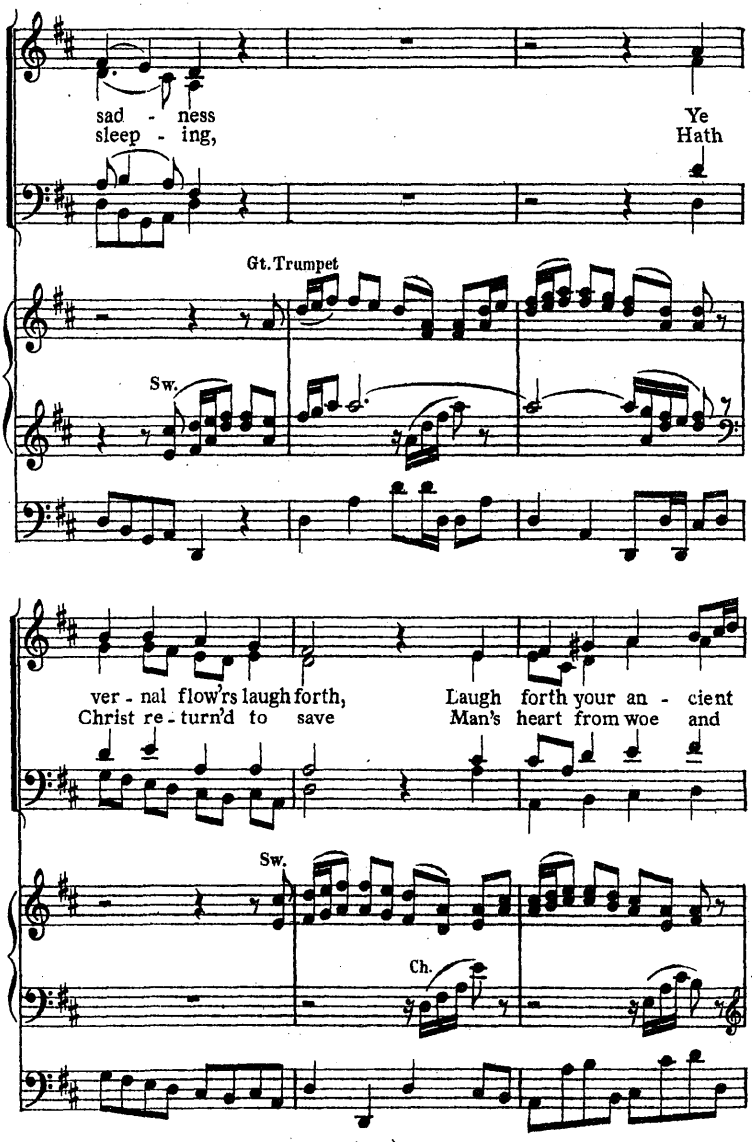
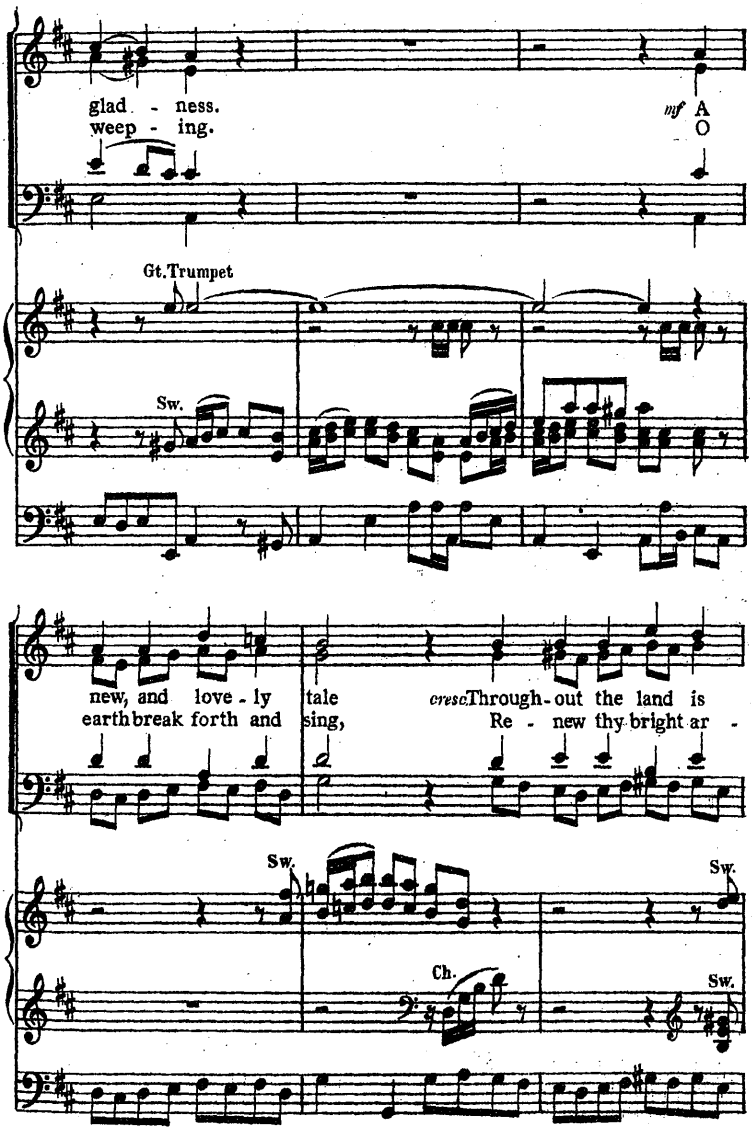
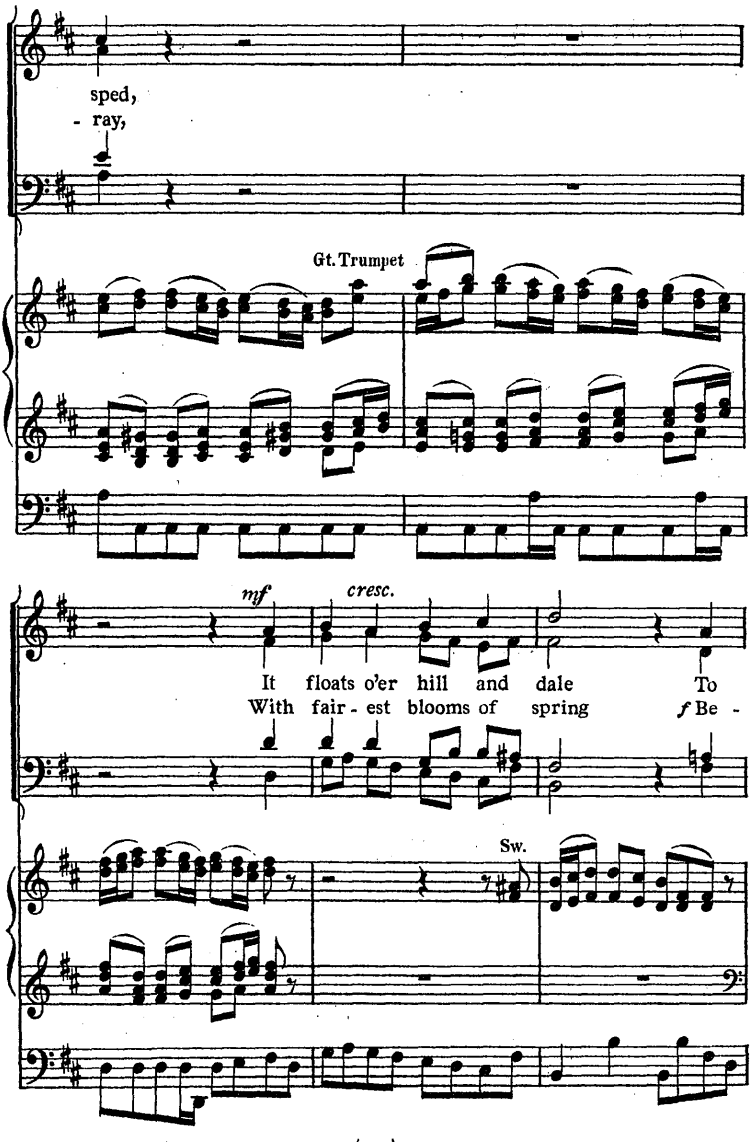
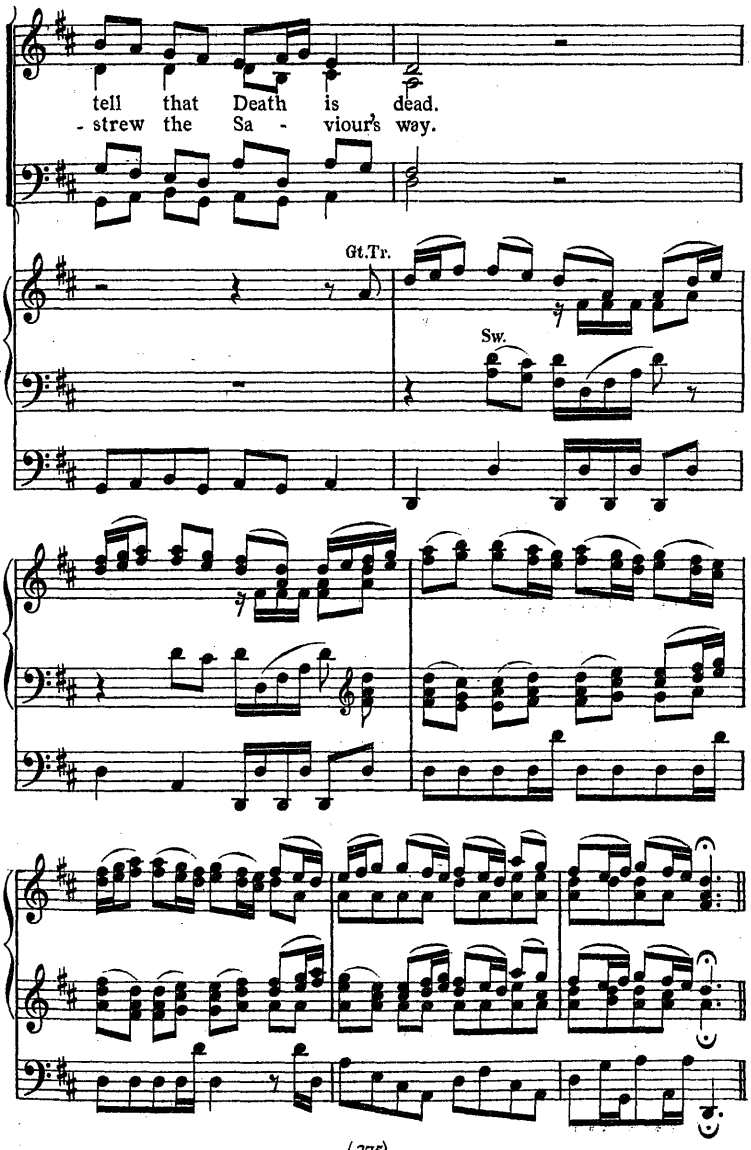
I

ALL GLORY, LAUD, AND HONOUR

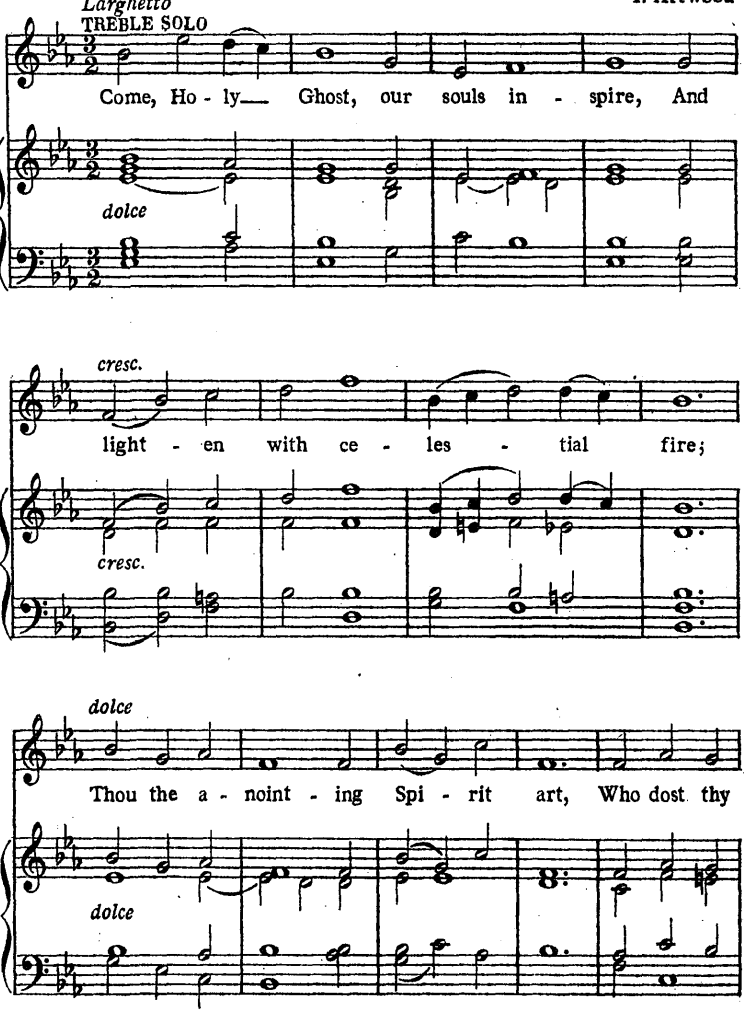
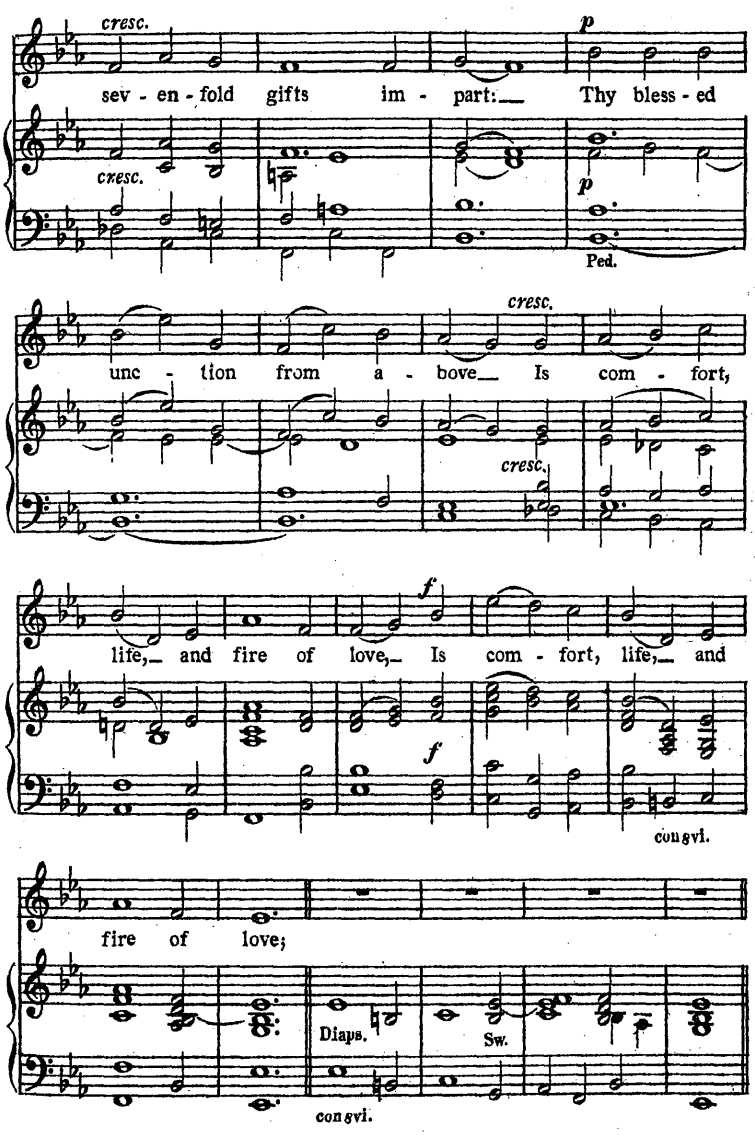
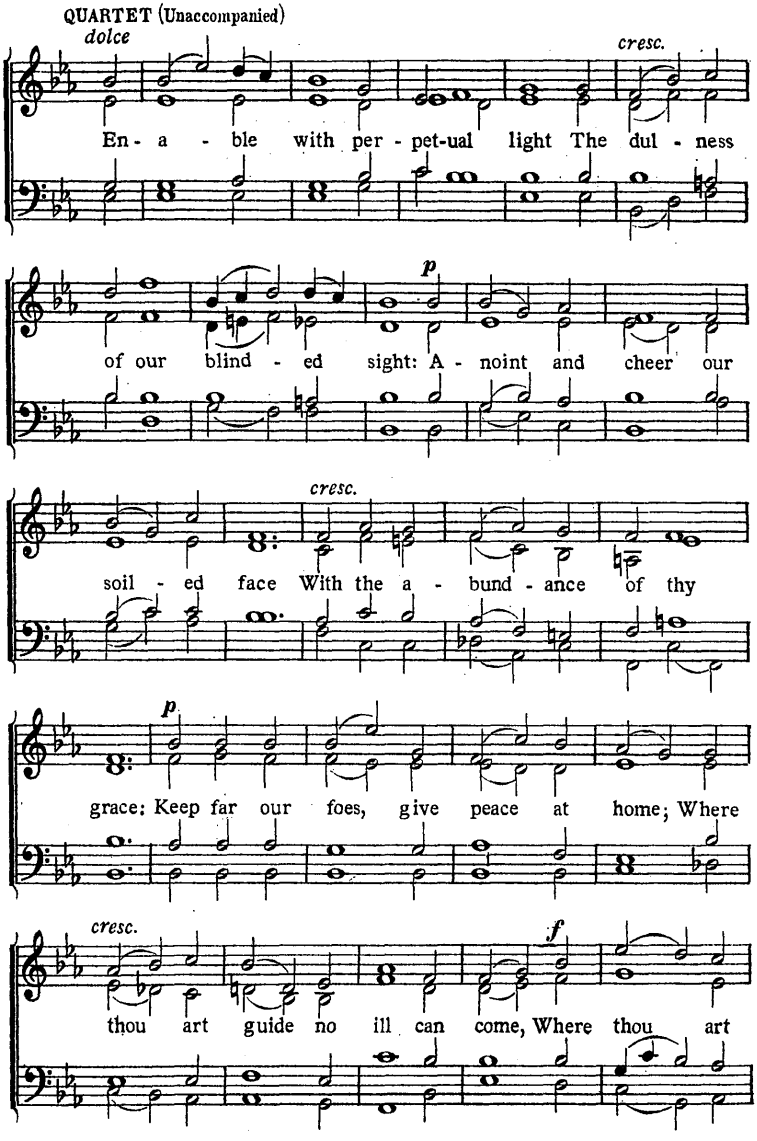
From the Latin
Tr. by J. M. Neale

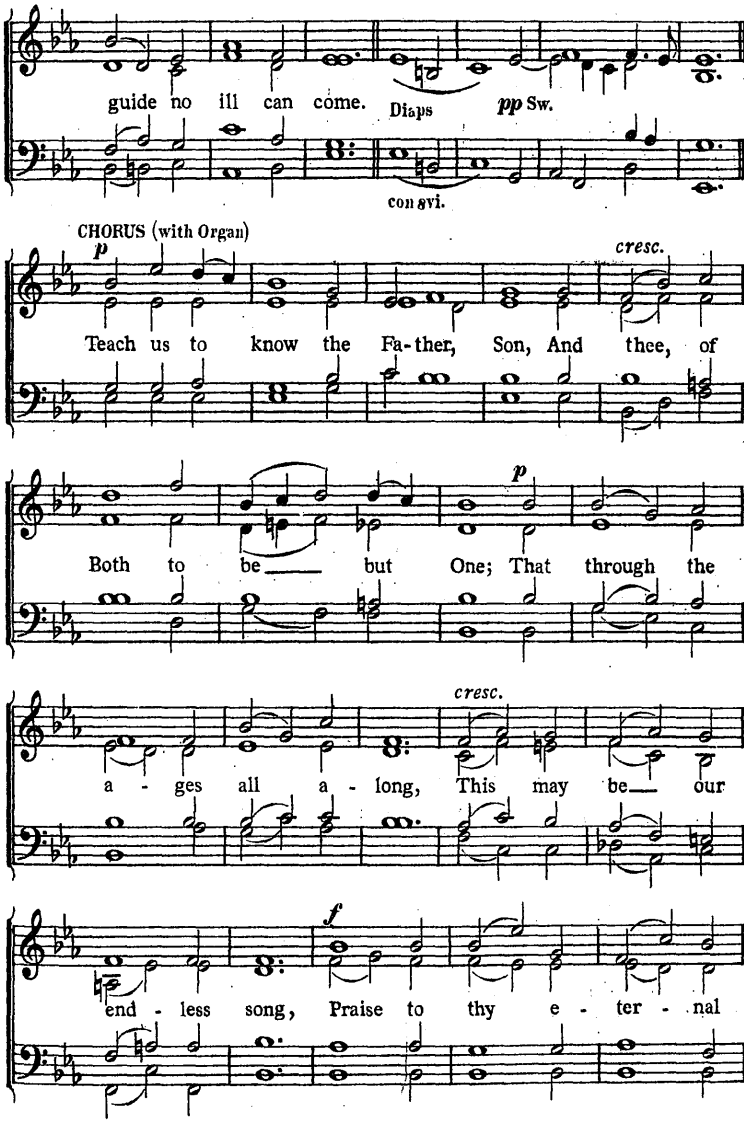
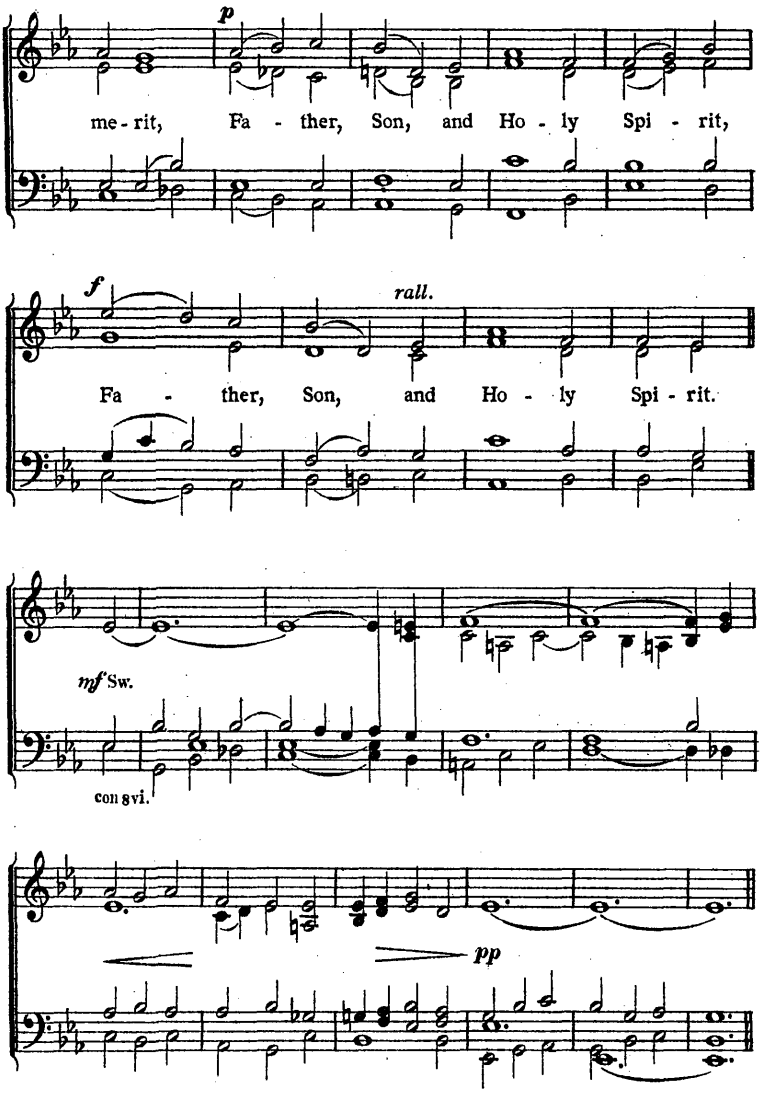
J. S. Bach
From Cantata No. 95
'Christus der ist mein Leben'

SOPRANOS ALONE
mf
cresc.
The com - - pa - ny of an - - - - -
mf
cresc.
f
- gels Are prais - - ing thee on
f
high,
mf
And

cresc.
mor - - tal men and all
f
things Cre - a - - ted make re -
- ply.
f
The

peo - - ple of the He - - - -
- brews With palms be - fore thee
went;
f
Our

praise and prayer and an - - - -
dim.
- thems Be - fore thee we — pre - -
- sent.

cresc.
To thee be - fore thy Pas - sion, They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee now high ex - alt - ed, Our me - lo - dy we raise.
Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es, Ac - cept the prayers we
rallentando
bring, Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gracious King.

AWAKE, THOU WINTRY EARTH

J. S. Bach
From Cantata No.129
'Gelobet sei der Herr'

A - wake, thou win - try
De - scend - ed to the
Sw.

earth, Fling off, fling off thy
grave, Where our be - lov'd lie
Ch.

sad - ness
sleep - ing,
Ye
Hath
Gt. Trumpet
Sw.
ver - nal flow'rs laugh forth,
Christ re - turn'd to save
Laugh forth your an - cient
Man's heart from woe and
Sw.
Ch.

glad - ness.
weep - ing.
mf A
O
Gt. Trumpet
Sw.
new, and love - ly tale
earth break forth and sing,
cresc. Through - out the land is
Re - new thy bright ar -
Sw.
Sw.
Ch.
Sw.

sped,
- ray,
Gt. Trumpet
mf
cresc.
It floats o'er hill and dale To
With fair - est blooms of spring f Be -
Sw.

tell that Death is dead.
- strew the Sa - viour's way.
Gt.Tr.
Sw.

From the Latin
Tr. by J. Cosin

T. Attwood

cresc.
p
sev - en - fold gifts im - part: Thy bless - ed
cresc.
p
Ped.
cresc.
unc - tion from a - bove Is com - fort,
cresc.
f
life, and fire of love, Is com - fort, life, and
f
con gvi.
fire of love;
Diaps.
Sw.
con gvi.

QUARTET (Unaccompanied)
dolce
cresc.
En - a - ble with per - pet-ual light The dul - ness
p
of our blind - ed sight: A - noint and cheer our
cresc.
soil - ed face With the a - bund - ance of thy
p
grace: Keep far our foes, give peace at home; Where
cresc.
f
thou art guide no ill can come, Where thou art

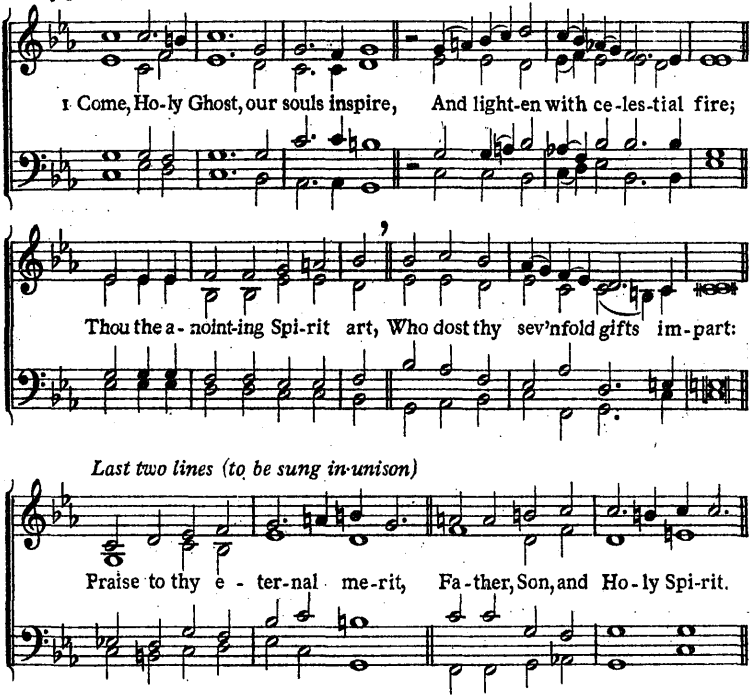

guide no ill can come.
Diaps
pp Sw.
con 8vi.
CHORUS (with Organ)
p
cresc.
Teach us to know the Fa-ther, Son, And thee, of
p
Both to be but One; That through the
cresc.
a - ges all a - long, This may be our
f
end - less song, Praise to thy e - ter - nal

p
me - rit, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit,
f
rall.
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit.
mf Sw.
con 8vi.
pp

COME, HOLY GHOST

From the Latin
Tr. by J. Cosin

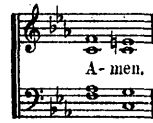
Veni Creator (L.M.)

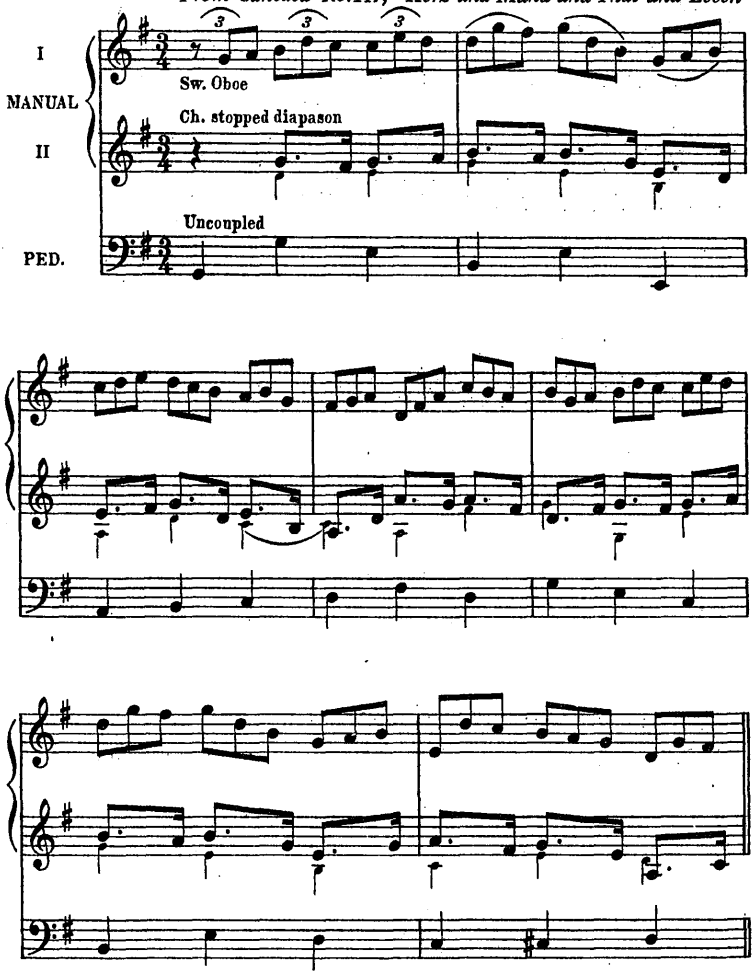
Attributed to T. Tallis

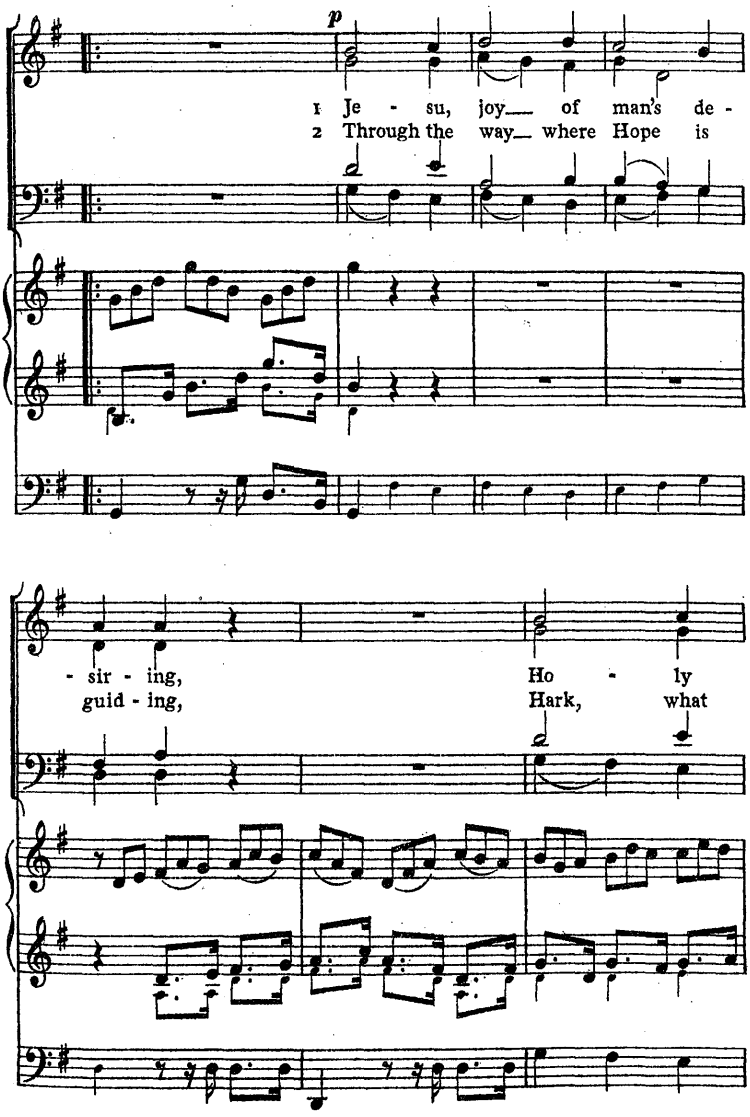
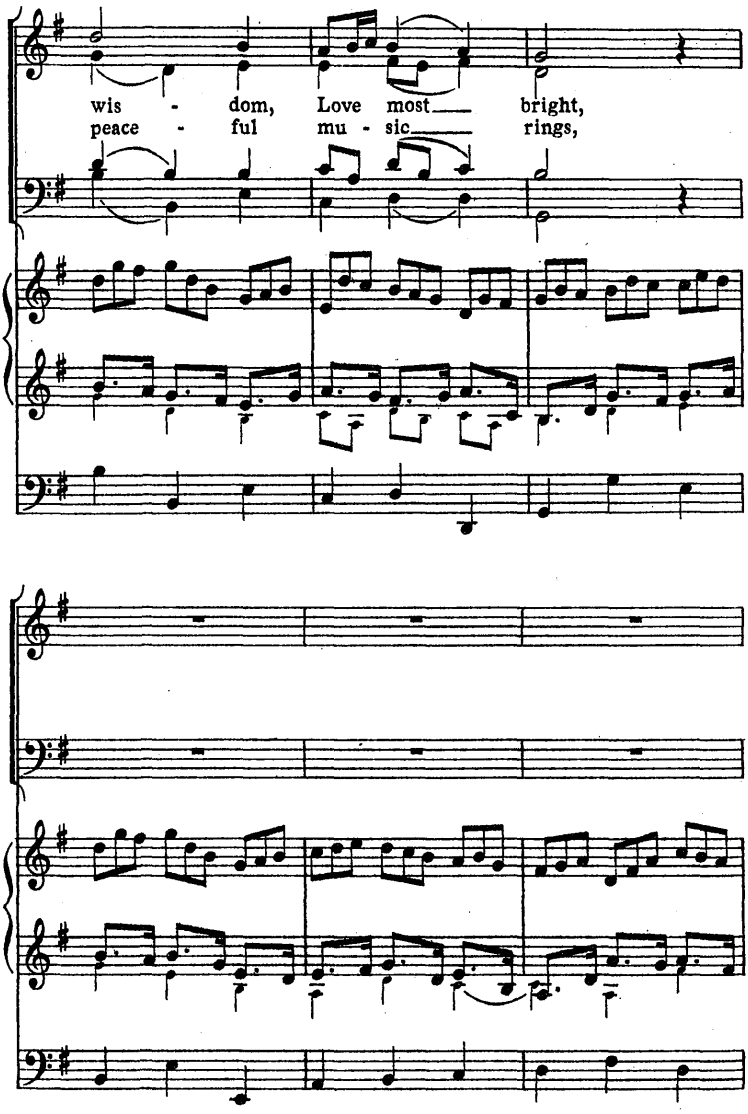
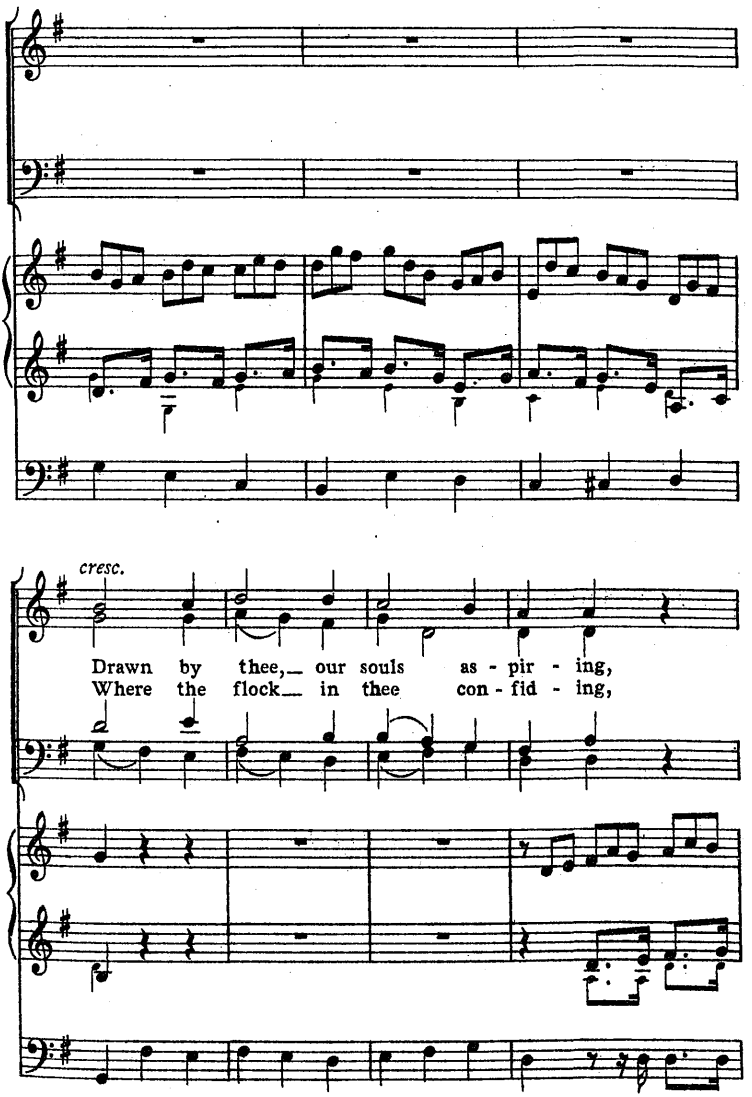
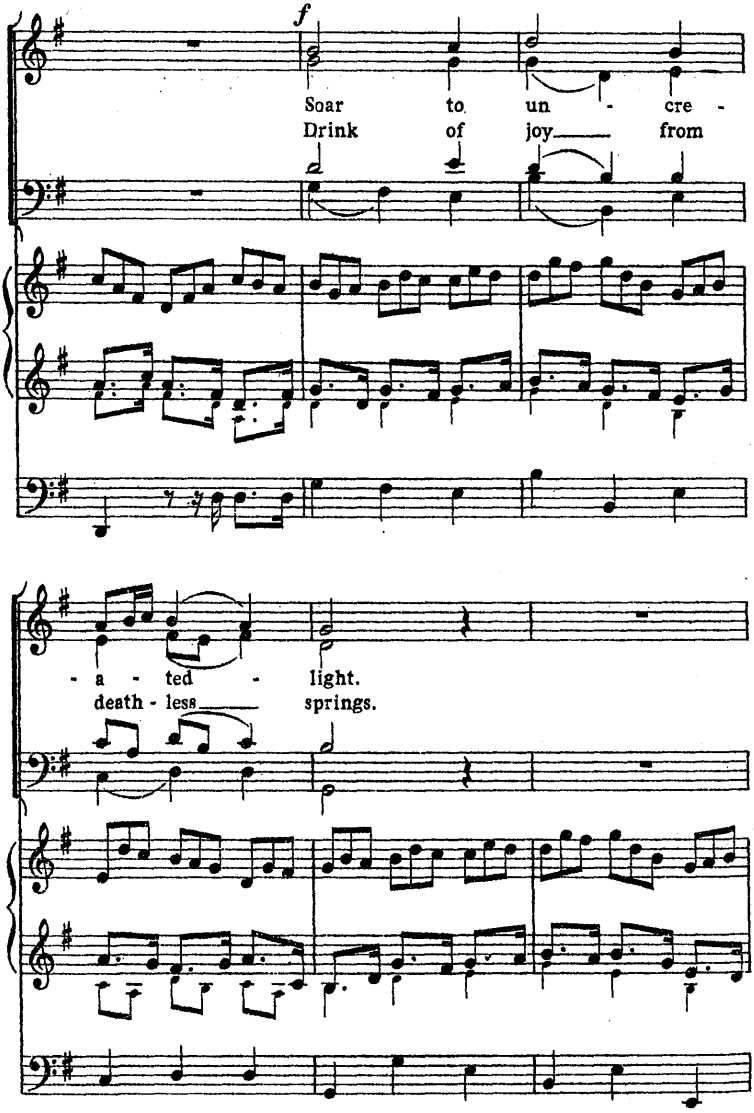
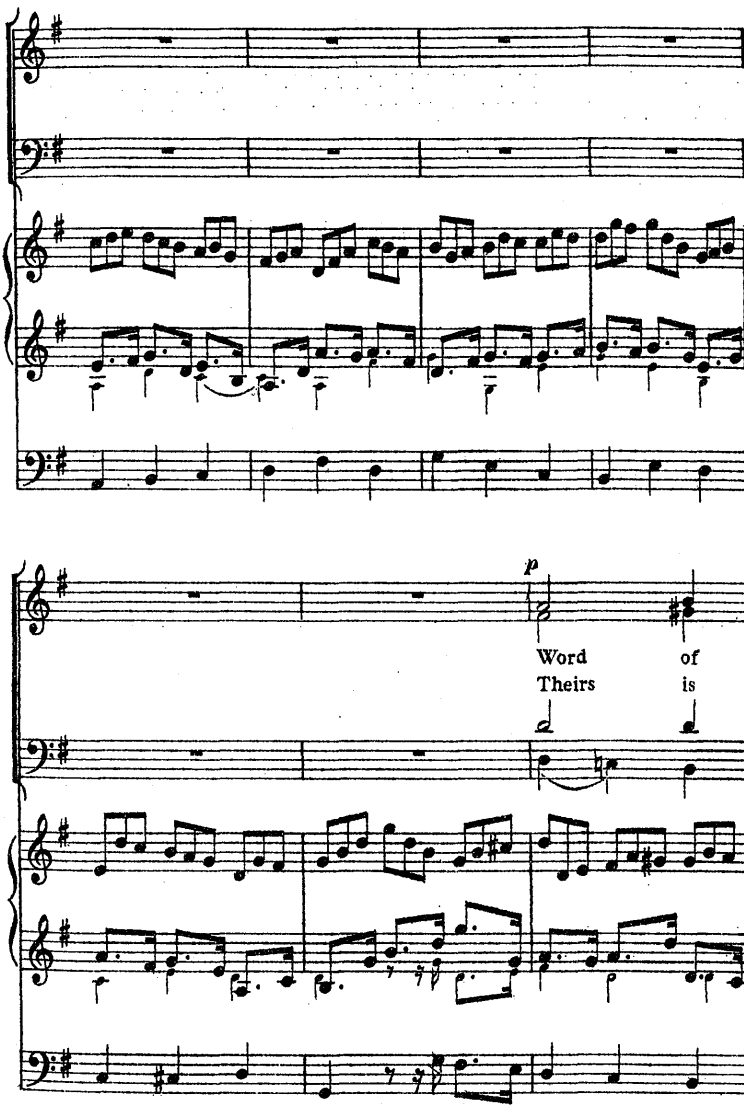
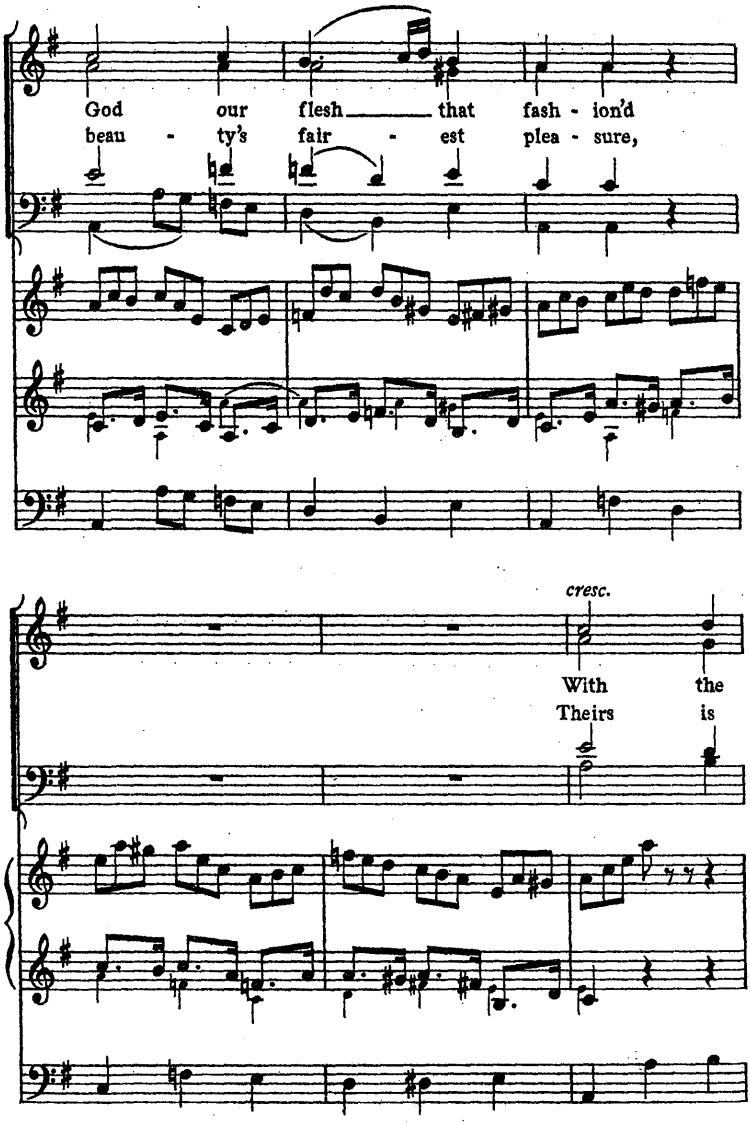
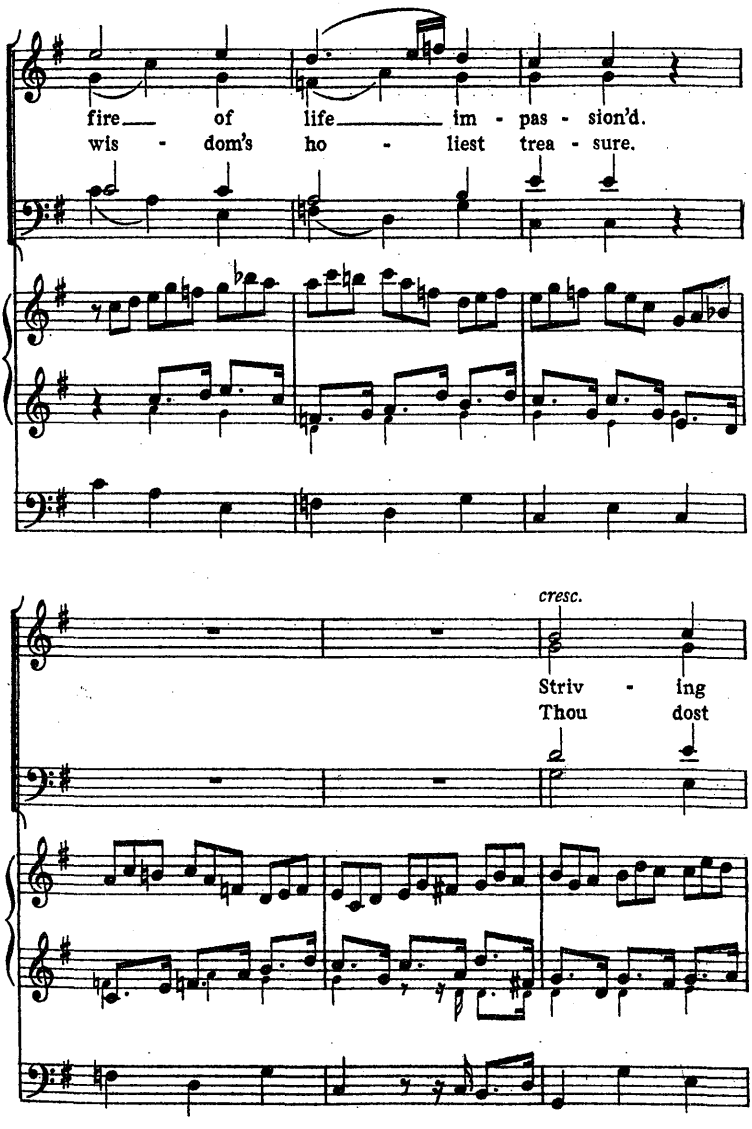
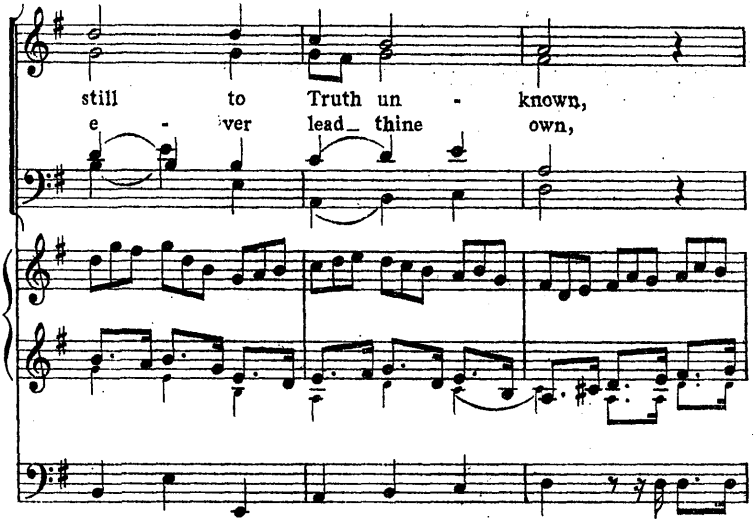
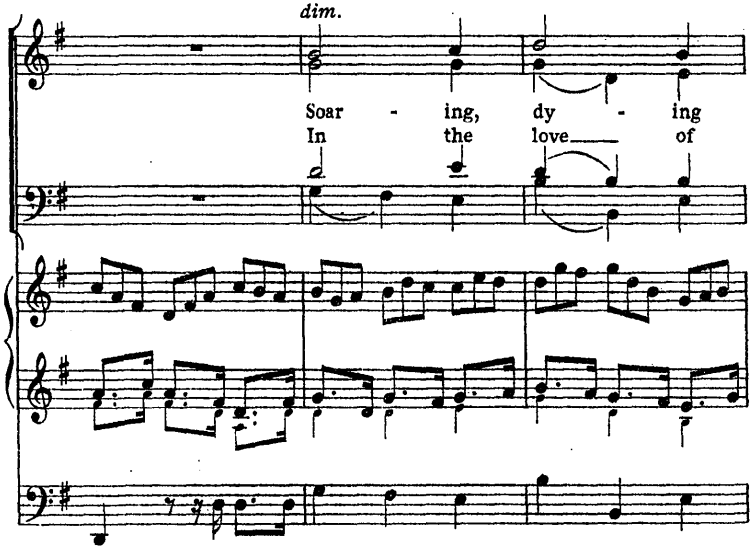
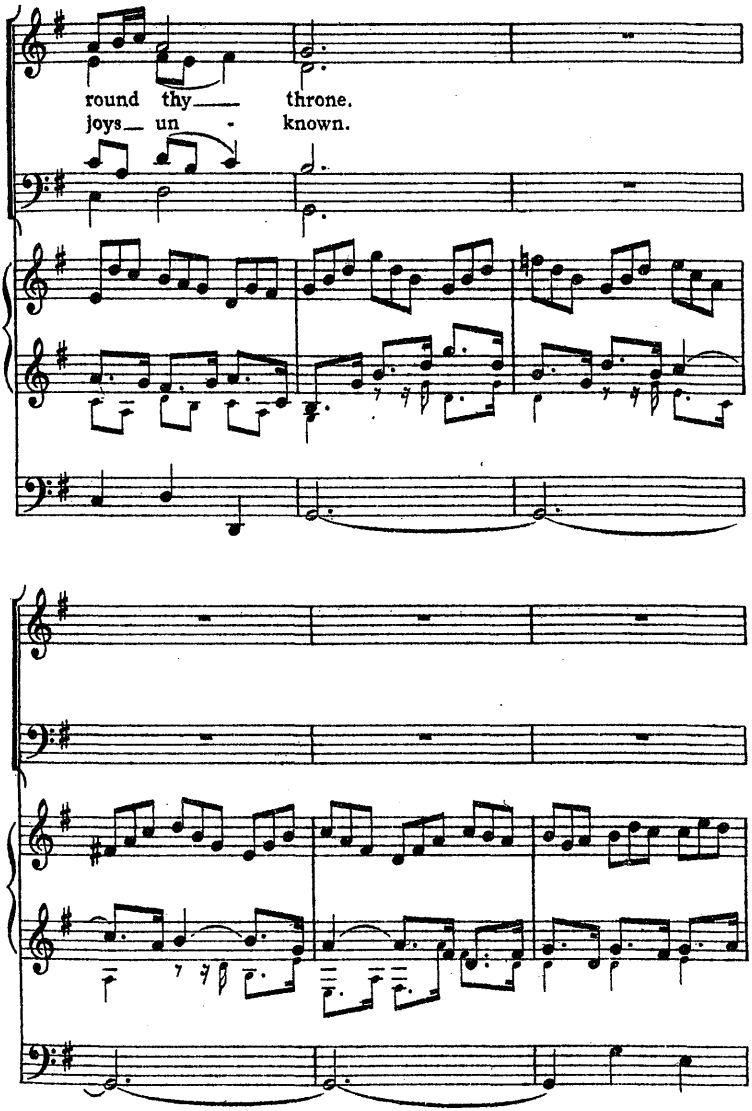
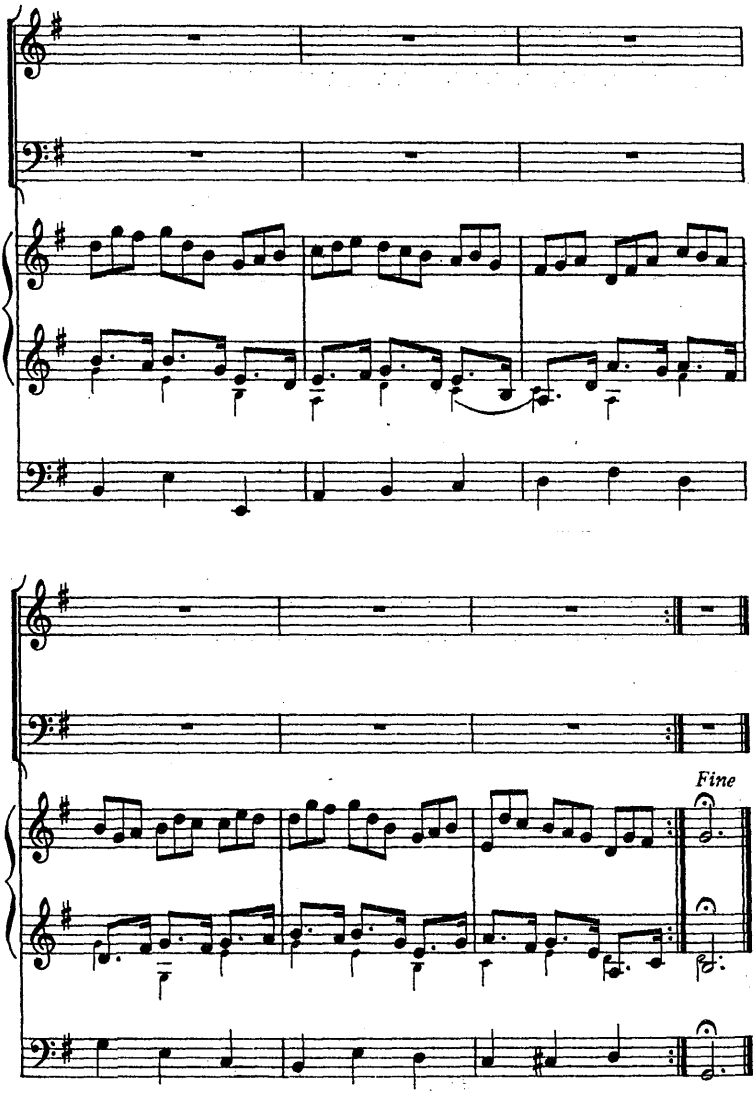


2 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight:

3 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide no ill can come.

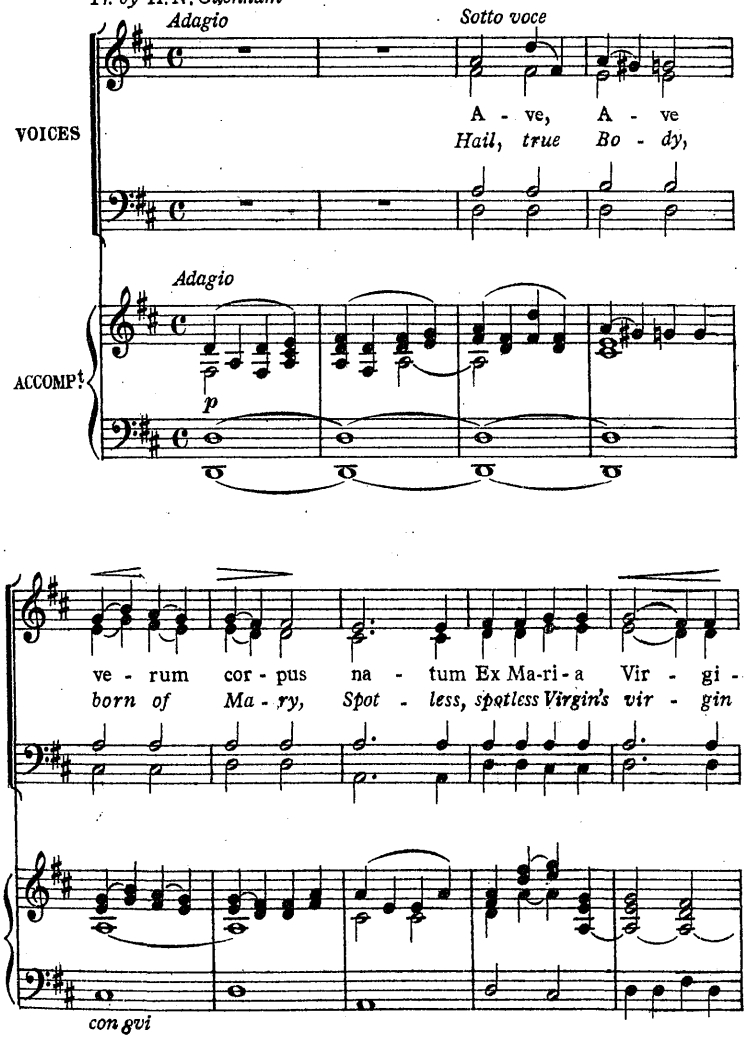
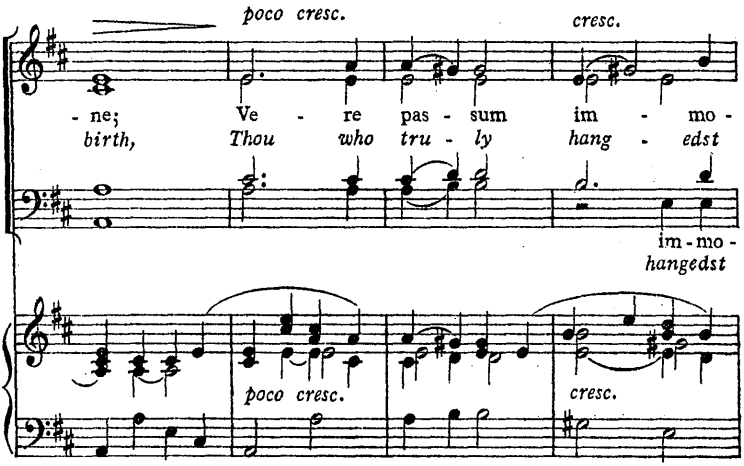
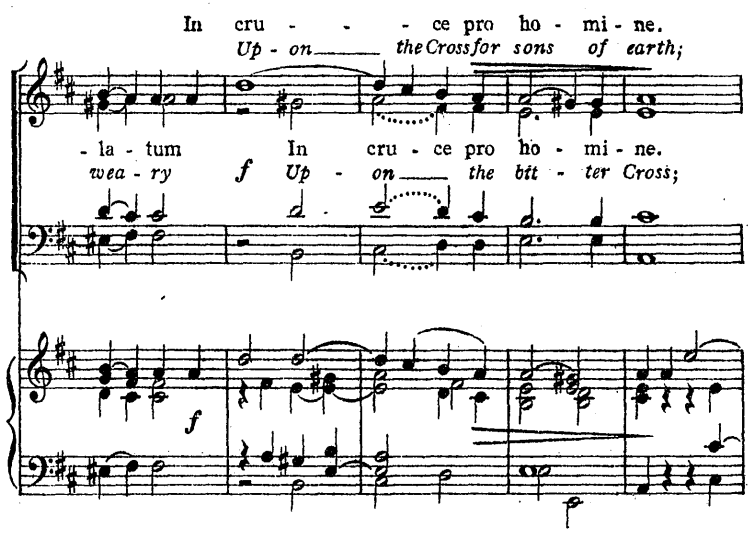
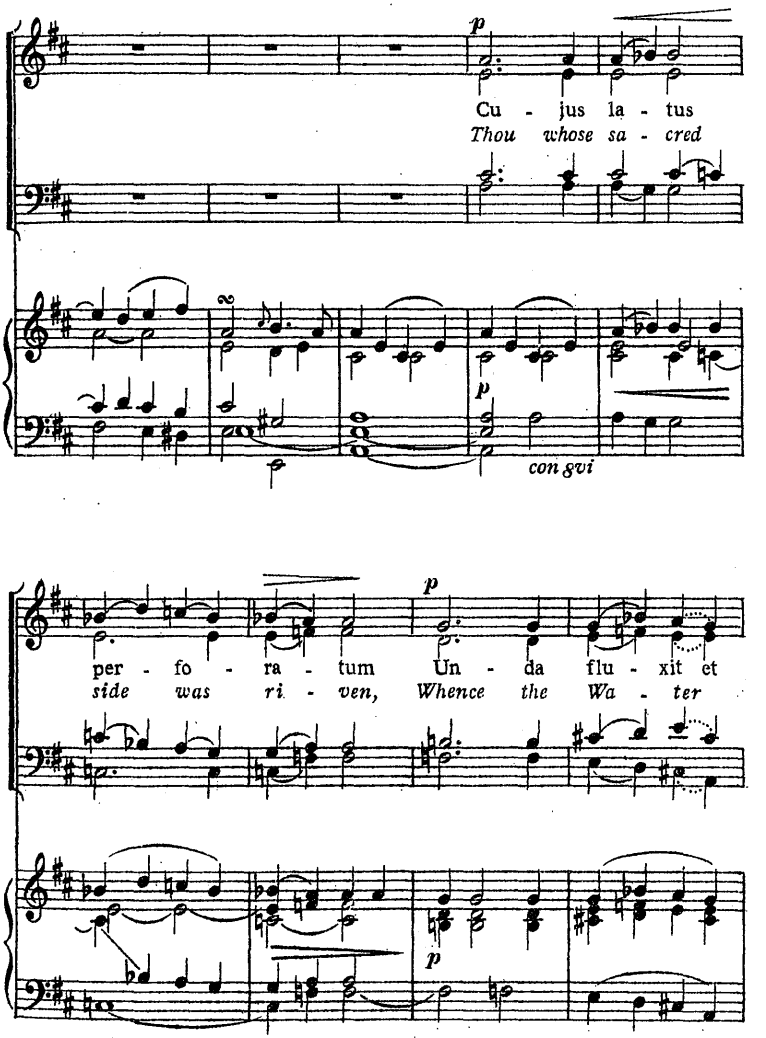
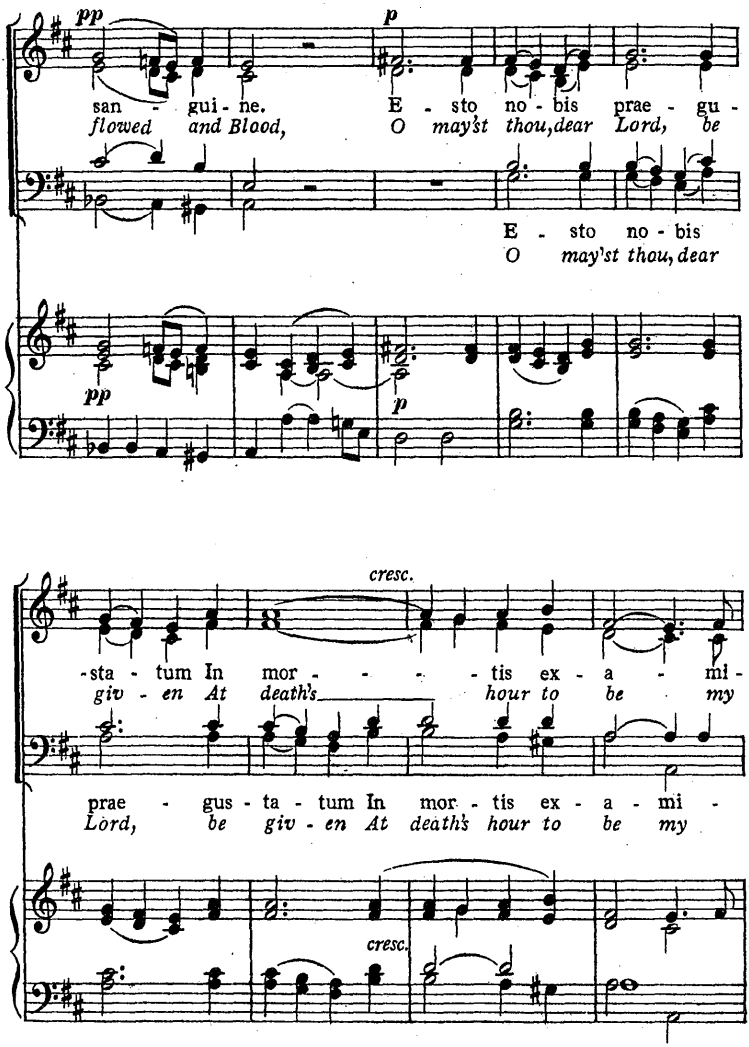
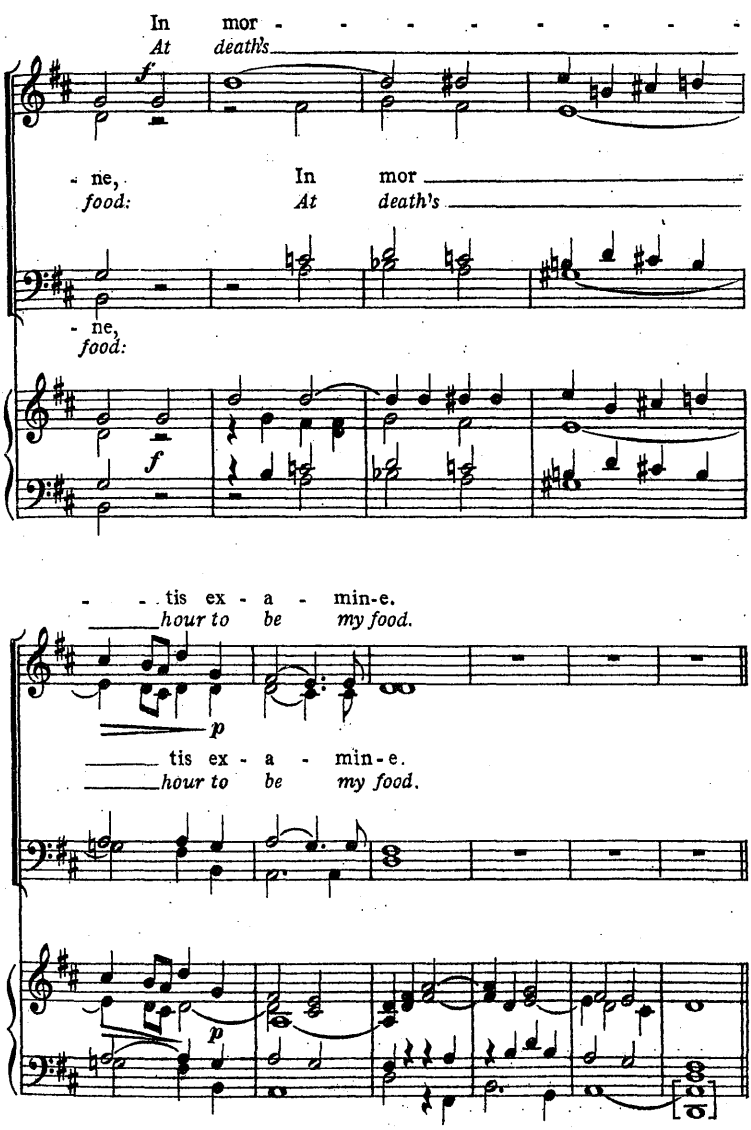
4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of Both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song,
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

J. S. Bach

From Cantata No. 147, 'Herz und Mund und That und Leben'

The viola part in the score is here written in small notes. They can be played ad lib.


p
1 Je - su, joy of man's de -
2 Through the way where Hope is
- sir - ing, Ho - ly
guid - ing, Hark, what

wis - dom, Love most bright,
peace - ful mu - sic rings,

cresc.
Drawn by thee, our souls as - pir - ing,
Where the flock in thee con - fid - ing,

f
Soar to un - cre -
Drink of joy from
- a - ted - light.
death - less springs.

p
Word of
Theirs is

God our flesh that fash - ion'd
beau - ty's fair - est plea - sure,
cresc.
With the
Theirs is

fire of life im - pas - sion'd.
wis - dom's ho - liest trea - sure.
cresc.
Striv - ing
Thou dost

still to Truth un - known,
e - ver lead_ thine own,

dim.
Soar - ing, dy - ing
In the love_ of

round thy throne.
joys un - known.

Fine

AVE VERUM

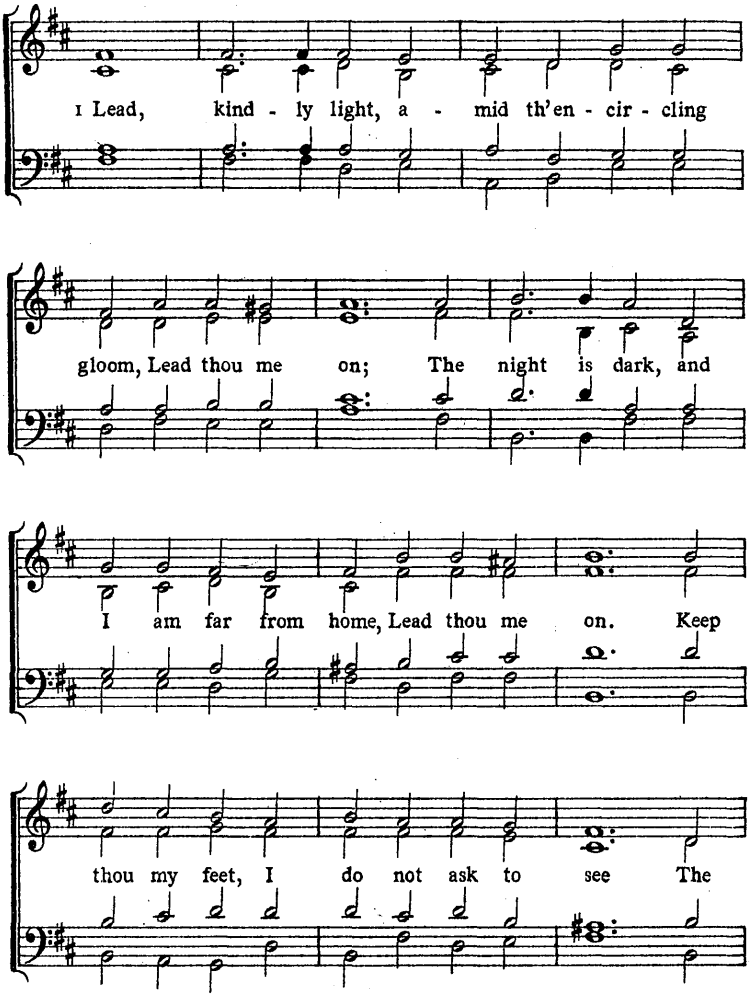
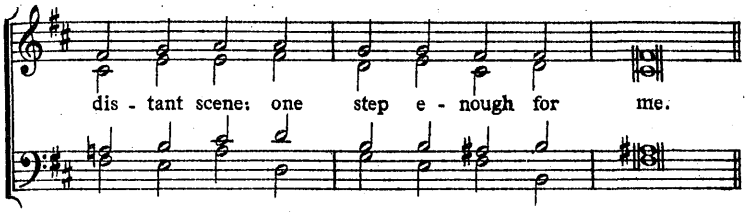
14th Century
Tr. by H. N. Oxenham

W. A. Mozart

poco cresc.
cresc.
- ne; Ve - re pas - sum im - mo -
birth, Thou who tru - ly hang - edst
im - mo -
hangedst
poco cresc.
cresc.

In cru - - - ce pro ho - mi - ne.
Up - on the Cross for sons of earth;
- la - tum In cru - ce pro ho - mi - ne.
wea - ry f Up - on the bit - ter Cross;
f

p
Cu - jus la - tus
Thou whose sa - cred
p
con gvi
p
per - fo - ra - tum Un - da flu - xit et
side was ri - ven, Whence the Wa - ter
p

pp
p
san - gui - ne.
E - sto no - bis prae - gu -
flowed and Blood,
O may'st thou, dear Lord, be
E - sto no - bis
O may'st thou, dear
pp
p
cresc.
-sta - tum In mor - - - - tis ex - a - mi -
giv - en At death's hour to be my
prae - gus - ta - tum In mor - tis ex - a - mi -
Lord, be giv - en At death's hour to be my
cresc.

In mor - - - - - - - - - -
At death's
f
- ne,
food:
In mor
At death's
- ne,
food:
f
- - - tis ex - a - min-e.
hour to be my food.
p
tis ex - a - min-e.
hour to be my food.
p

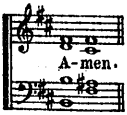
7 LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT, AMID TH' ENCIRCLING GLOOM

Yattendon 11 (10.4.10.4.10.10)

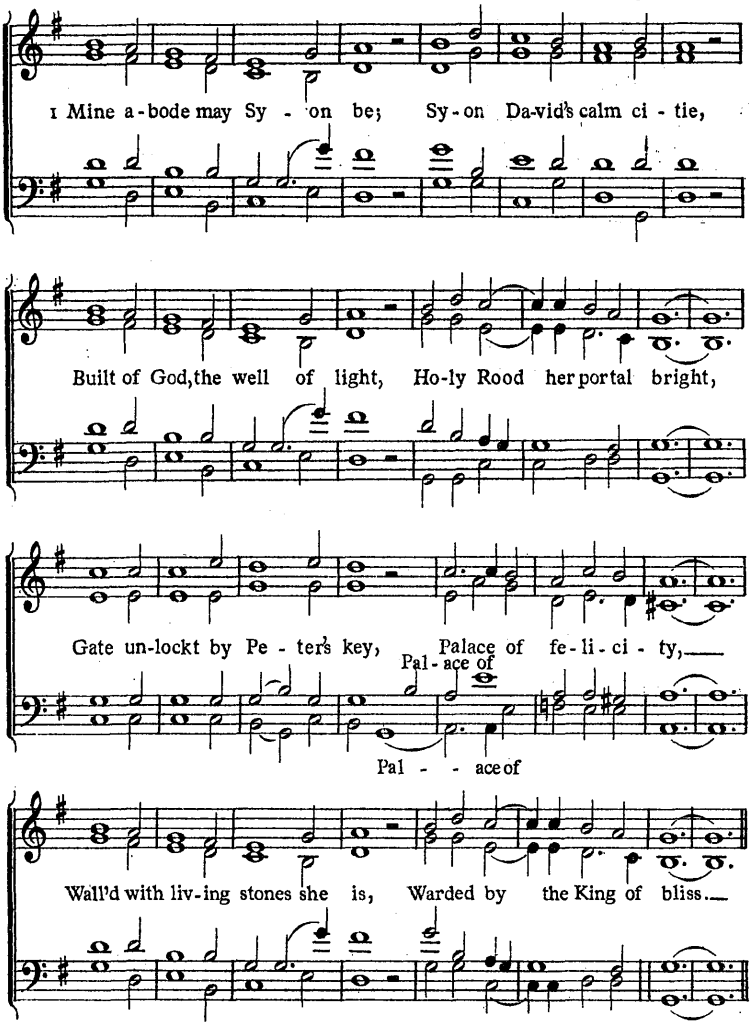
J. H. Newman H. E. Wooldridge



2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

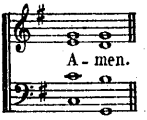
3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

MINE ABODE MAY SYON BE

Now, O now, I needs must part (77.77.D.)

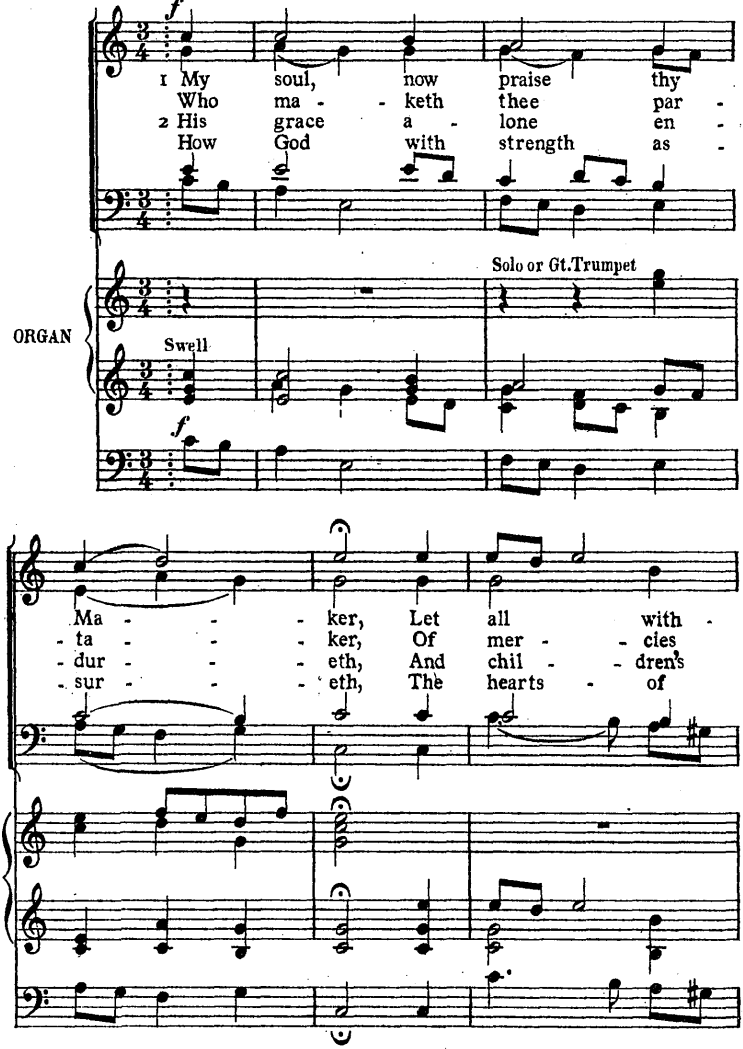
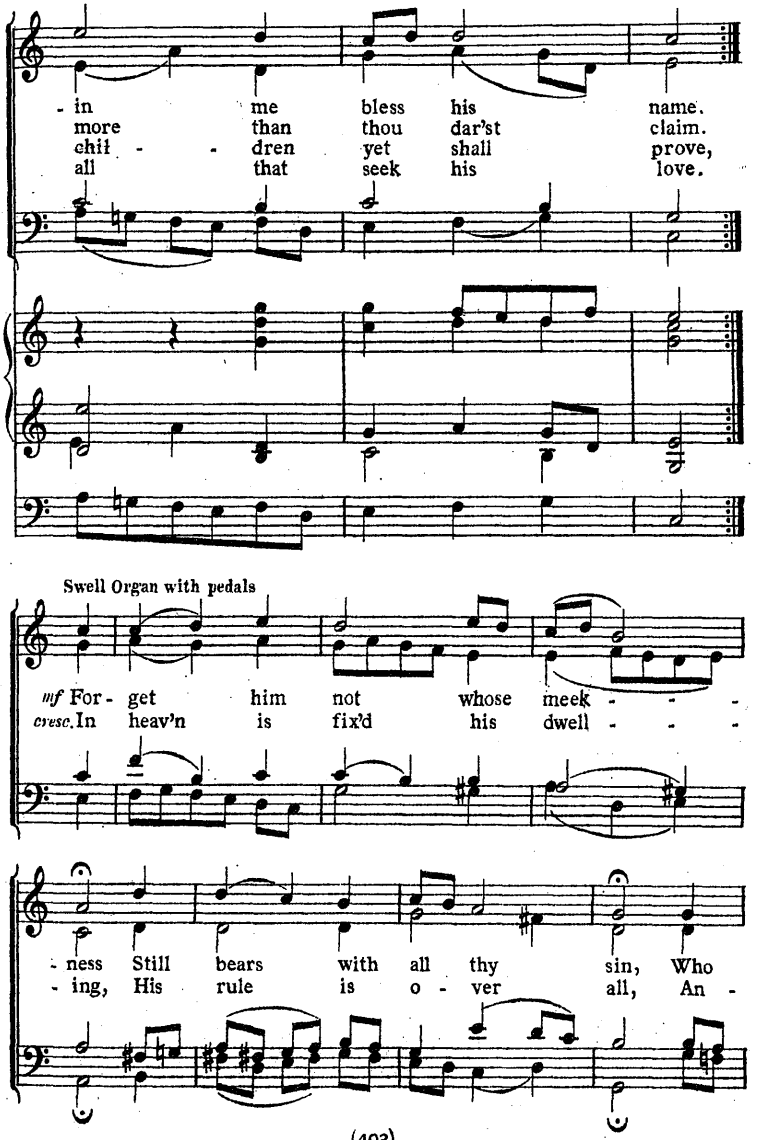
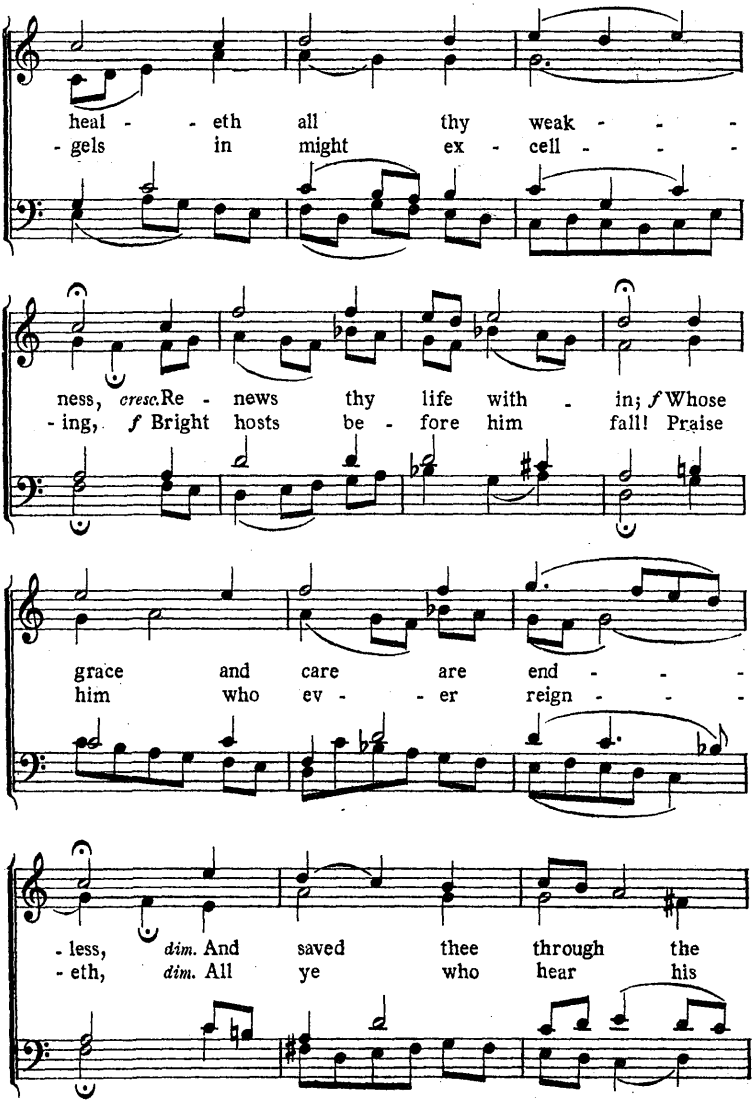
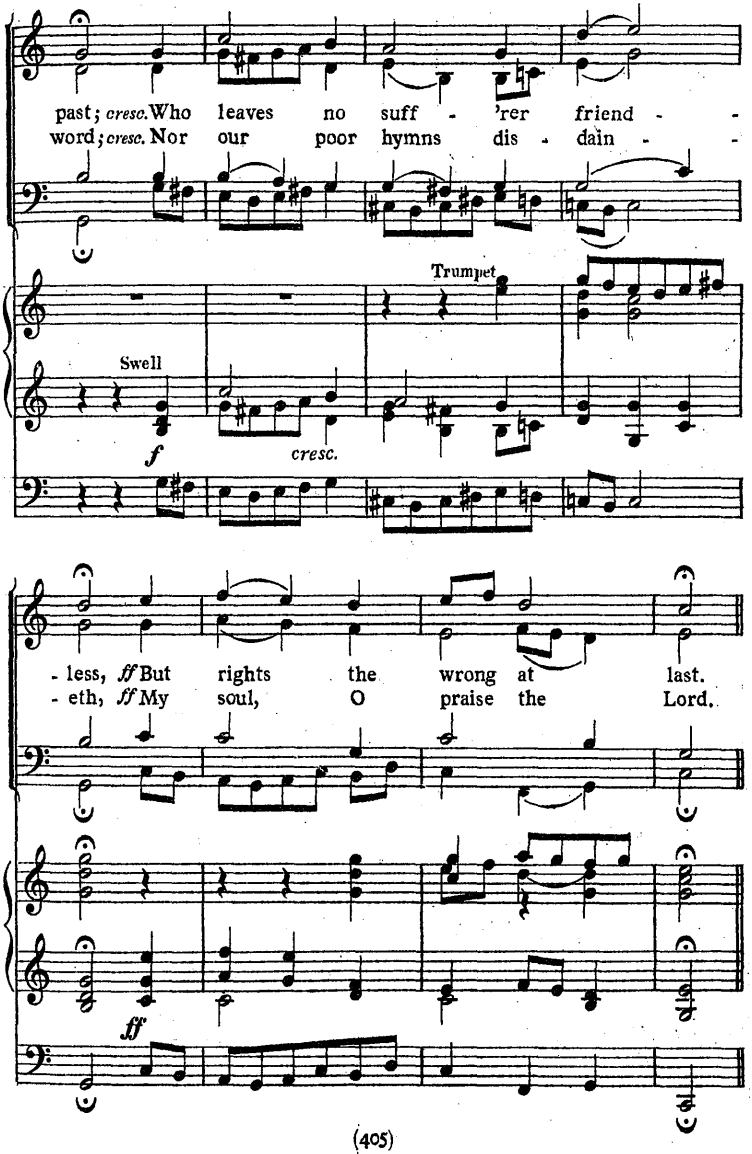
G. R. Woodward — From J. Dowland

2 In yon courts 'tis ever day,
Endless spring-time, peace for aye;
There the air is sweet as balm,
Ceaseless song, unending psalm!
There no sickness, there no taint,
No defect and no complaint;
Dwarf or child is there unknown;
All to Christ's full stature grown.

3 Heav'nly Salem, City blest,
Thou upon the Rock dost rest;
Haven safe, across the bar,
Well I greet thee from afar!
Hail! for thee I sorely yearn,
Home-sick, oft to thee I turn,
Where thy people, one and all,
Chaunt and keep high festival.

4 All thy joy Hierusalem,
(City built of many a gem,
Jacinth and chalcedon-stone)
This outside thee is unknown:
Through the streets of this citie
In that goodly company,
O that I might help prolong
Moses, and Elias' song! Amen.



J. Graumann
Tr. by C. Winkworth

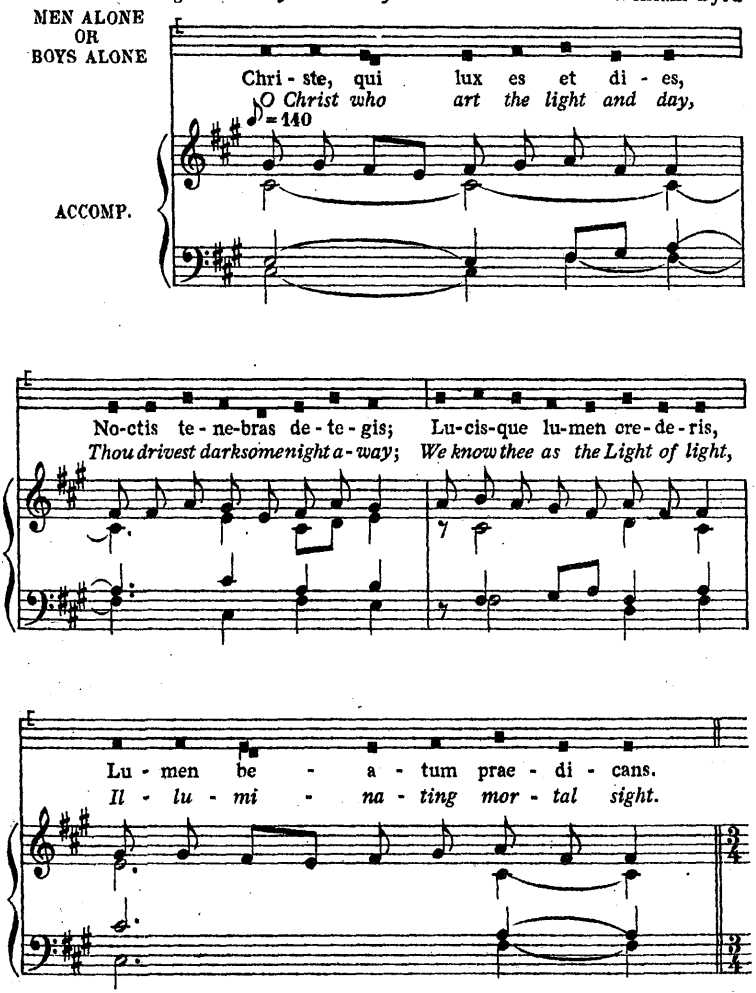
J. S. Bach
Chorale from Cantata No. 29
'Wir danken dir'

- in me bless his name.
more than thou dar'st claim.
chil - - dren yet shall prove,
all that seek his love.
Swell Organ with pedals
mf For - get him not whose meek - - -
cresc. In heav'n is fix'd his dwell - - -
- ness Still bears with all thy sin, Who
- ing, His rule is o - ver all, An -

heal - - eth all thy weak - - -
- gels in might ex - cell - - -
ness, cresc. Re - news thy life with - in; f Whose
- ing, f Bright hosts be - fore him fall! Praise
grace and care are end - - -
him who ev - - er reign - - -
- less, dim. And saved thee through the
- eth, dim. All ye who hear his

past; cresc. Who leaves no suff - 'rer friend - -
word; cresc. Nor our poor hymns dis - dain - -
Trumpet
Swell
f
cresc.
- less, ff But rights the wrong at last.
- eth, ff My soul, O praise the Lord.
ff

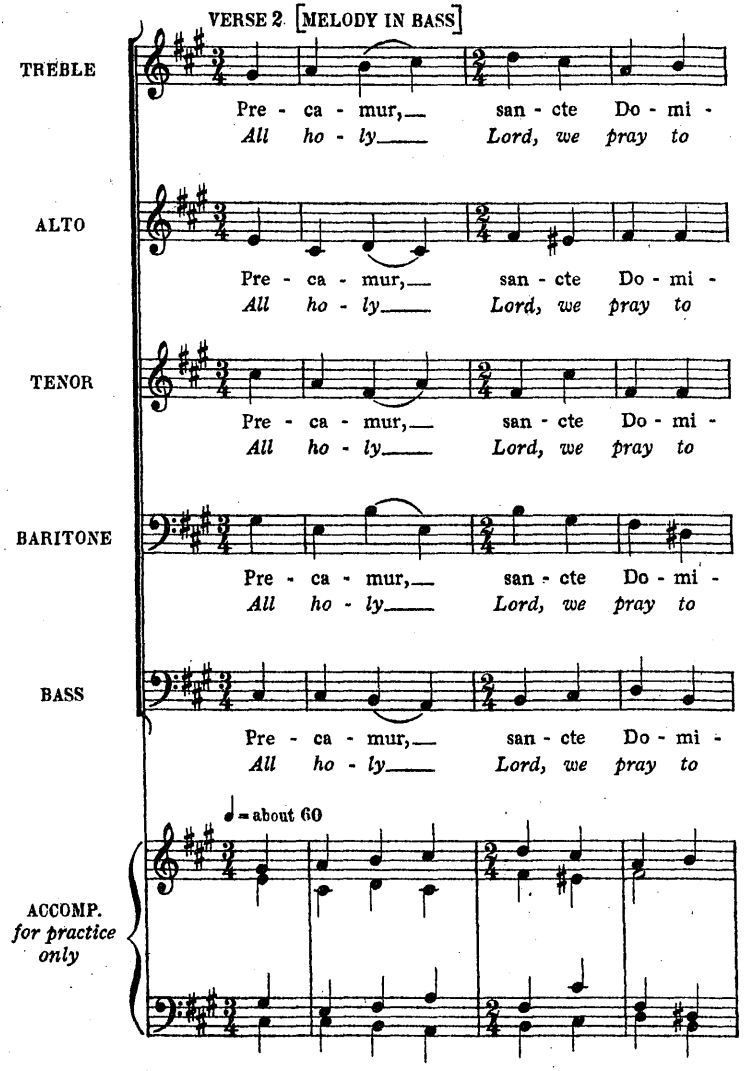
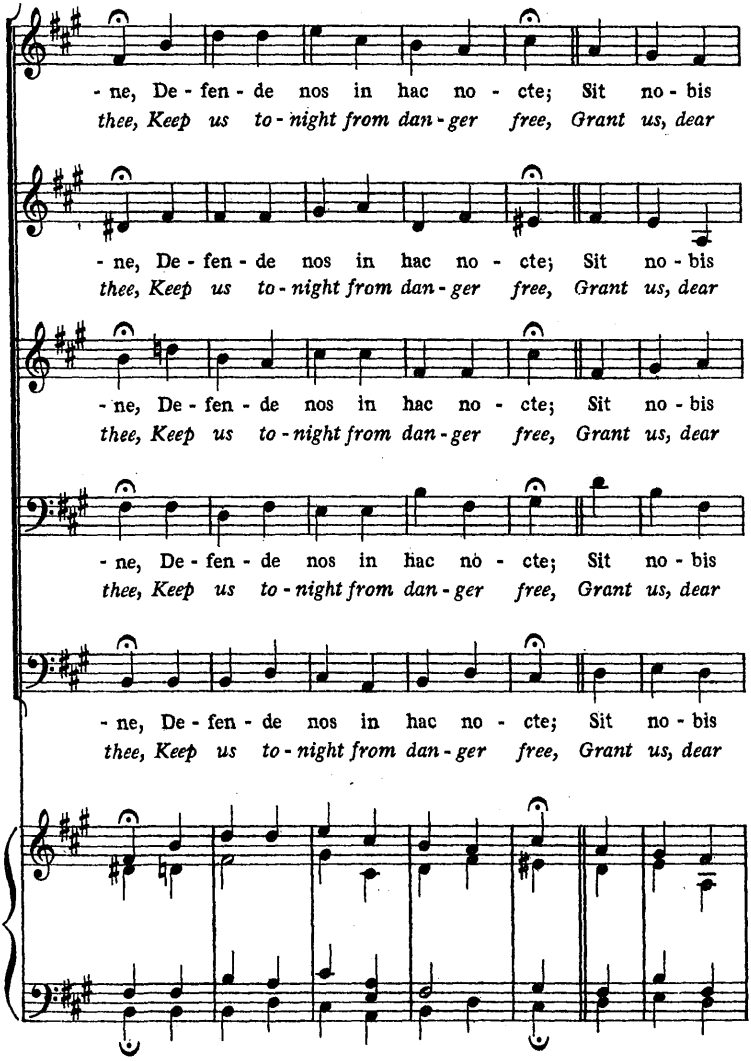
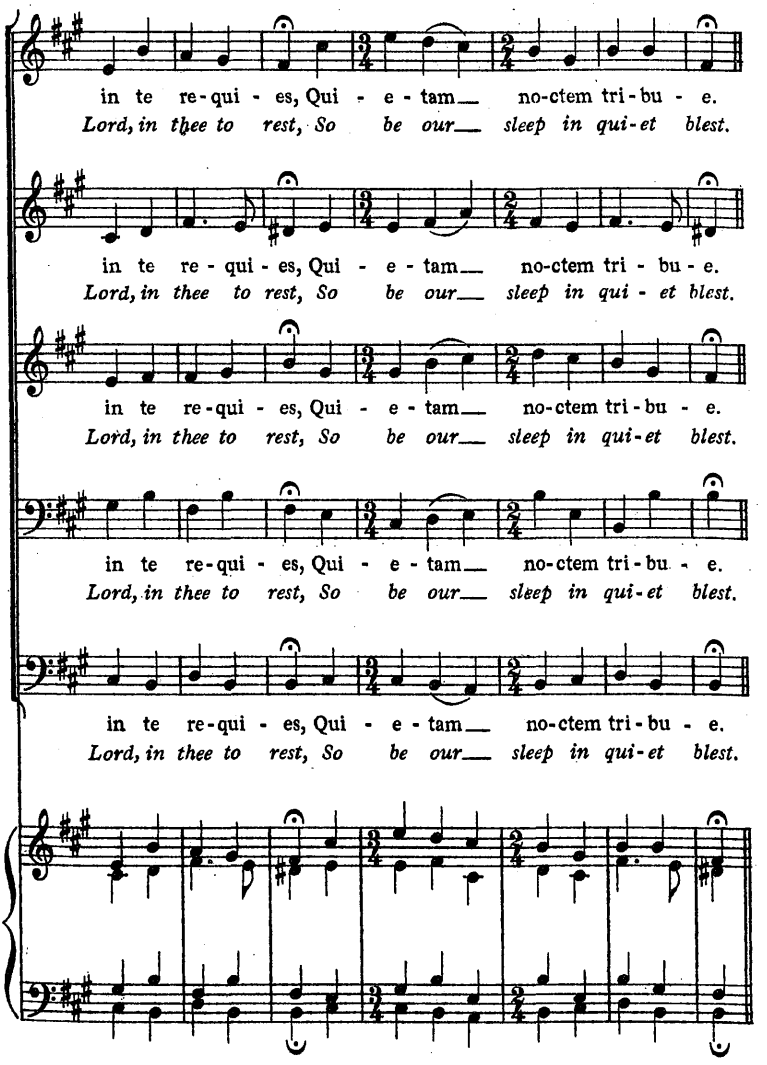
CHRISTE QUI LUX ES ET DIES

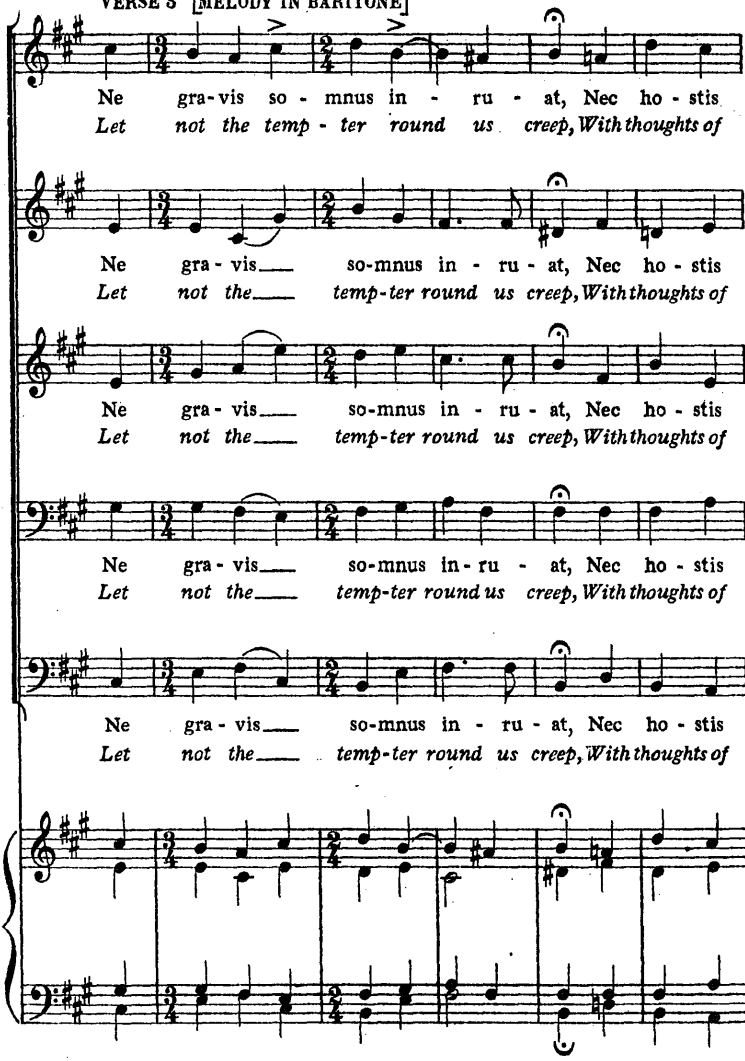
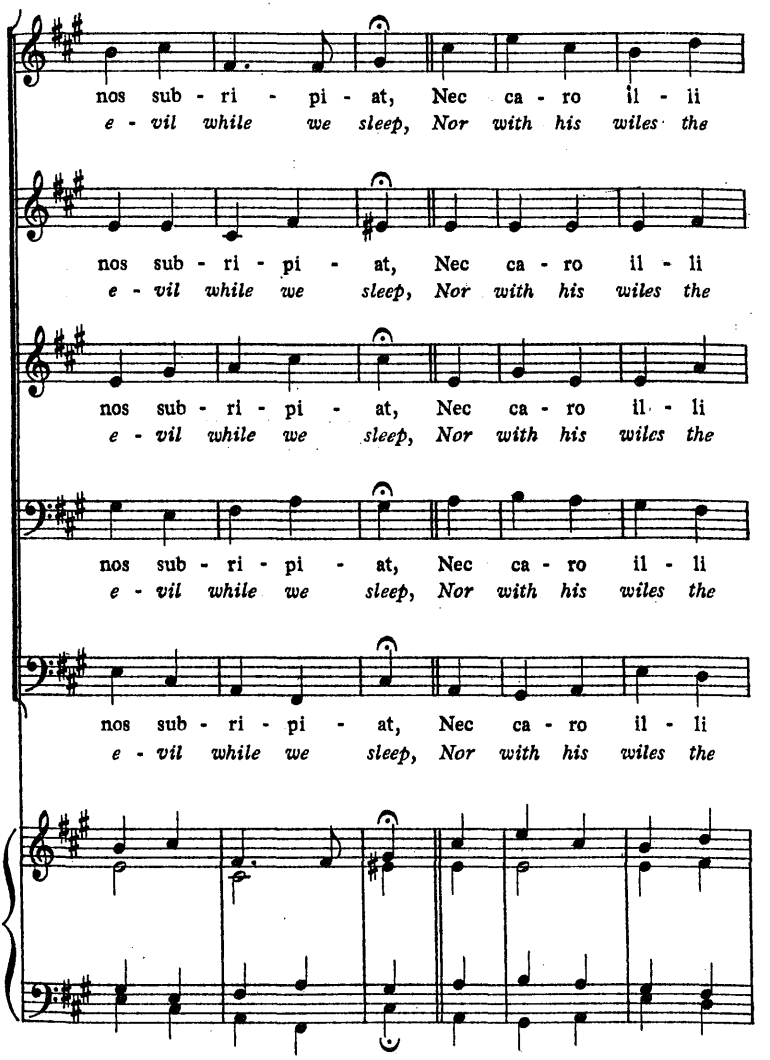
O Christ Who art the Light and Day

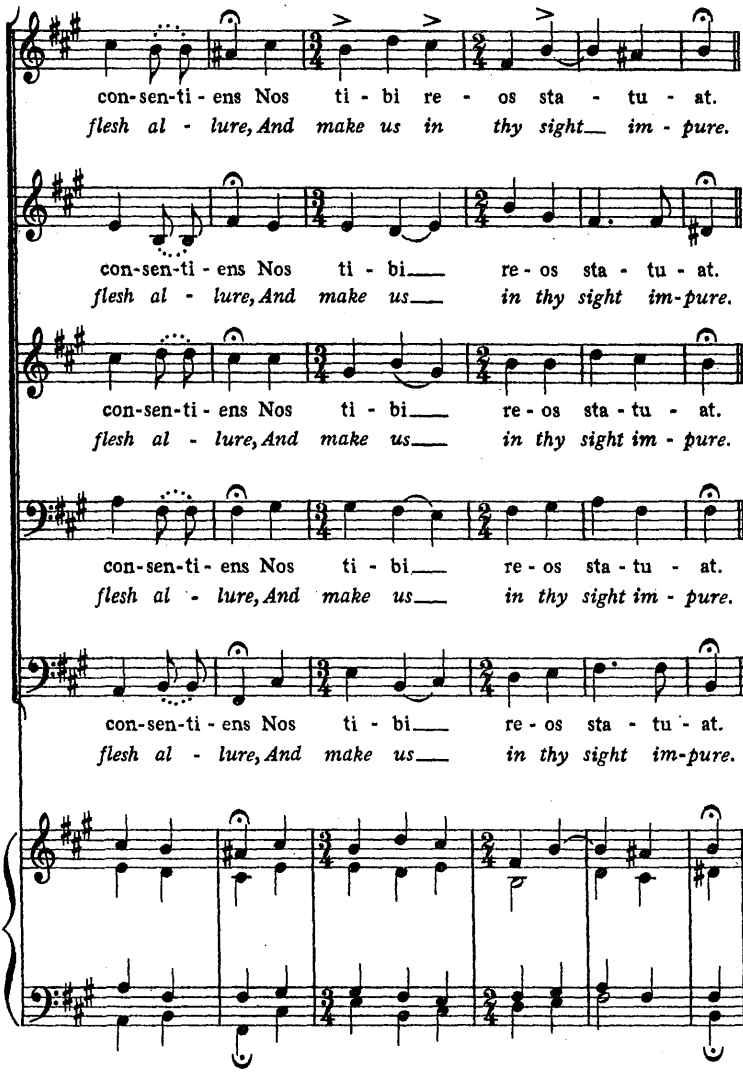
Compline Hymn for Five Voices

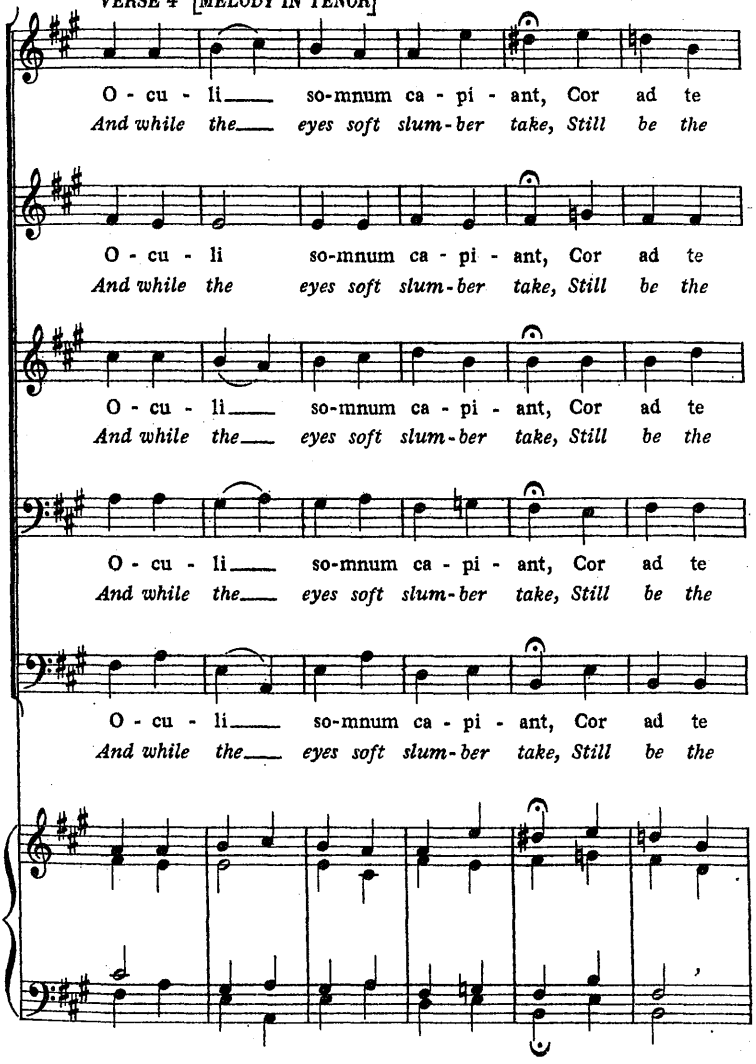
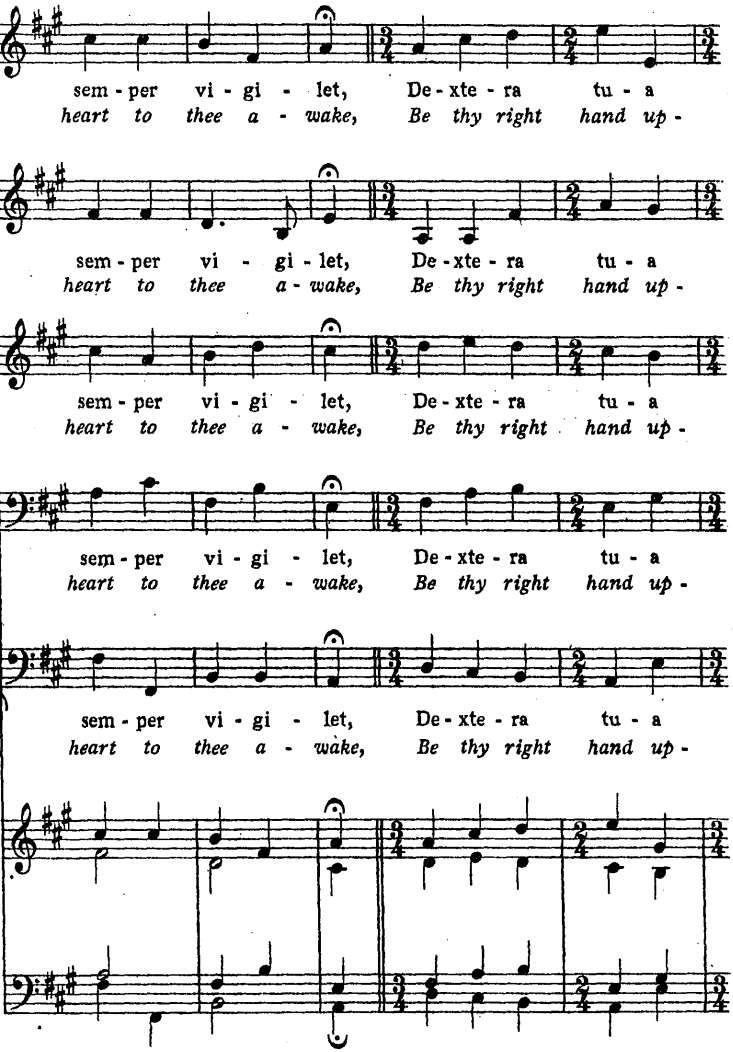
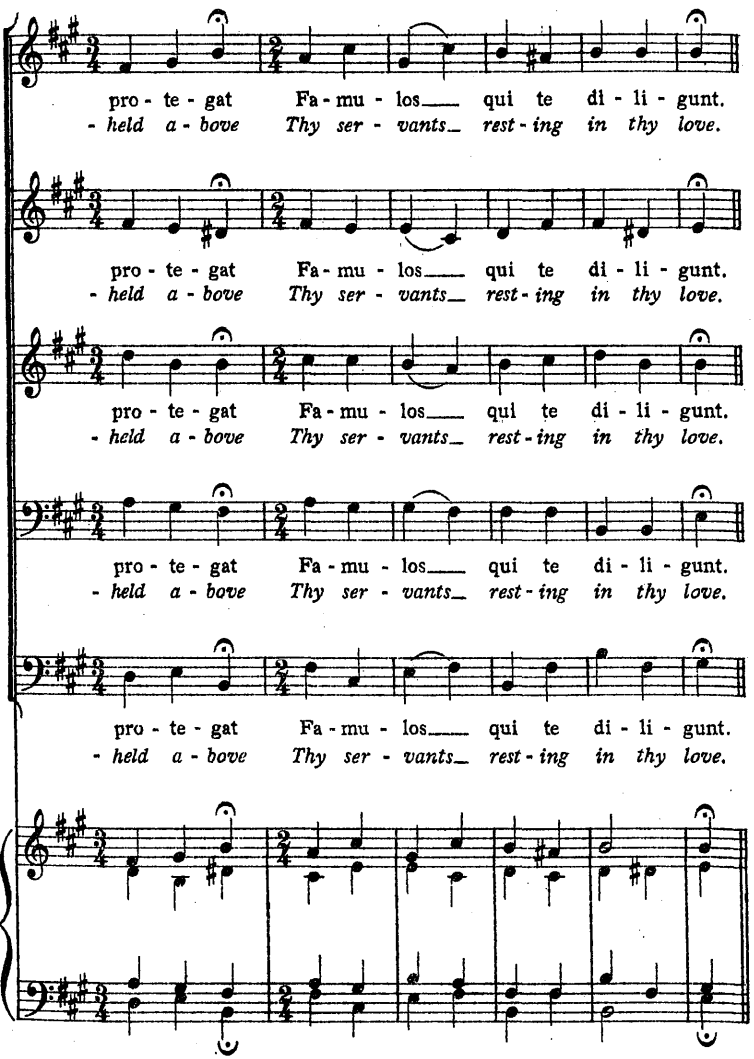
Edited with an English Text by R.R.Terry — William Byrd



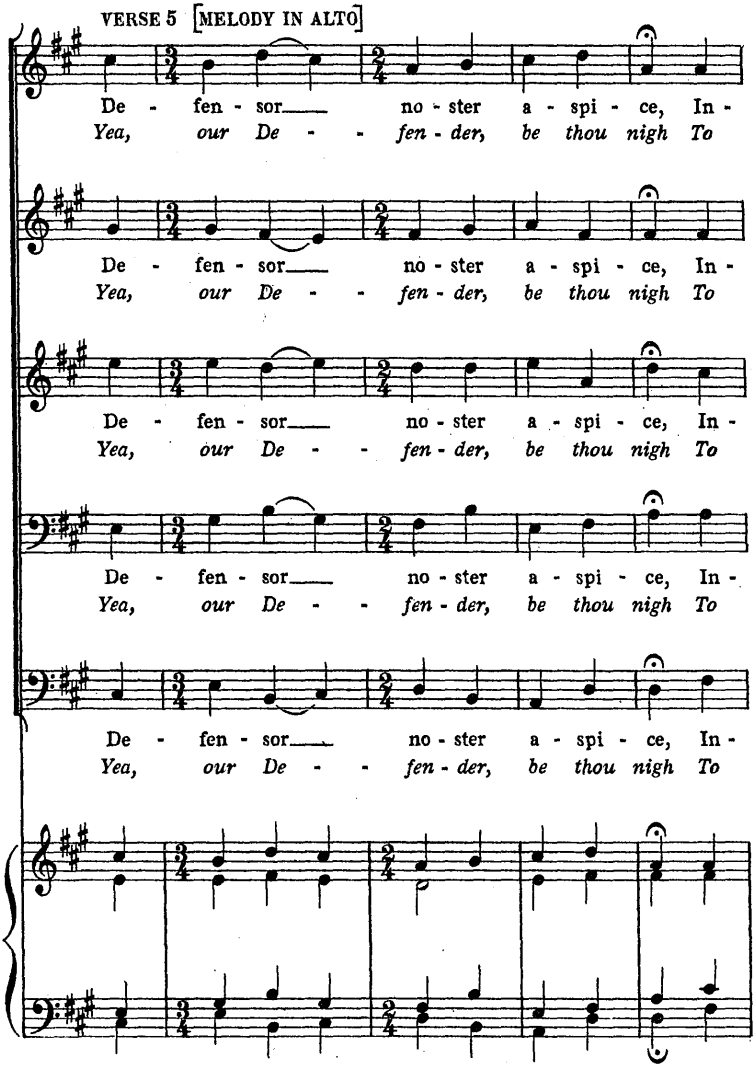

VERSE 2 [MELODY IN BASS]
TREBLE
Pre - ca - mur,— san - cte Do - mi -
All ho - ly— Lord, we pray to
ALTO
Pre - ca - mur,— san - cte Do - mi -
All ho - ly— Lord, we pray to
TENOR
Pre - ca - mur,— san - cte Do - mi -
All ho - ly— Lord, we pray to
BARITONE
Pre - ca - mur,— san - cte Do - mi -
All ho - ly— Lord, we pray to
BASS
Pre - ca - mur,— san - cte Do - mi -
All ho - ly— Lord, we pray to
♩ = about 60
ACCOMP.
for practice
only

- ne, De - fen - de nos in hac no - cte; Sit no - bis
thee, Keep us to - night from dan - ger free, Grant us, dear
- ne, De - fen - de nos in hac no - cte; Sit no - bis
thee, Keep us to - night from dan - ger free, Grant us, dear
- ne, De - fen - de nos in hac no - cte; Sit no - bis
thee, Keep us to - night from dan - ger free, Grant us, dear
- ne, De - fen - de nos in hac no - cte; Sit no - bis
thee, Keep us to - night from dan - ger free, Grant us, dear

in te re-qui - es, Qui - e - tam no-ctem tri-bu - e.
Lord, in thee to rest, So be our sleep in qui-et blest.
in te re - qui - es, Qui - e - tam no-ctem tri - bu - e.
Lord, in thee to rest, So be our sleep in qui - et blest.
in te re-qui - es, Qui - e - tam no-ctem tri-bu - e.
Lord, in thee to rest, So be our sleep in qui-et blest.
in te re-qui - es, Qui - e - tam no-ctem tri-bu - e.
Lord, in thee to rest, So be our sleep in qui-et blest.
in te re-qui - es, Qui - e - tam no-ctem tri-bu - e.
Lord, in thee to rest, So be our sleep in qui-et blest.

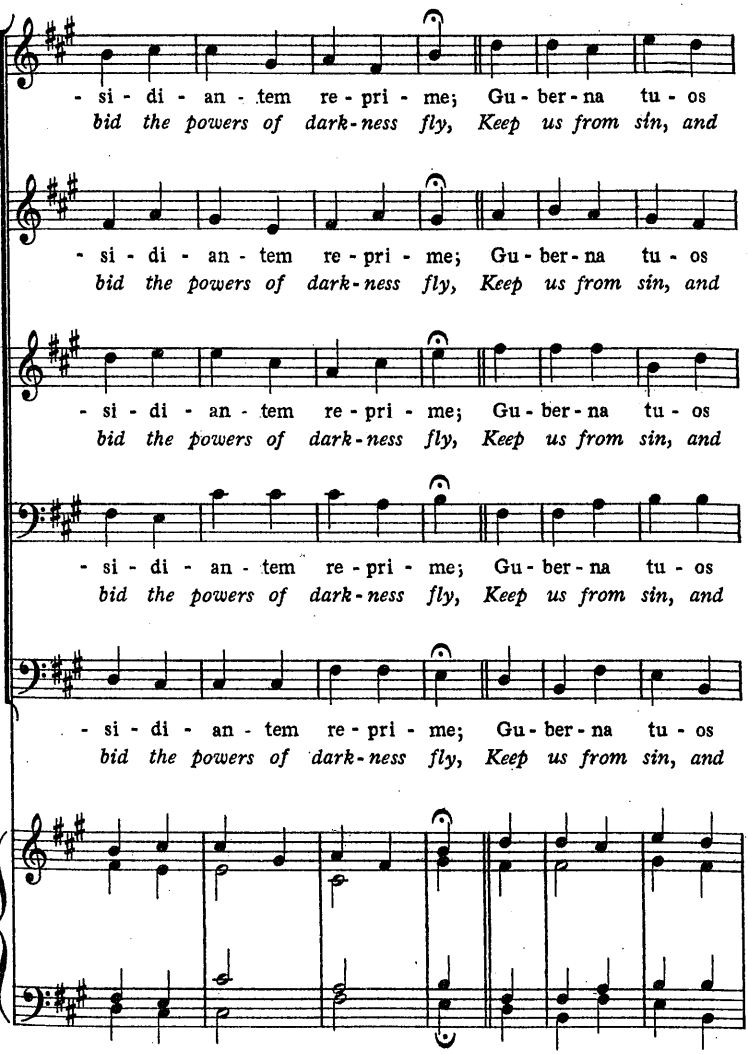
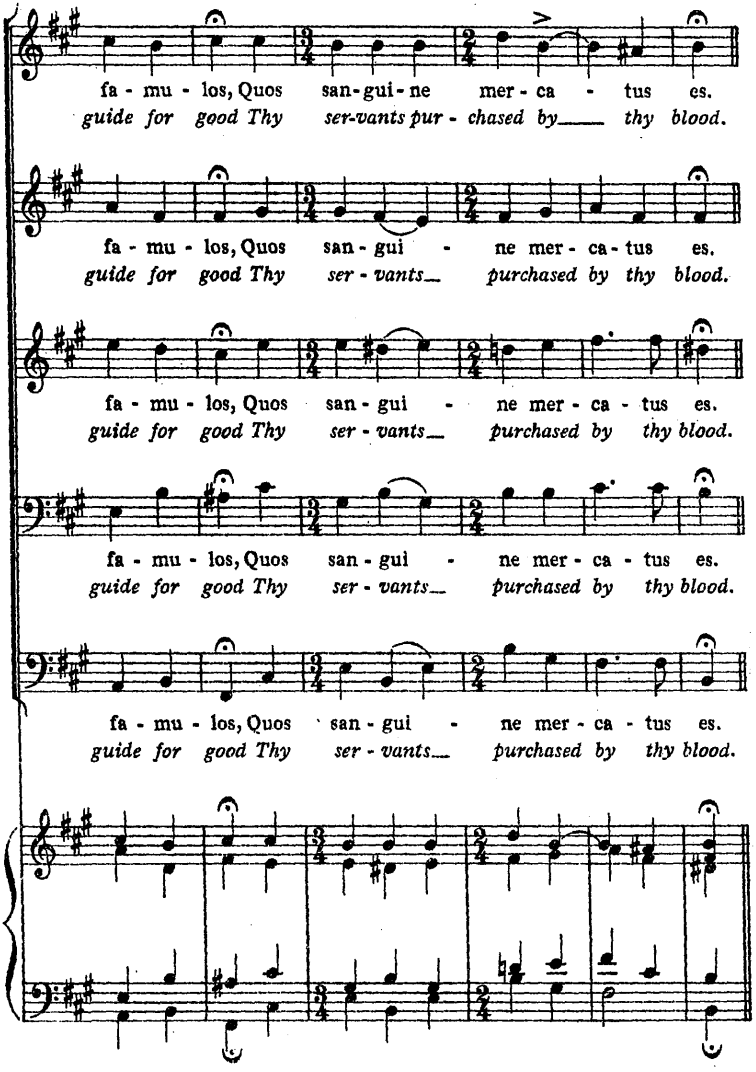
VERSE 3 [MELODY IN BARITONE]


nos sub - ri - pi - at, Nec ca - ro il - li
e - vil while we sleep, Nor with his wiles the
nos sub - ri - pi - at, Nec ca - ro il - li
e - vil while we sleep, Nor with his wiles the
nos sub - ri - pi - at, Nec ca - ro il - li
e - vil while we sleep, Nor with his wiles the
nos sub - ri - pi - at, Nec ca - ro il - li
e - vil while we sleep, Nor with his wiles the
nos sub - ri - pi - at, Nec ca - ro il - li
e - vil while we sleep, Nor with his wiles the

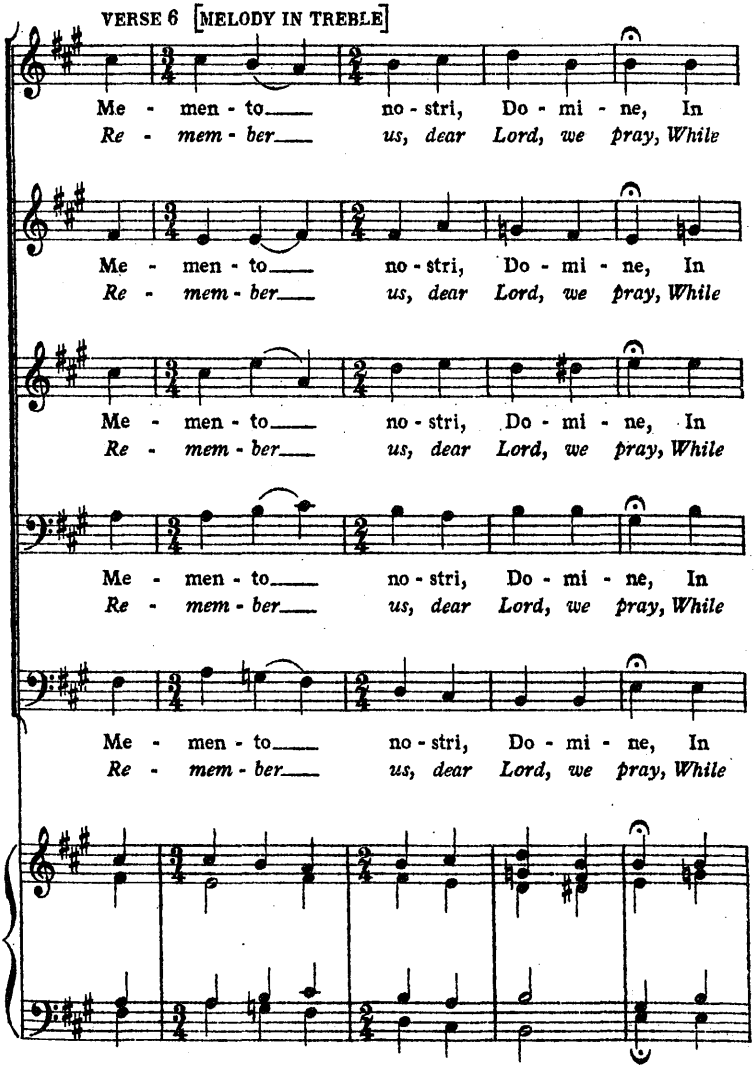
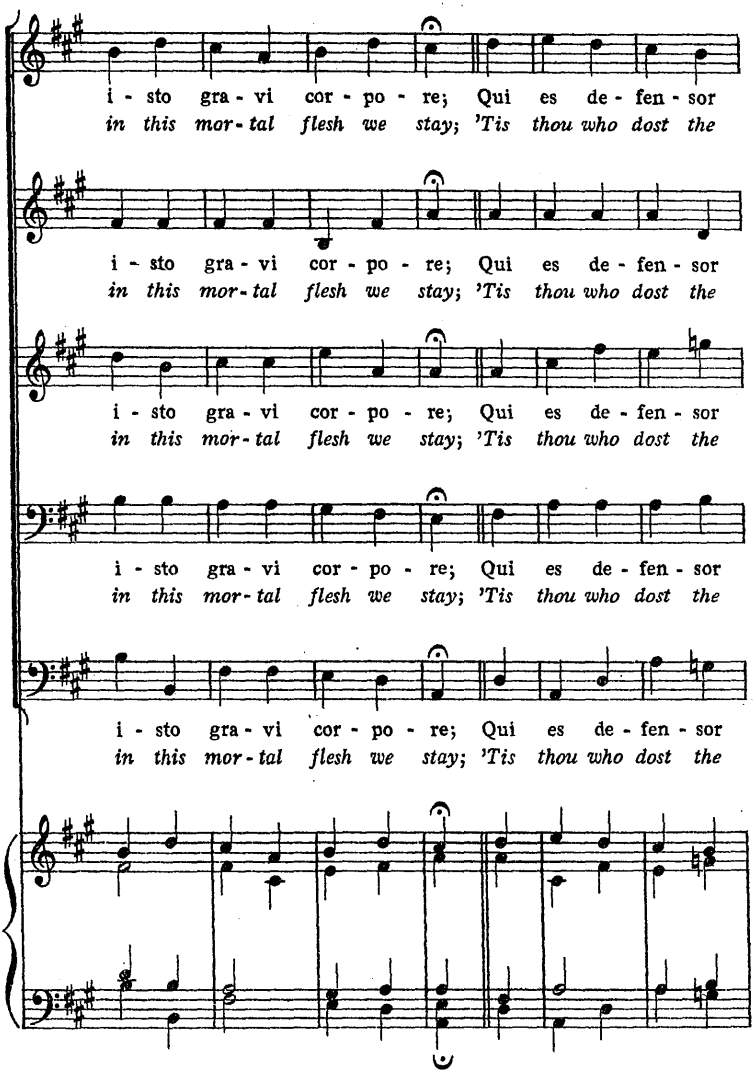

con-sen-ti-ens Nos ti-bi re-os sta-tu-at.
flesh al-lure, And make us in thy sight im-pure.
con-sen-ti-ens Nos ti-bi re-os sta-tu-at.
flesh al-lure, And make us in thy sight im-pure.
con-sen-ti-ens Nos ti-bi re-os sta-tu-at.
flesh al-lure, And make us in thy sight im-pure.
con-sen-ti-ens Nos ti-bi re-os sta-tu-at.
flesh al-lure, And make us in thy sight im-pure.
con-sen-ti-ens Nos ti-bi re-os sta-tu-at.
flesh al-lure, And make us in thy sight im-pure.

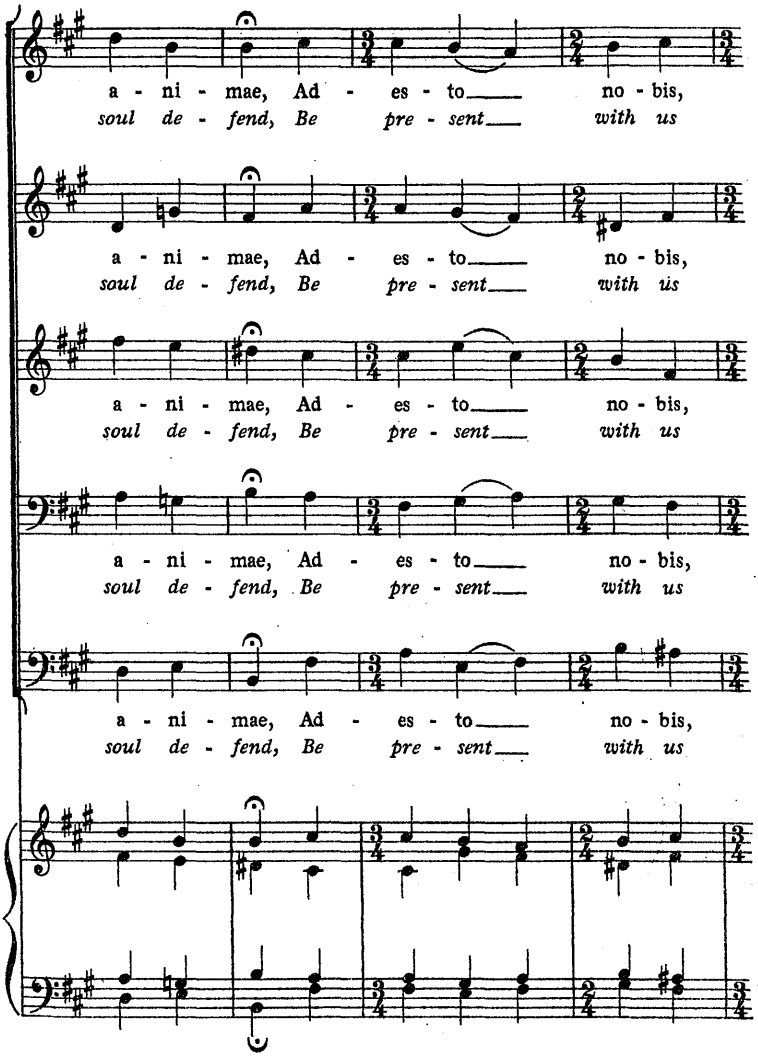
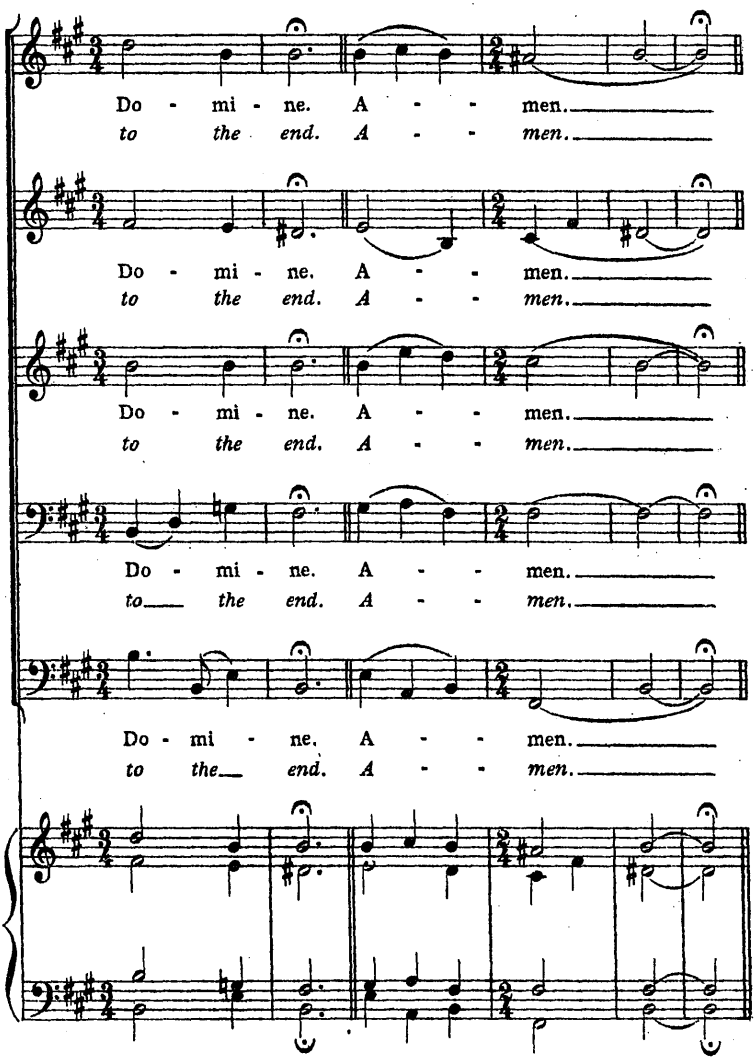
VERSE 4 [MELODY IN TENOR]

sem - per vi - gi - let, De - xte - ra tu - a
heart to thee a - wake, Be thy right hand up -
sem - per vi - gi - let, De - xte - ra tu - a
heart to thee a - wake, Be thy right hand up -
sem - per vi - gi - let, De - xte - ra tu - a
heart to thee a - wake, Be thy right hand up -
sem - per vi - gi - let, De - xte - ra tu - a
heart to thee a - wake, Be thy right hand up -

pro - te - gat Fa - mu - los qui te di - li - gunt.
- held a - bove Thy ser - vants rest - ing in thy love.
pro - te - gat Fa - mu - los qui te di - li - gunt.
- held a - bove Thy ser - vants rest - ing in thy love.
pro - te - gat Fa - mu - los qui te di - li - gunt.
- held a - bove Thy ser - vants rest - ing in thy love.
pro - te - gat Fa - mu - los qui te di - li - gunt.
- held a - bove Thy ser - vants rest - ing in thy love.
pro - te - gat Fa - mu - los qui te di - li - gunt.
- held a - bove Thy ser - vants rest - ing in thy love.

VERSE 5 [MELODY IN ALTO]




- si - di - an - tem re - pri - me; Gu - ber - na tu - os
bid the powers of dark-ness fly, Keep us from sin, and
- si - di - an - tem re - pri - me; Gu - ber - na tu - os
bid the powers of dark-ness fly, Keep us from sin, and
- si - di - an - tem re - pri - me; Gu - ber - na tu - os
bid the powers of dark-ness fly, Keep us from sin, and
- si - di - an - tem re - pri - me; Gu - ber - na tu - os
bid the powers of dark-ness fly, Keep us from sin, and
- si - di - an - tem re - pri - me; Gu - ber - na tu - os
bid the powers of dark-ness fly, Keep us from sin, and

fa - mu - los, Quos san - gui - ne mer - ca - tus es.
guide for good Thy ser-vants pur - chased by thy blood.
fa - mu - los, Quos san - gui - ne mer - ca - tus es.
guide for good Thy ser - vants purchased by thy blood.
fa - mu - los, Quos san - gui - ne mer - ca - tus es.
guide for good Thy ser - vants purchased by thy blood.
fa - mu - los, Quos san - gui - ne mer - ca - tus es.
guide for good Thy ser - vants purchased by thy blood.

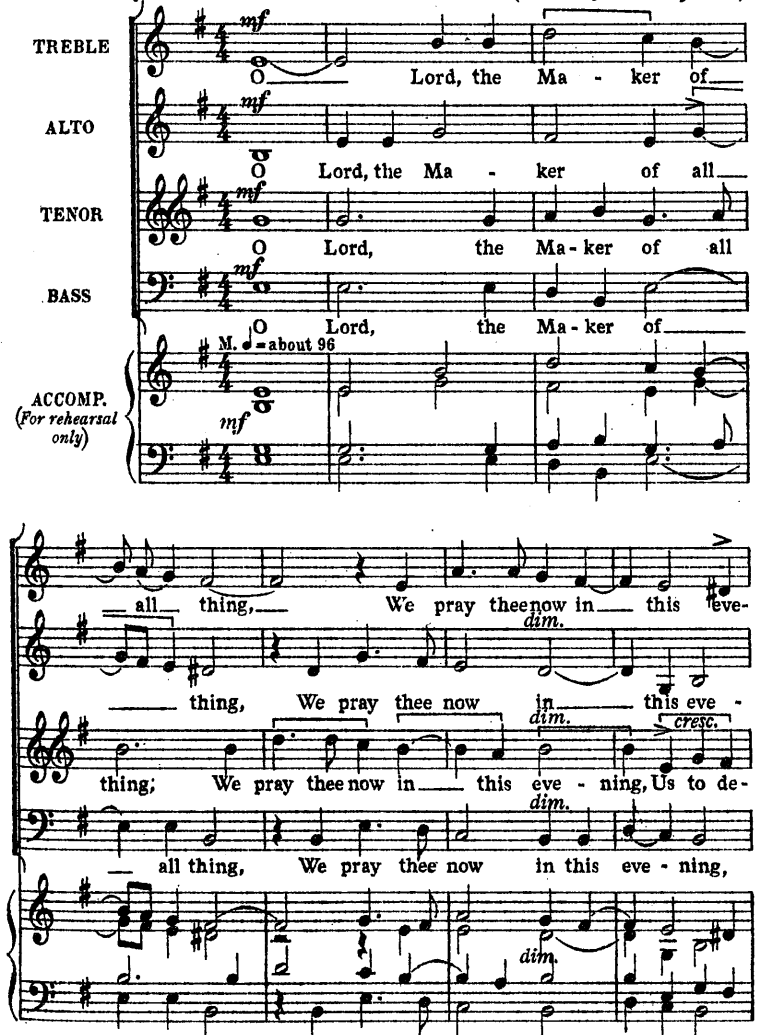
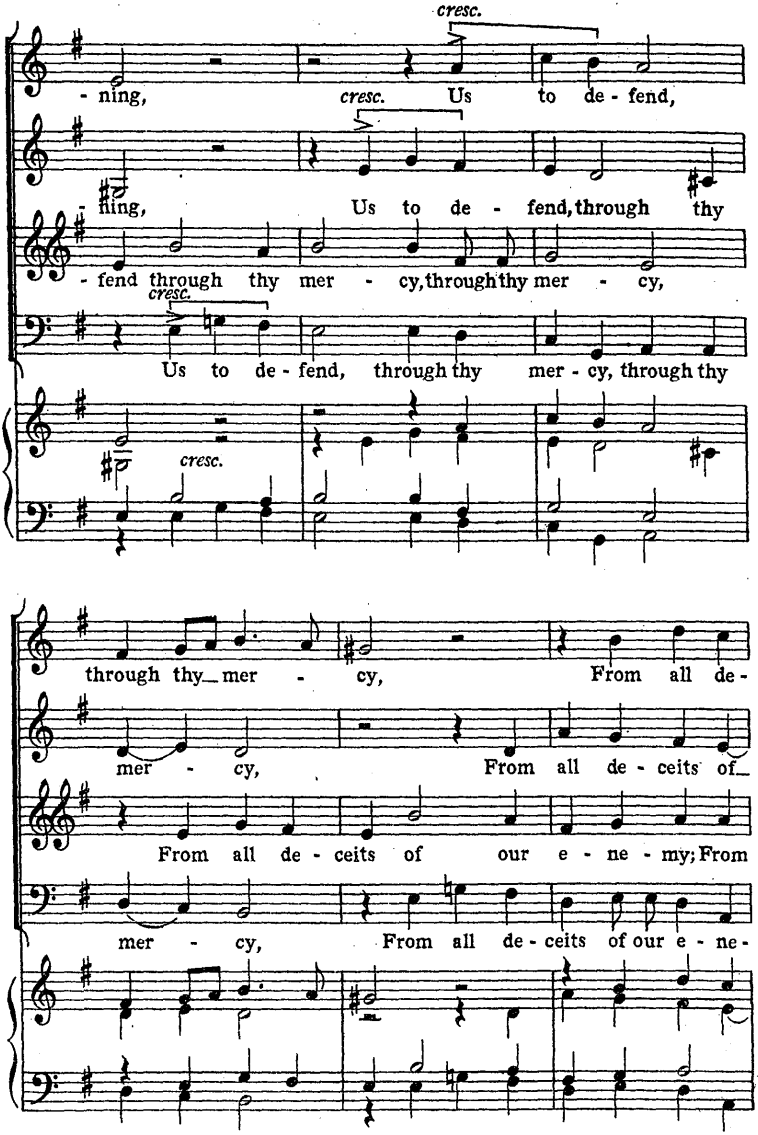
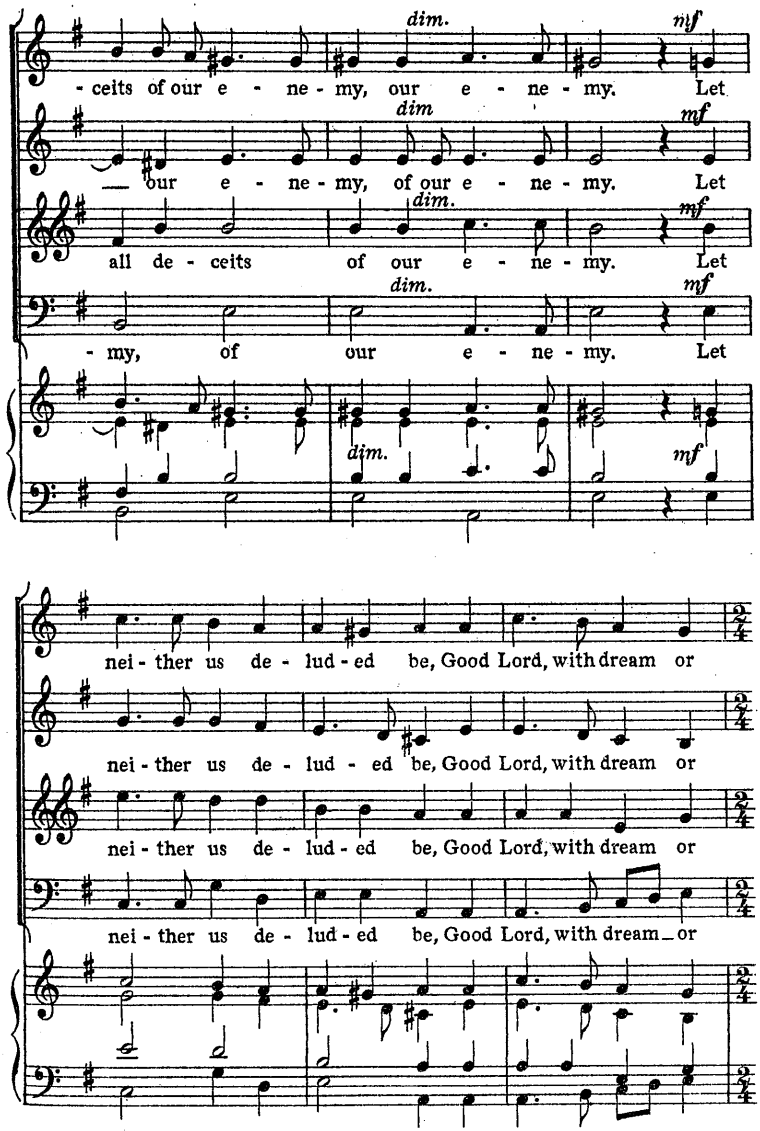
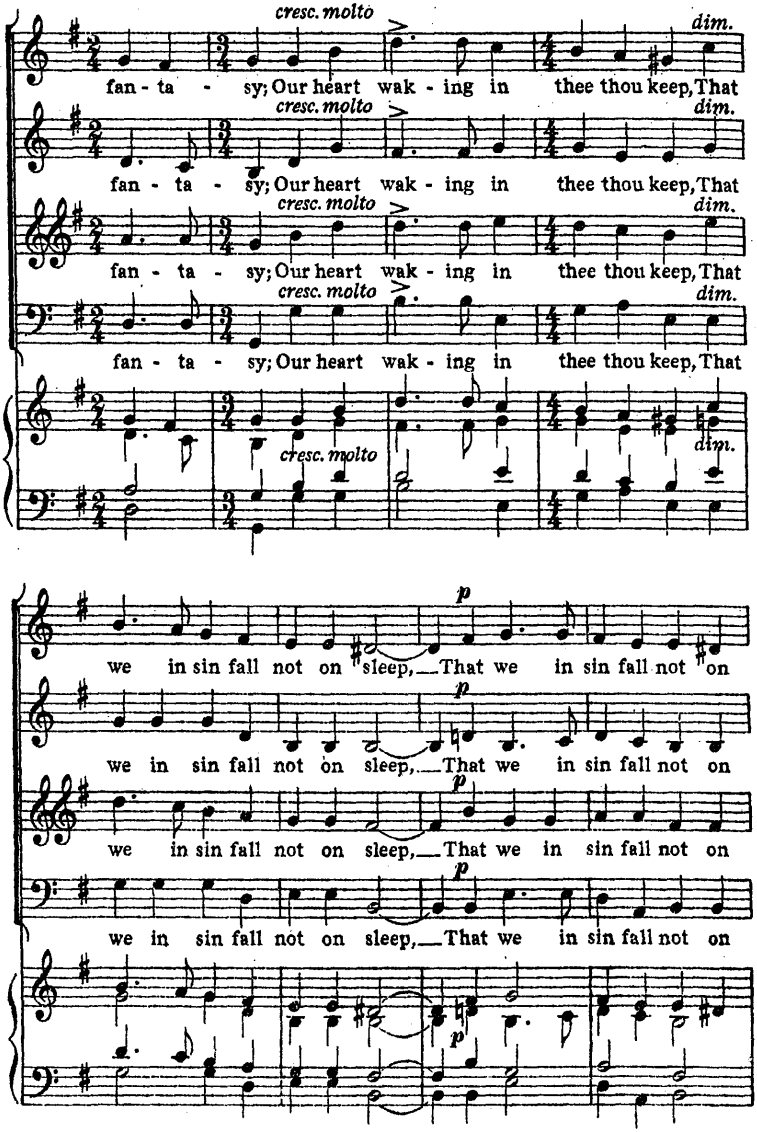
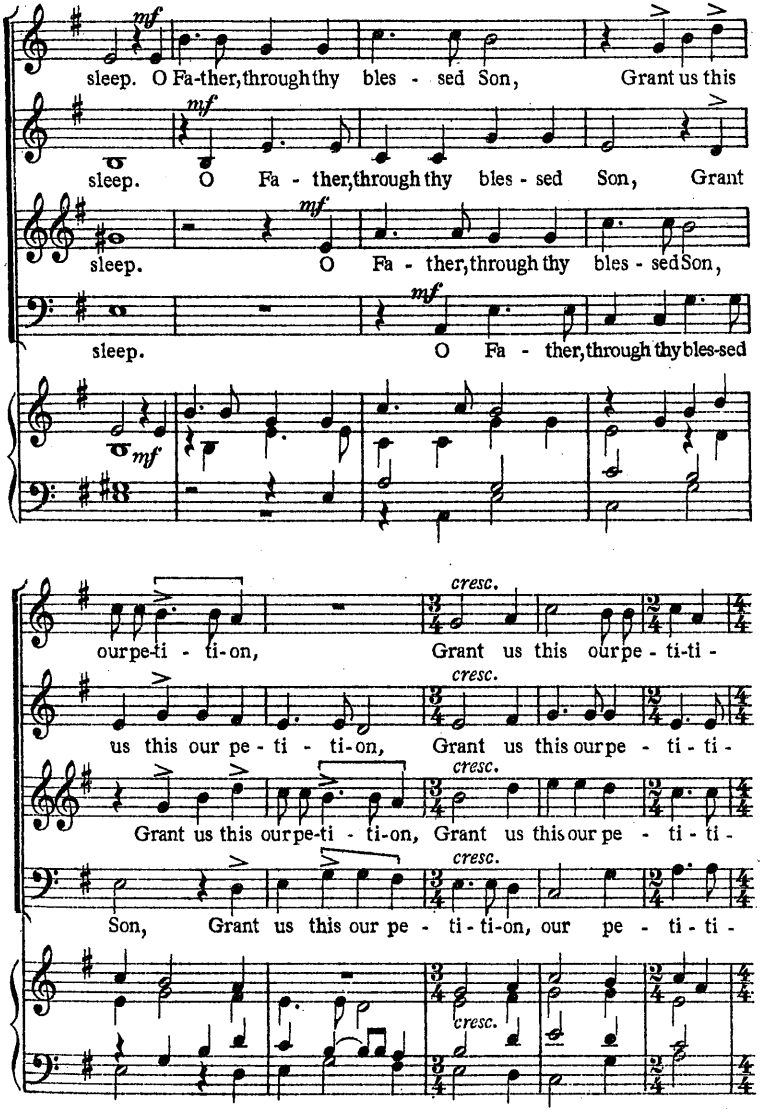
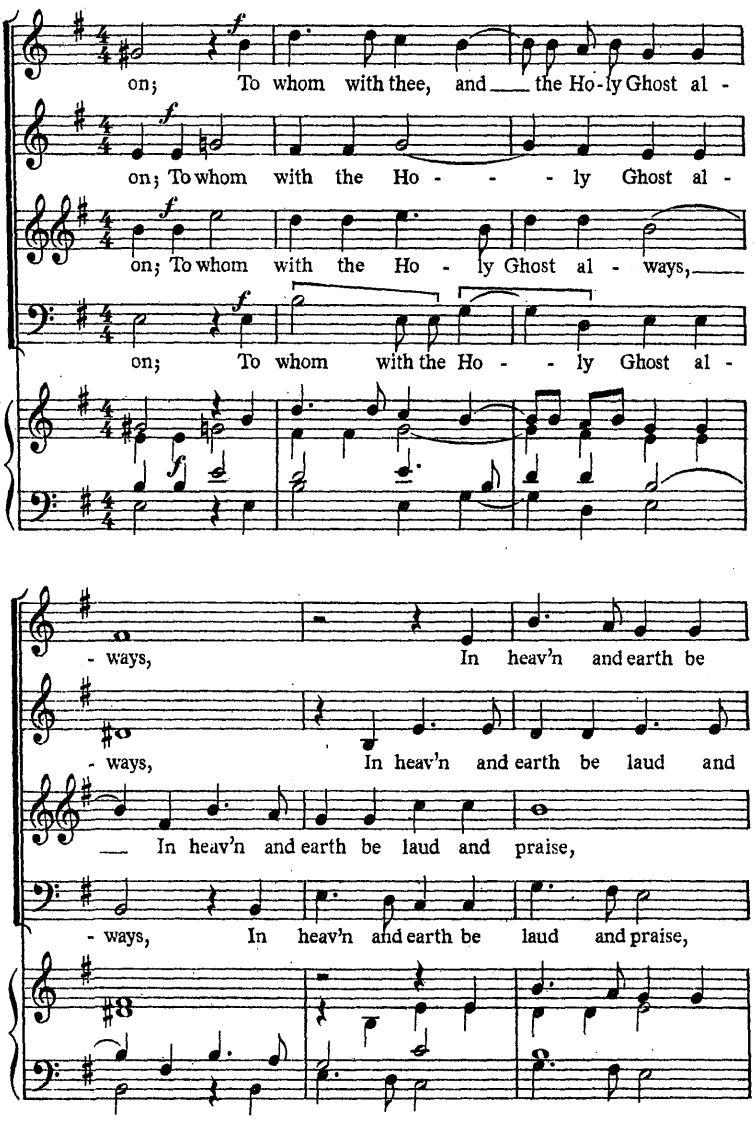
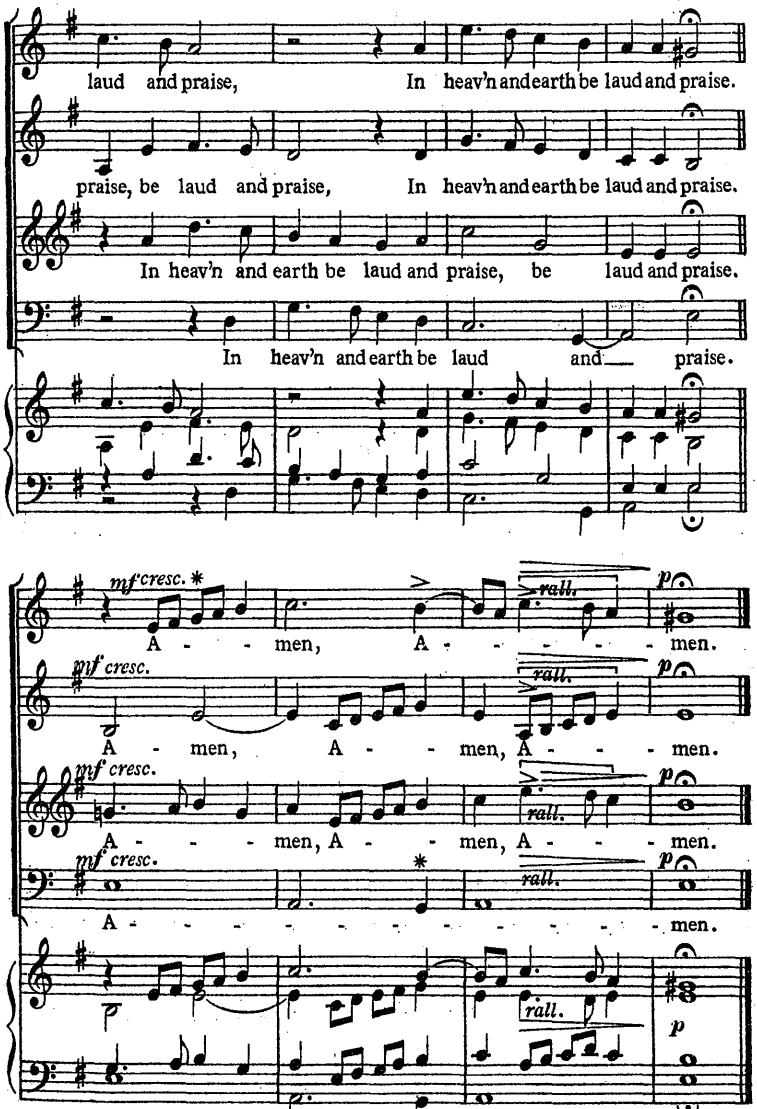
VERSE 6 [MELODY IN TREBLE]

i - sto gra - vi cor - po - re; Qui es de - fen - sor
in this mor - tal flesh we stay; 'Tis thou who dost the
i - sto gra - vi cor - po - re; Qui es de - fen - sor
in this mor - tal flesh we stay; 'Tis thou who dost the
i - sto gra - vi cor - po - re; Qui es de - fen - sor
in this mor - tal flesh we stay; 'Tis thou who dost the
i - sto gra - vi cor - po - re; Qui es de - fen - sor
in this mor - tal flesh we stay; 'Tis thou who dost the
i - sto gra - vi cor - po - re; Qui es de - fen - sor
in this mor - tal flesh we stay; 'Tis thou who dost the


a - ni - mae, Ad - es - to no - bis,
soul de - fend, Be pre - sent with us
a - ni - mae, Ad - es - to no - bis,
soul de - fend, Be pre - sent with us
a - ni - mae, Ad - es - to no - bis,
soul de - fend, Be pre - sent with us
a - ni - mae, Ad - es - to no - bis,
soul de - fend, Be pre - sent with us
a - ni - mae, Ad - es - to no - bis,
soul de - fend, Be pre - sent with us

Do - mi - ne. A - - men.
to the end. A - - men.
Do - mi - ne. A - - men.
to the end. A - - men.
Do - mi - ne. A - - men.
to the end. A - - men.
Do - mi - ne. A - - men.
to the end. A - - men.
Do - mi - ne. A - - men.
to the end. A - - men.

O LORD, THE MAKER OF ALL THING

Edited from a Christ Church MS. (by permission of the Dean and Chapter)
by R. R. Terry

The Primer of 1545

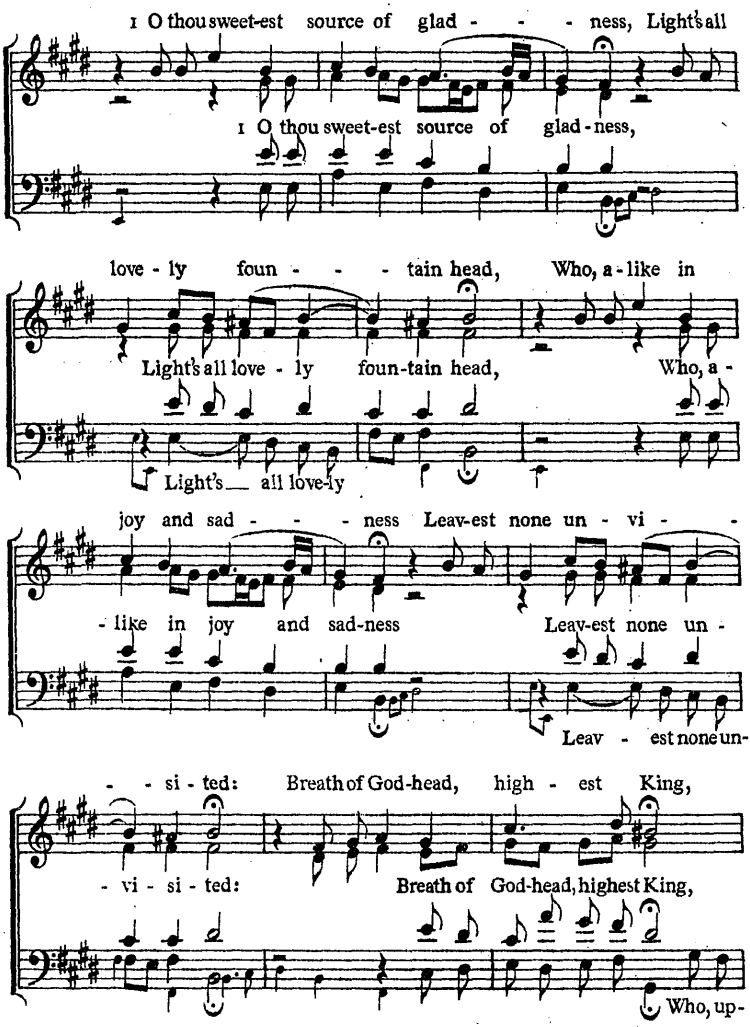
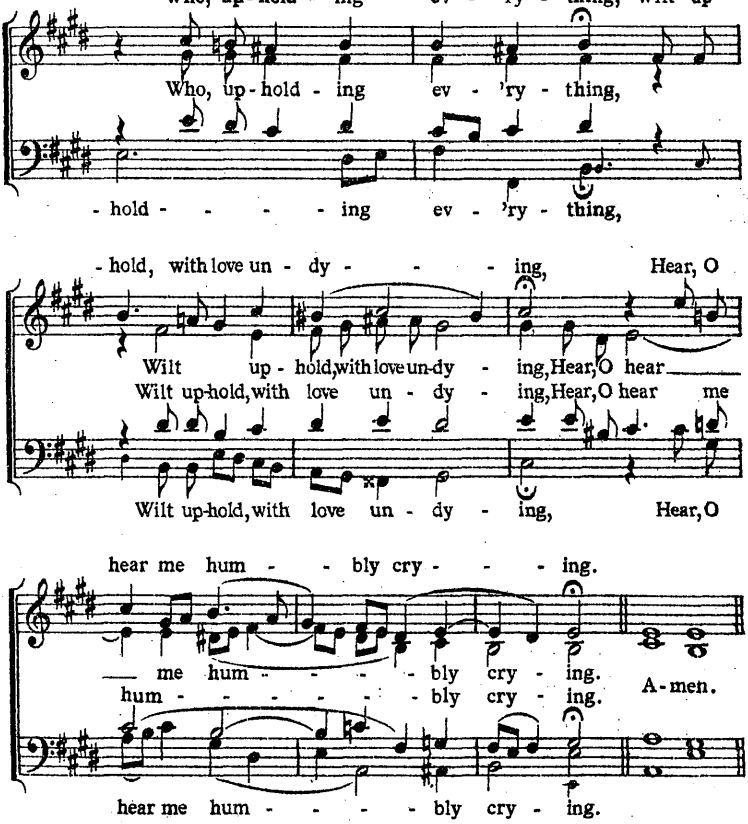
Attributed to William Mundy
(Formerly to Henry VIII)

N.B. (1) Triple measures dislocated by bar lines are indicated thus: ⌐¬
(2) The notes of the original are halved.

cresc.
- ning,
cresc.
Us to de - fend,
- ning,
Us to de - fend, through thy
- fend through thy mer - cy, through thy mer - cy,
cresc.
Us to de - fend, through thy mer - cy, through thy
cresc.
through thy mer - cy,
From all de -
mer - cy,
From all de - ceits of
From all de - ceits of our e - ne - my; From
mer - cy,
From all de - ceits of our e - ne -

dim.
mf
- ceits of our e - ne - my, our e - ne - my. Let
dim
mf
our e - ne - my, of our e - ne - my. Let
dim.
mf
all de - ceits of our e - ne - my. Let
dim.
mf
- my, of our e - ne - my. Let
dim.
mf
nei - ther us de - lud - ed be, Good Lord, with dream or
nei - ther us de - lud - ed be, Good Lord, with dream or
nei - ther us de - lud - ed be, Good Lord, with dream or
nei - ther us de - lud - ed be, Good Lord, with dream or

cresc. molto
dim.
fan - ta - sy; Our heart wak - ing in thee thou keep, That
cresc. molto
dim.
fan - ta - sy; Our heart wak - ing in thee thou keep, That
cresc. molto
dim.
fan - ta - sy; Our heart wak - ing in thee thou keep, That
cresc. molto
dim.
fan - ta - sy; Our heart wak - ing in thee thou keep, That
cresc. molto
dim.
p
we in sin fall not on sleep, That we in sin fall not on
p
we in sin fall not on sleep, That we in sin fall not on
p
we in sin fall not on sleep, That we in sin fall not on
p
we in sin fall not on sleep, That we in sin fall not on
p

mf
sleep. O Fa-ther, through thy bles - sed Son, Grant us this
mf
sleep. O Fa - ther, through thy bles - sed Son, Grant
mf
sleep. O Fa - ther, through thy bles - sed Son,
mf
sleep. O Fa - ther, through thy bles-sed
mf
cresc.
our pe-ti - ti-on, Grant us this our pe - ti-ti -
cresc.
us this our pe - ti - ti-on, Grant us this our pe - ti - ti -
cresc.
Grant us this our pe-ti - ti-on, Grant us this our pe - ti - ti -
cresc.
Son, Grant us this our pe - ti - ti-on, our pe - ti - ti -
cresc.

on; To whom with thee, and the Ho-ly Ghost al -
on; To whom with the Ho - - - ly Ghost al -
on; To whom with the Ho - ly Ghost al - ways,
on; To whom with the Ho - - ly Ghost al -
- ways, In heav'n and earth be
- ways, In heav'n and earth be laud and
In heav'n and earth be laud and praise,
- ways, In heav'n and earth be laud and praise,

N. B. The notes marked with an asterisk are sharp in all the MSS. at Ch.Ch. [Ed.]

12

O THOU SWEETEST SOURCE OF GLADNESS

Liebster Gott, wann werd' ich sterben (87.87.77.88)

P. Gerhardt
Tr. by J. C. Jacobi

J. S. Bach

2 From thy throne, as April shower,
Thou descendest, heavenly One,
Freighted with thy sevenfold dower,
From the Father and the Son:
Bring me, noble Guest divine,
God's own blessings—they are thine,
Freely dealt at thy good pleasure:
Fill me in abundant measure.

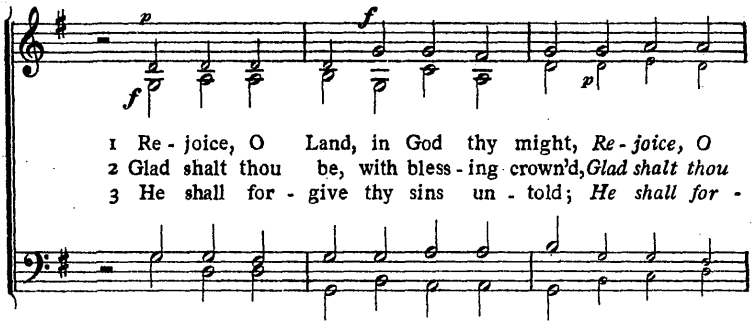
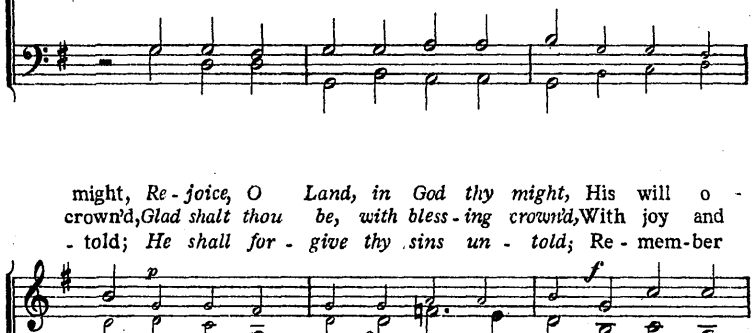
3 Save, uphold, and go before me;
Fainting, be my staff and rod:
Dying, to new life restore me,
Buried, be my grave, O God:
From the dust when I arise,
Come, exalt me to the skies,
Where thou wilt in realms supernal
Feed thy saints with joy eternal.
Amen.

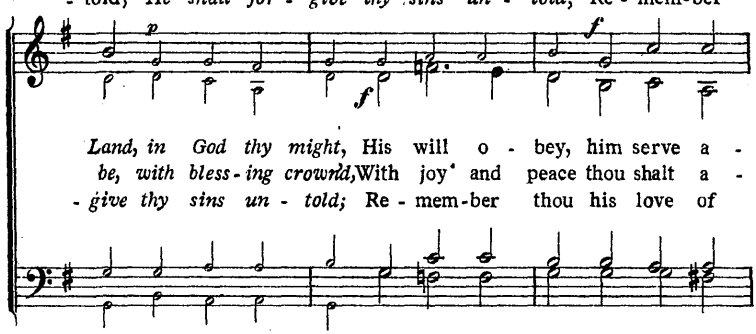
13

REJOICE, O LAND

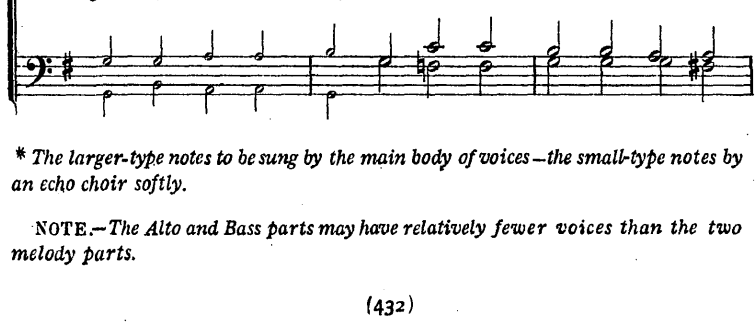
Tallis' Canon, full version. (L. M.)

See Foot-note*

1 *Re - joice, O Land,* Re - joice, O Land, in God thy
2 *Glad shalt thou be,* Glad shalt thou be, with bless - ing
3 *He shall for - give,* He shall for - give thy sins un -

1 Re - joice, O Land, in God thy might, *Re - joice, O*
2 Glad shalt thou be, with bless - ing crown'd, *Glad shalt thou*
3 He shall for - give thy sins un - told; *He shall for -*

might, *Re - joice, O Land, in God thy might,* His will o -
crown'd, *Glad shalt thou be, with bless - ing crown'd,* With joy and
- told; *He shall for - give thy sins un - told;* Re - mem - ber



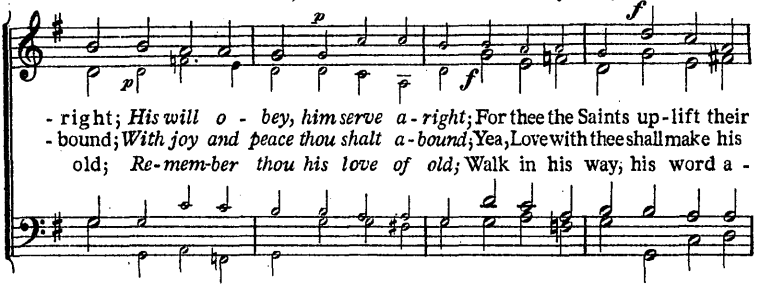
Land, in God thy might, His will o - bey, him serve a -
be, with bless - ing crown'd, With joy and peace thou shalt a -
- give thy sins un - told; Re - mem - ber thou his love of



* *The larger-type notes to be sung by the main body of voices—the small-type notes by an echo choir softly.*

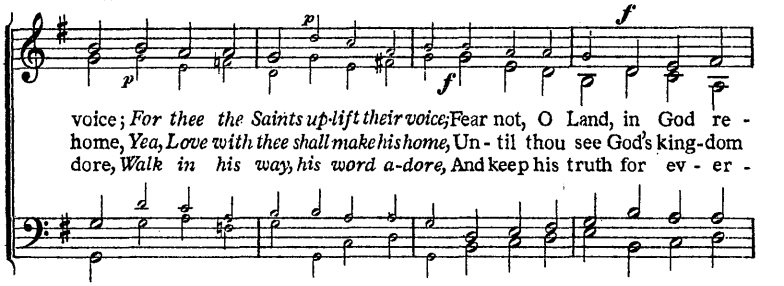
NOTE.—*The Alto and Bass parts may have relatively fewer voices than the two melody parts.*

- bey, him serve a - right; *His will o - bey, him serve a - right;* For thee the
peace thou shalt a - bound; *With joy and peace thou shalt a-bound;* Yea, Love with
thou his love of old; *Re-member thou his love of old;* Walk in his



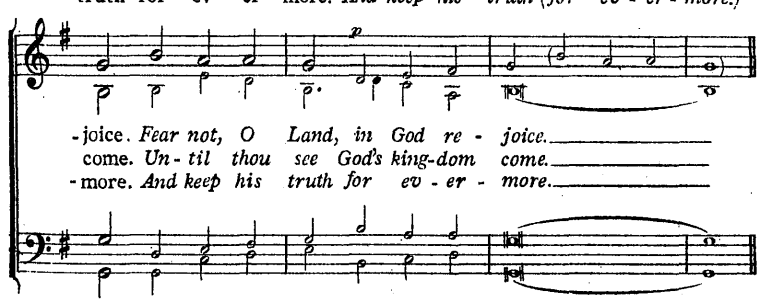
- right; *His will o - bey, him serve a - right;* For thee the Saints up-lift their
- bound; *With joy and peace thou shalt a - bound;* Yea, Love with thee shall make his
old; *Re-mem-ber thou his love of old;* Walk in his way, his word a -

Saints up - lift their voice; *For thee the Saints up-lift their voice;* Fear not, O
thee shall make his home, *Yea, Love with thee shall make his home,* Un - til thou
way, his word a - dore, *Walk in his way, his word a-dore,* And keep his



voice; *For thee the Saints up-lift their voice;* Fear not, O Land, in God re -
home, *Yea, Love with thee shall make his home,* Un - til thou see God's king-dom
dore, *Walk in his way, his word a-dore,* And keep his truth for ev - er -

Land, in God re - joice. *Fear not, O Land, (in God re - joice.)*
see God's king-dom come. *Un - til thou see (God's king-dom come.)*
truth for ev - er - more. *And keep his truth (for ev - er - more.)*

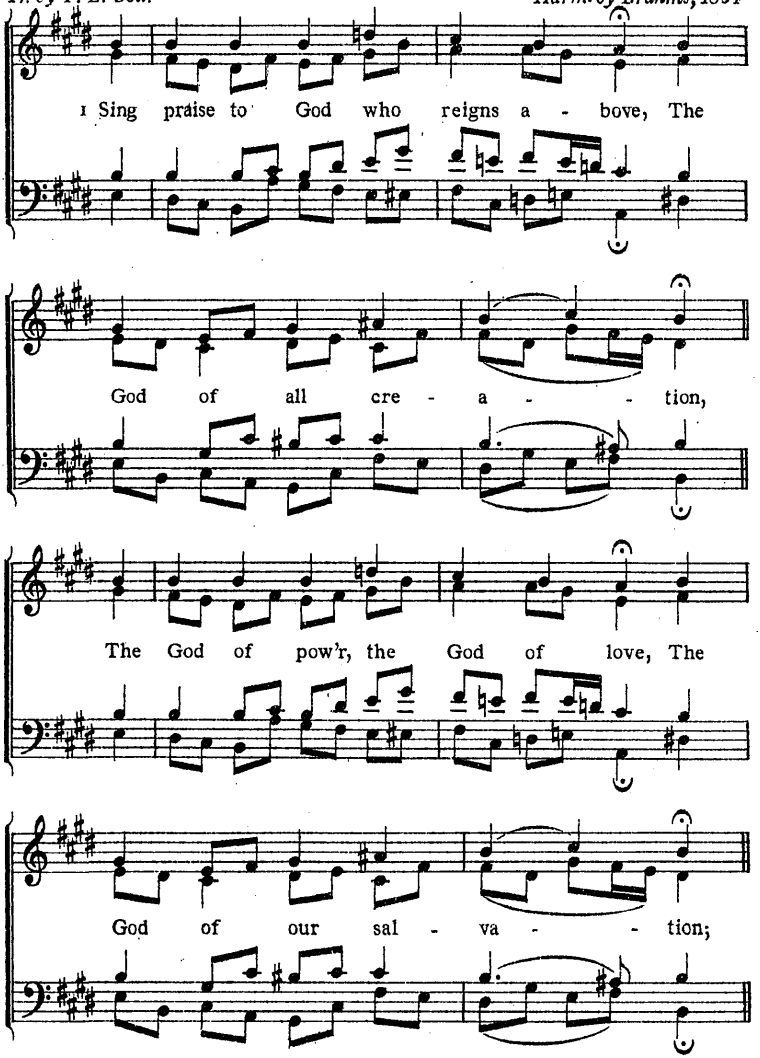
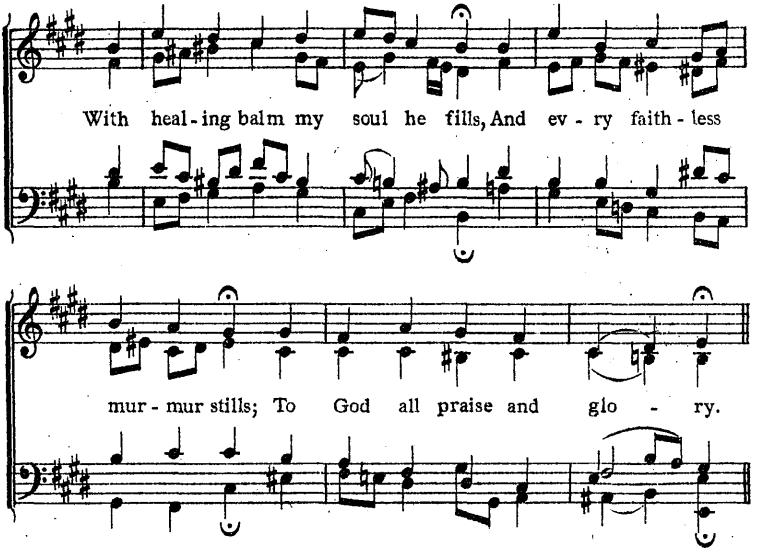


- joice. *Fear not, O Land, in God re - joice.*
come. *Un - til thou see God's king-dom come.*
- more. *And keep his truth for ev - er - more.*

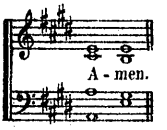
SING PRAISE TO GOD

Es ist das Heil uns kommen her (8787.887)

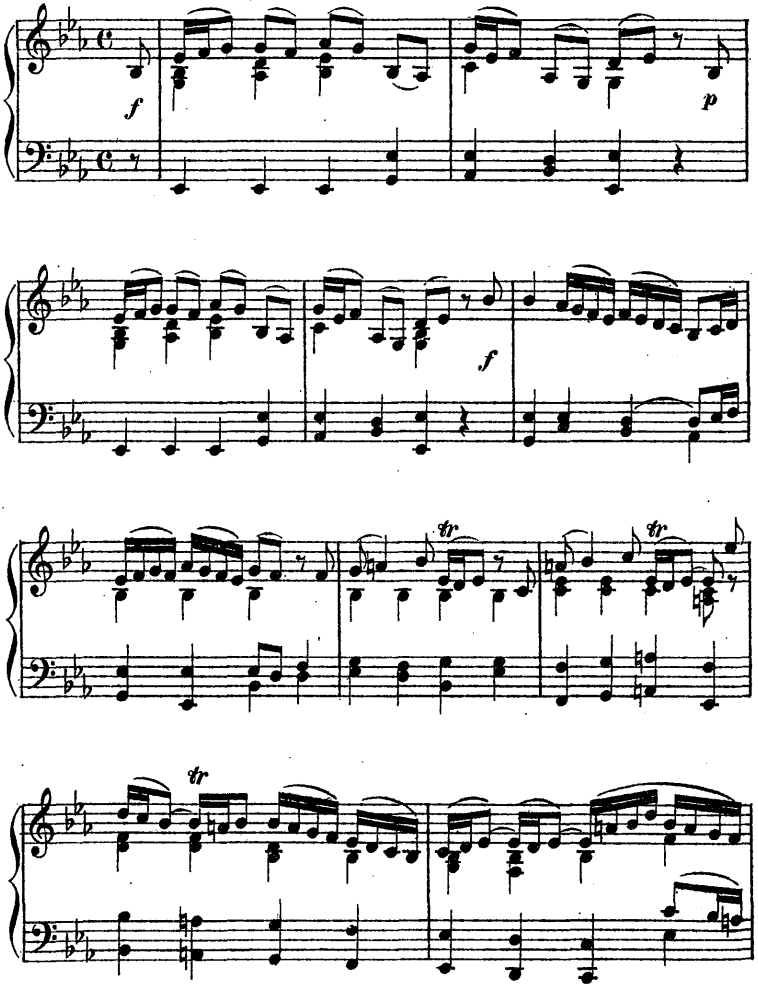
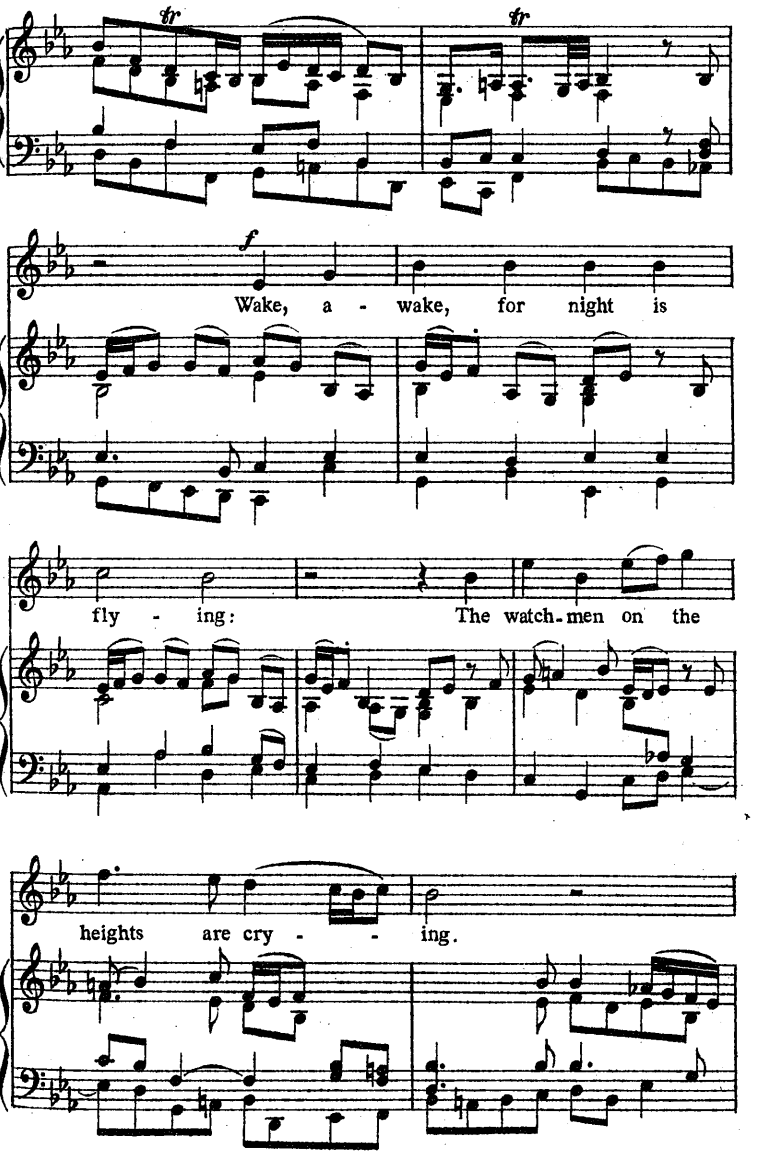
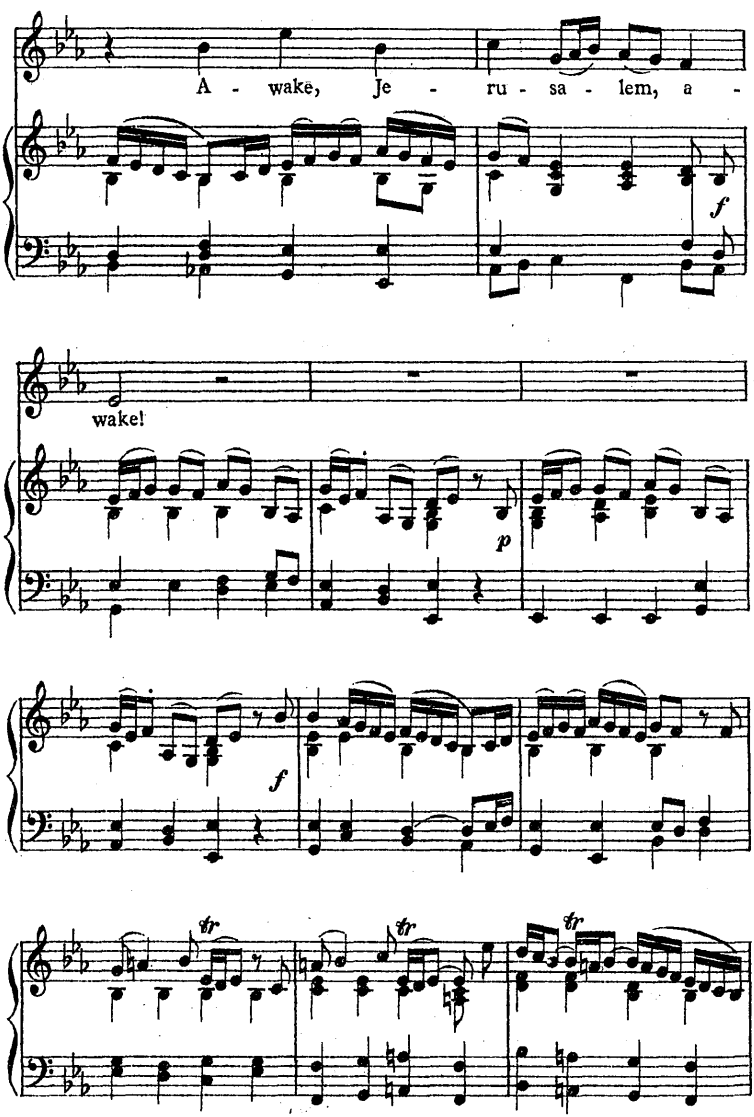
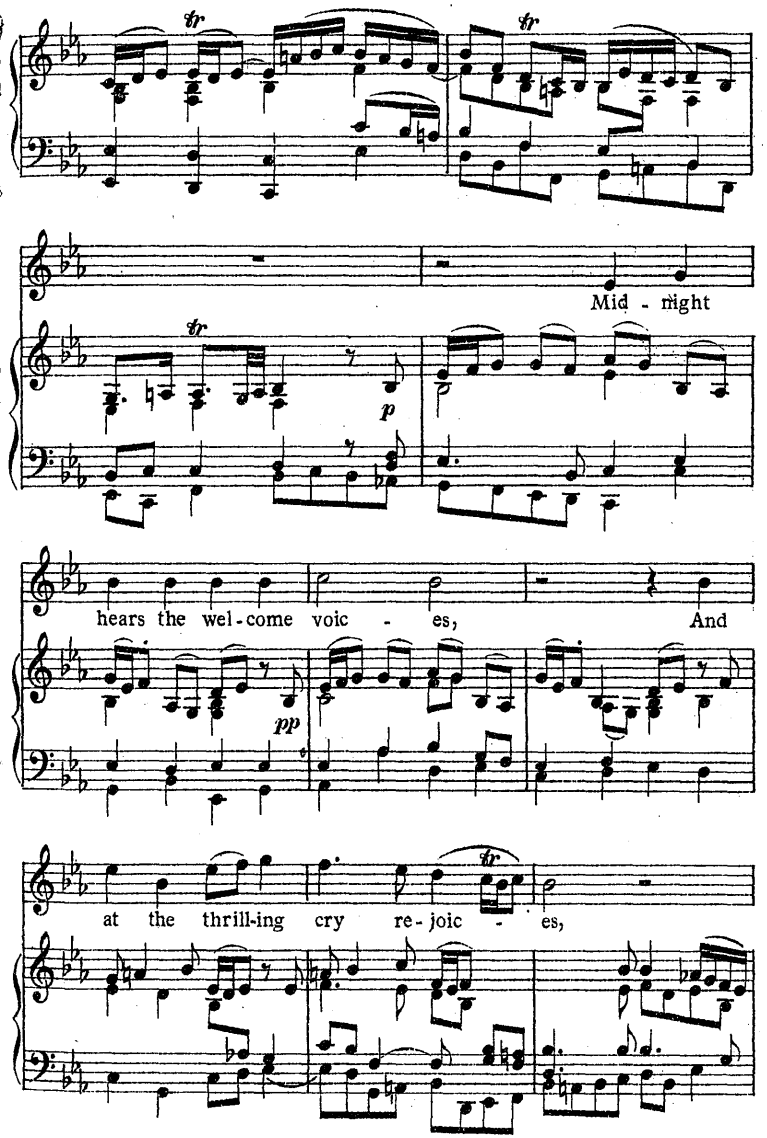
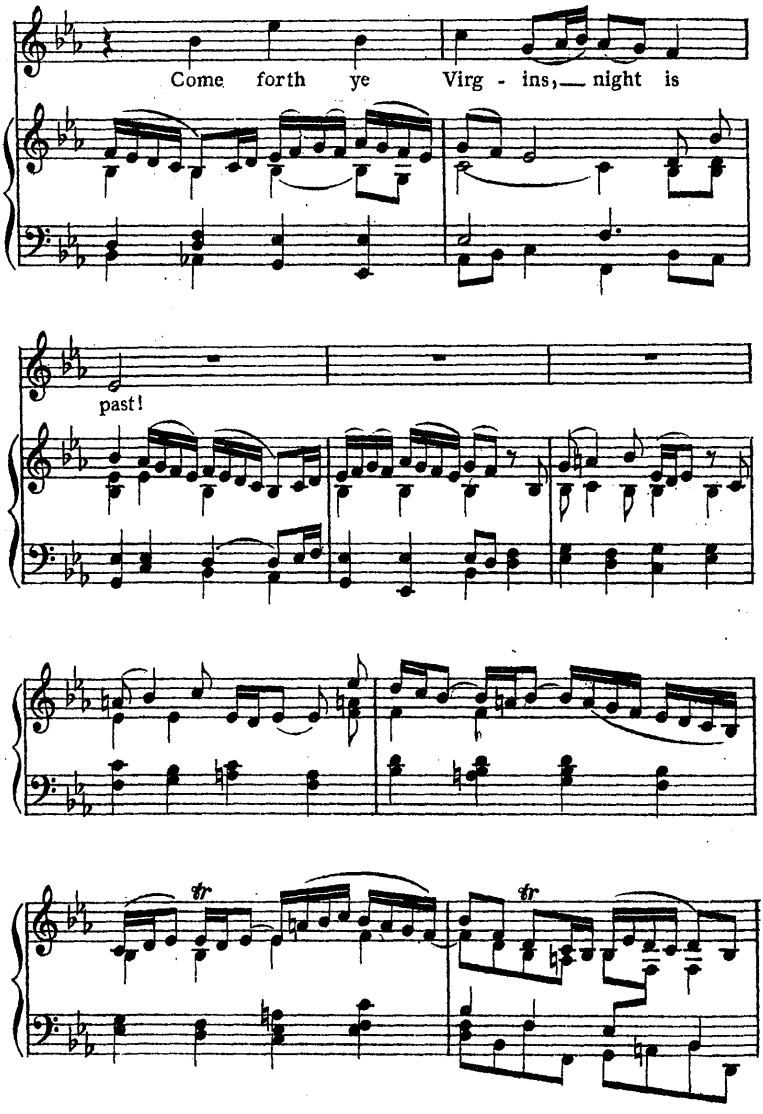
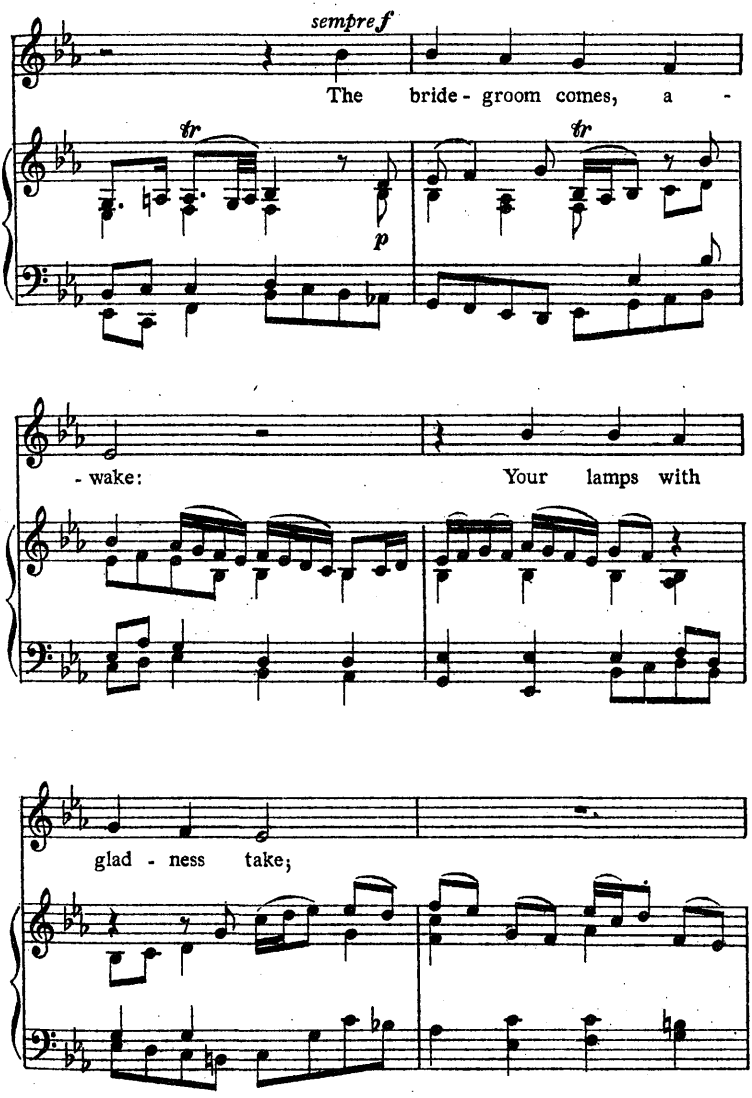
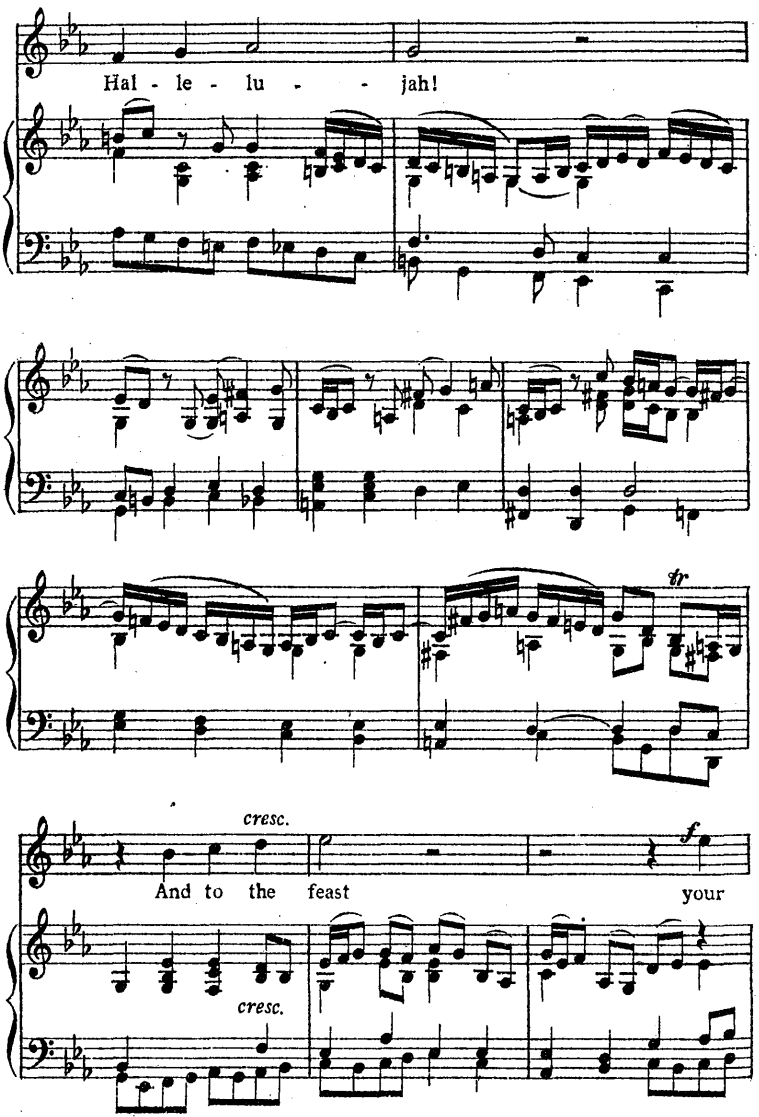
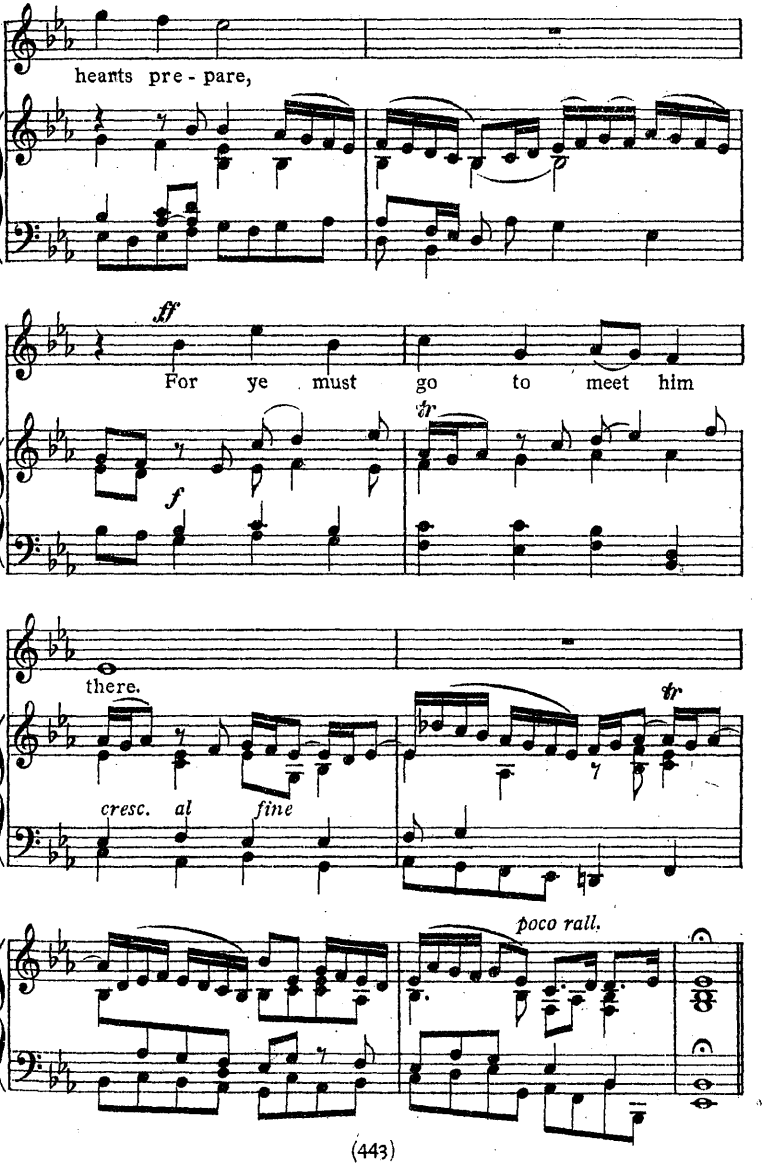
J. J. Schütz
Tr. by F. E. Cox.

Chorale from 'Liedern' Wittenberg, 1524
Harm. by Brahms, 1864

2 The Lord is never far away,
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace and joy and blessing;
As with a mother's tender hand,
He leads his own, his chosen band;
To God all praise and glory.

3 Thus all my toilsome way along
I sing aloud thy praises,
That men may hear the joyful song
My heart unwearied raises;
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart,
Both soul and body bear your part;
To God all praise and glory. Amen.

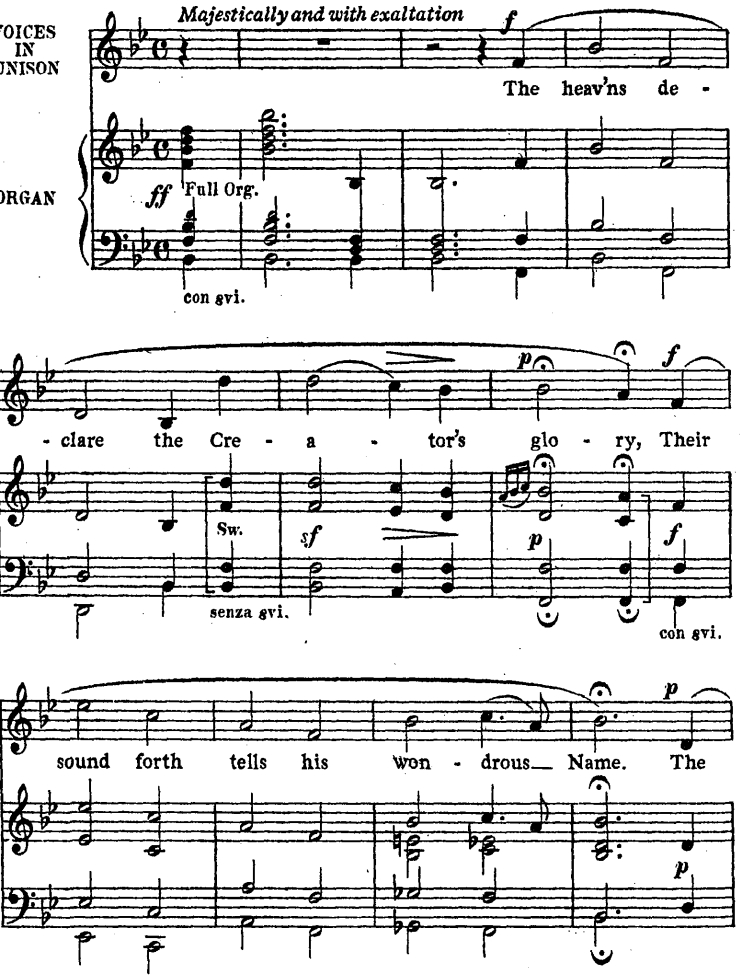
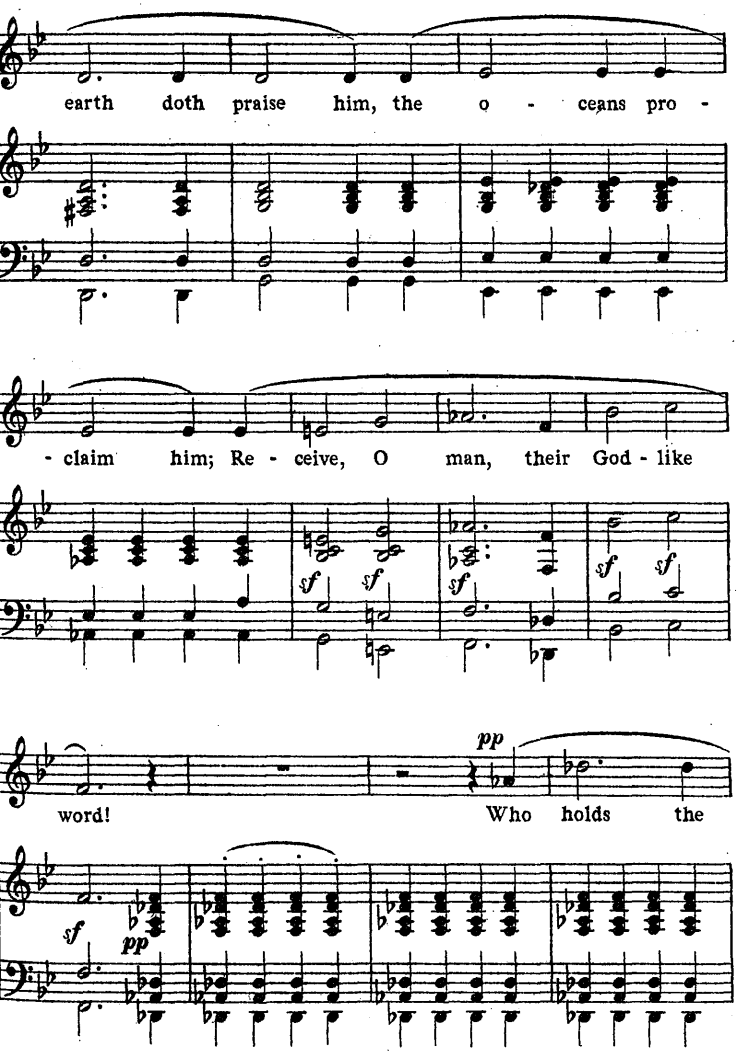
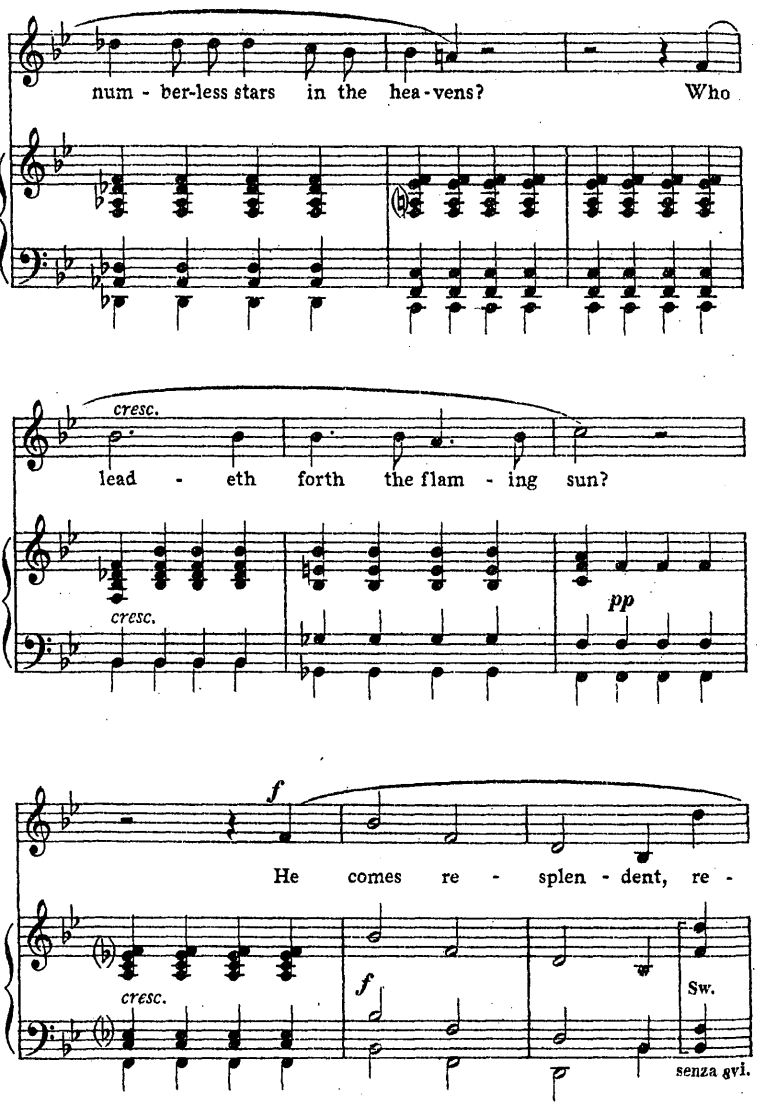
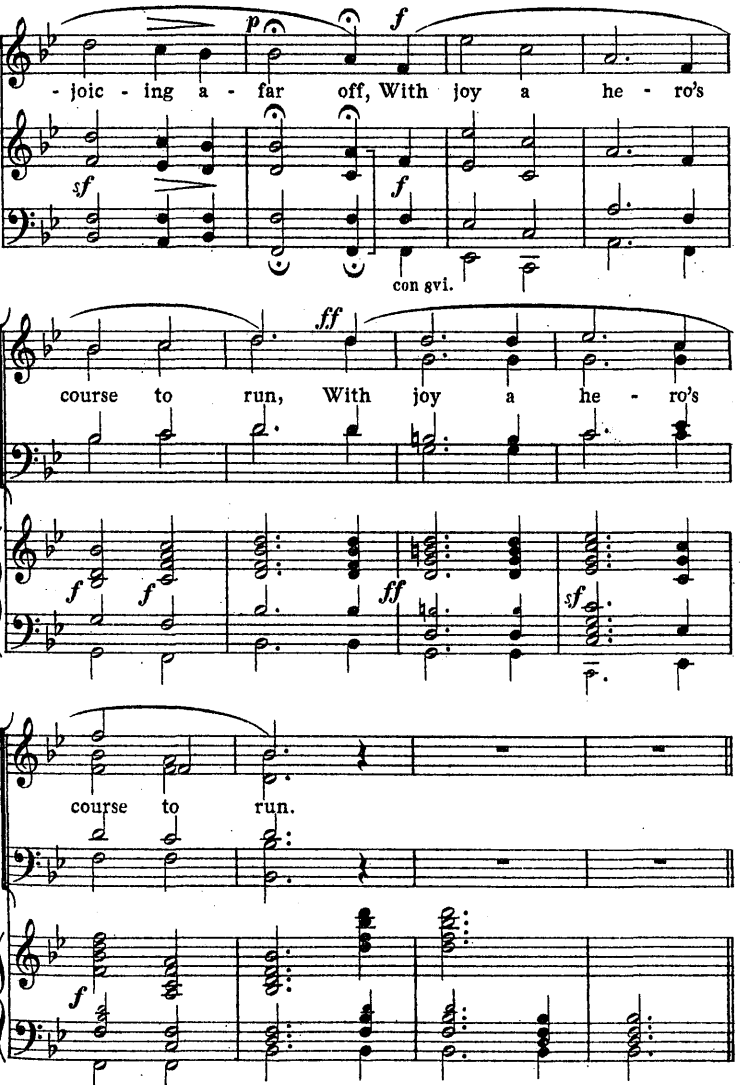


CHORALE FROM 'SLEEPERS WAKE'

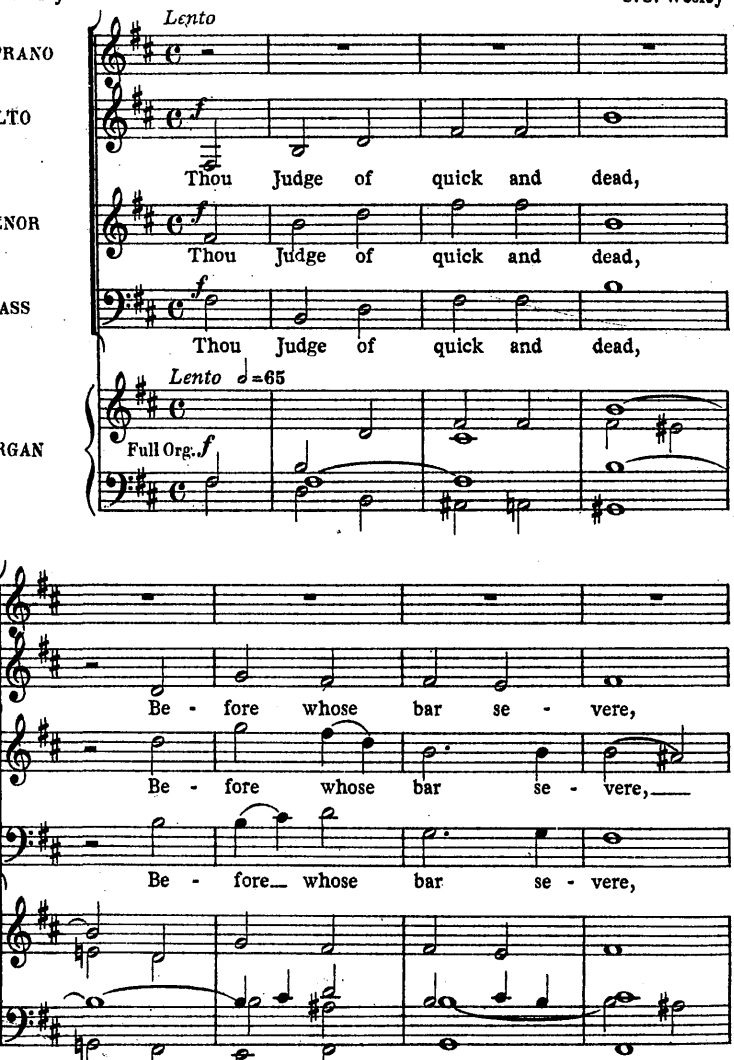
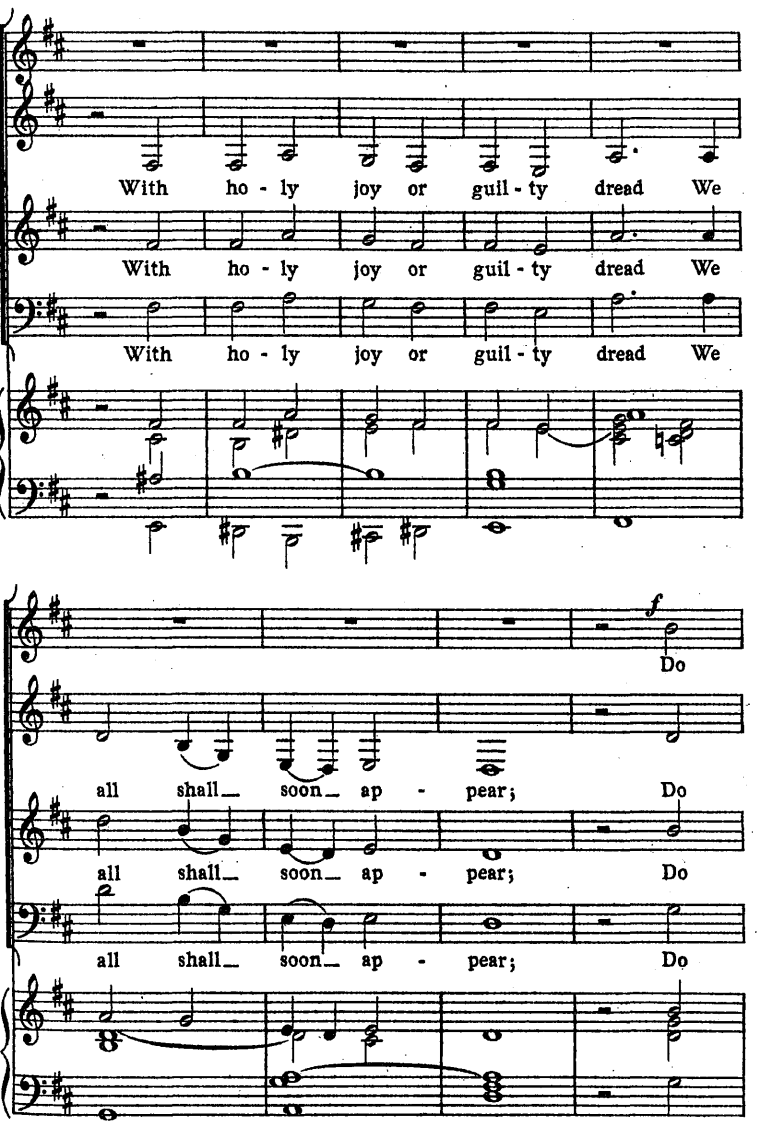
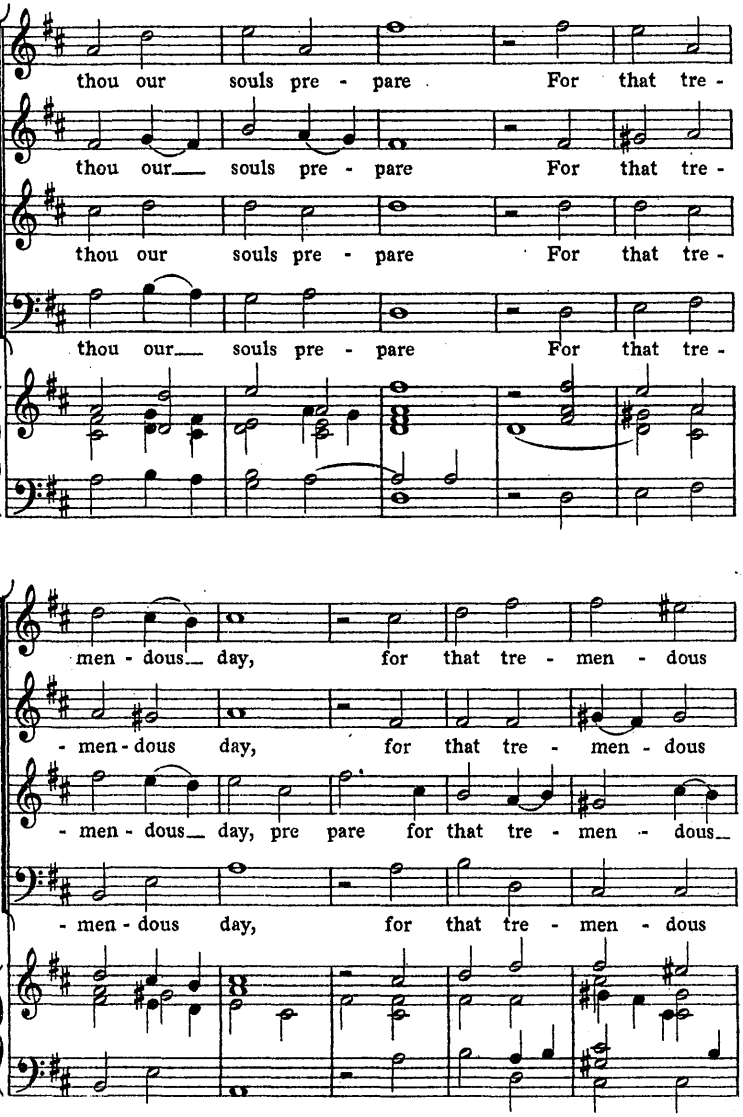
J. S. Bach

fr
fr
f
Wake, a - wake, for night is
fly - ing: The watch-men on the
heights are cry - - ing.

A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a -
f
wake!
p
f
tr
tr
tr

tr
tr
Mid - night
tr
p
hears the wel - come voic - es, And
pp
at the thrill-ing cry re - joic - es,
tr

Come forth ye Virg - ins, night is
past!
tr
tr

sempre f
The bride - groom comes, a -
tr
tr
p
- wake:
Your lamps with
glad - ness take;

Hal - le - lu - - jah!
tr
cresc.
f
And to the feast your
cresc.

hearts pre - pare,
ff
For ye must go to meet him
f
tr
there.
tr
cresc. al fine
poco rall.

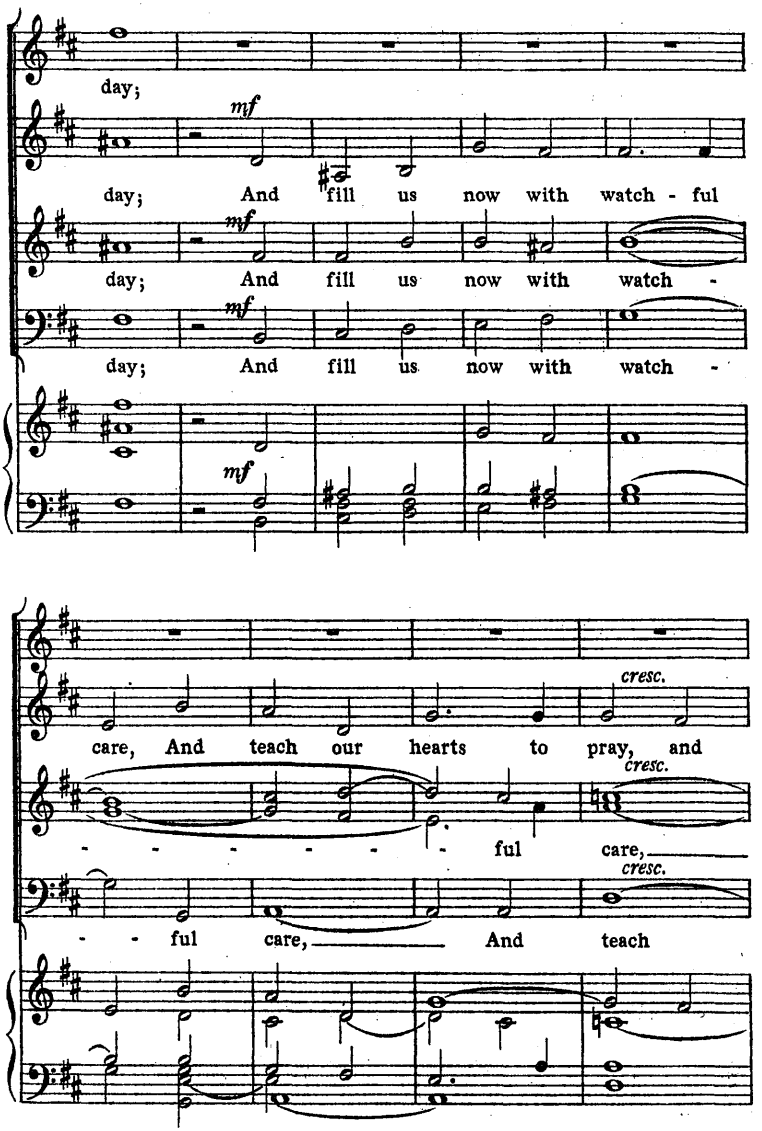
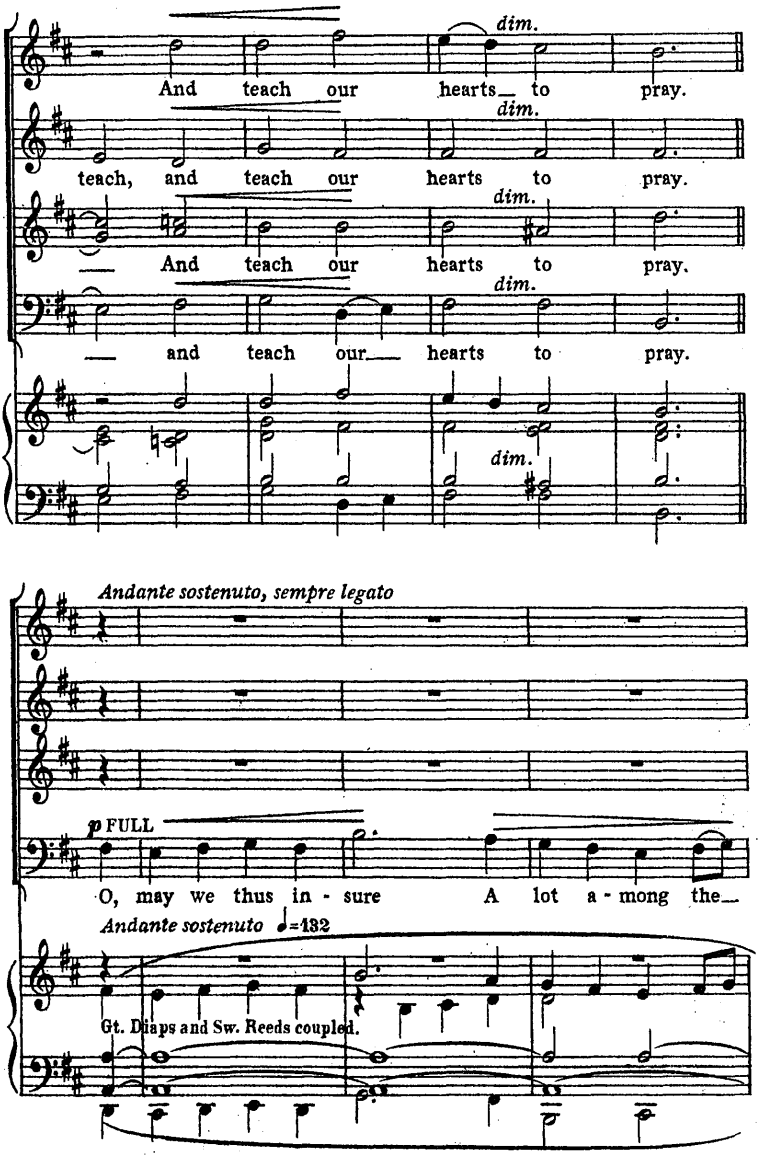
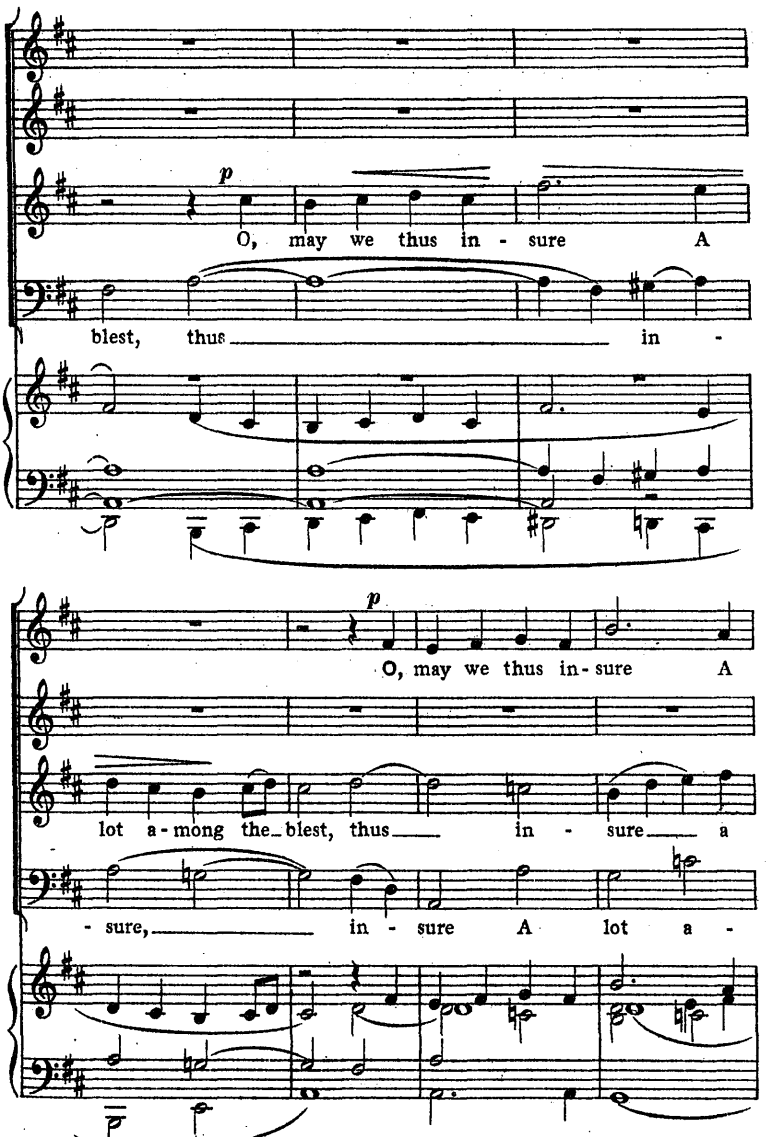
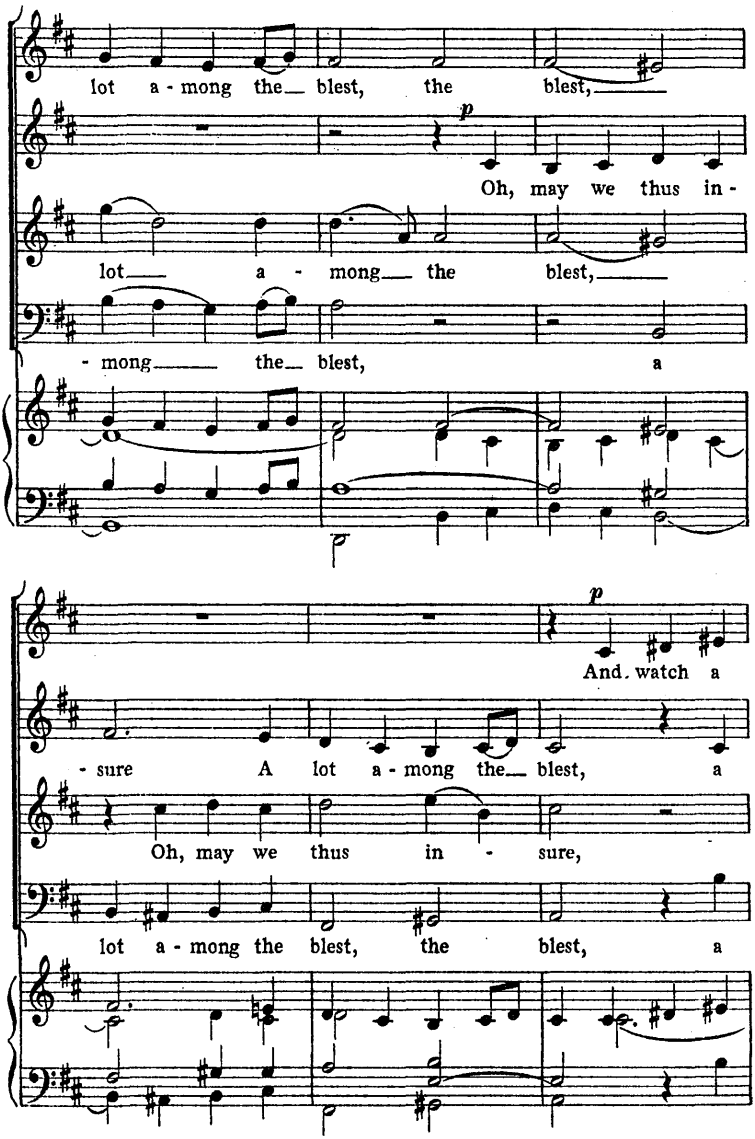
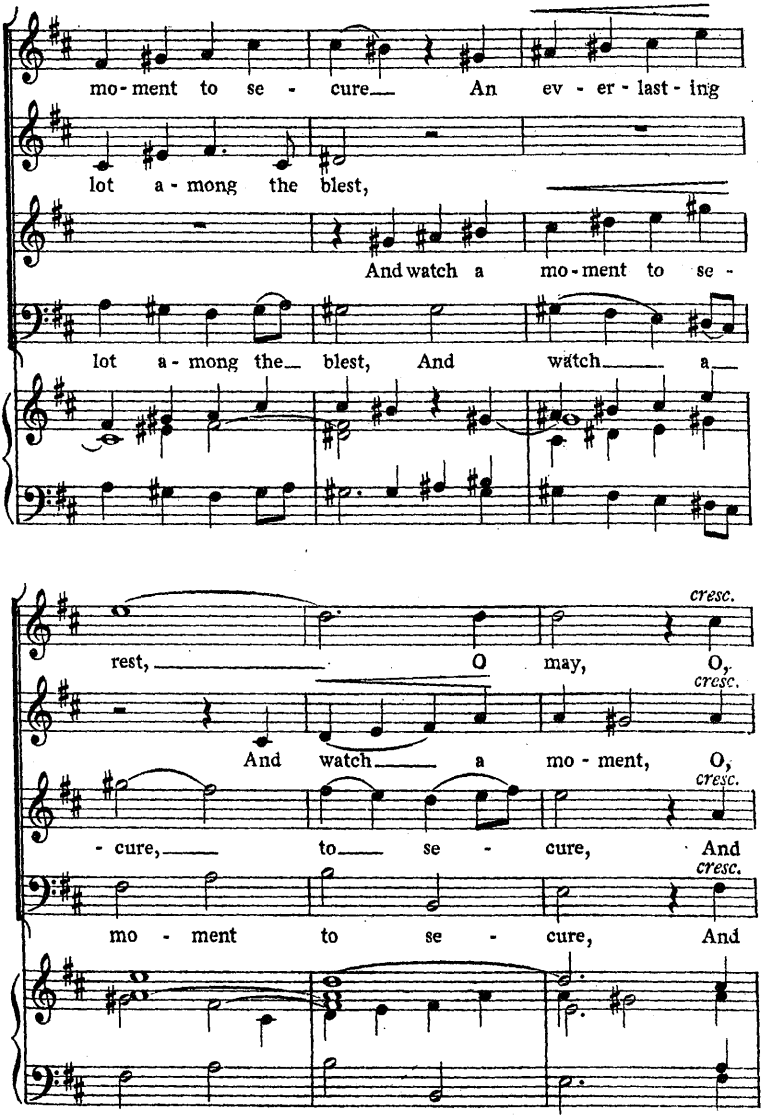
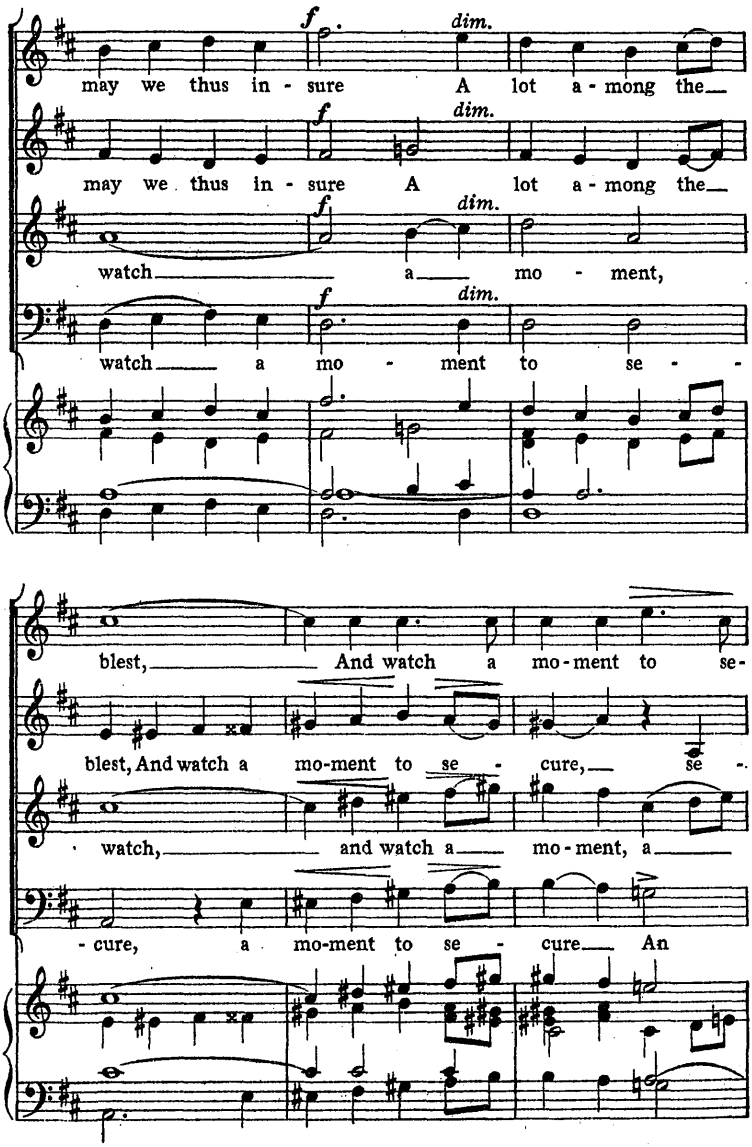
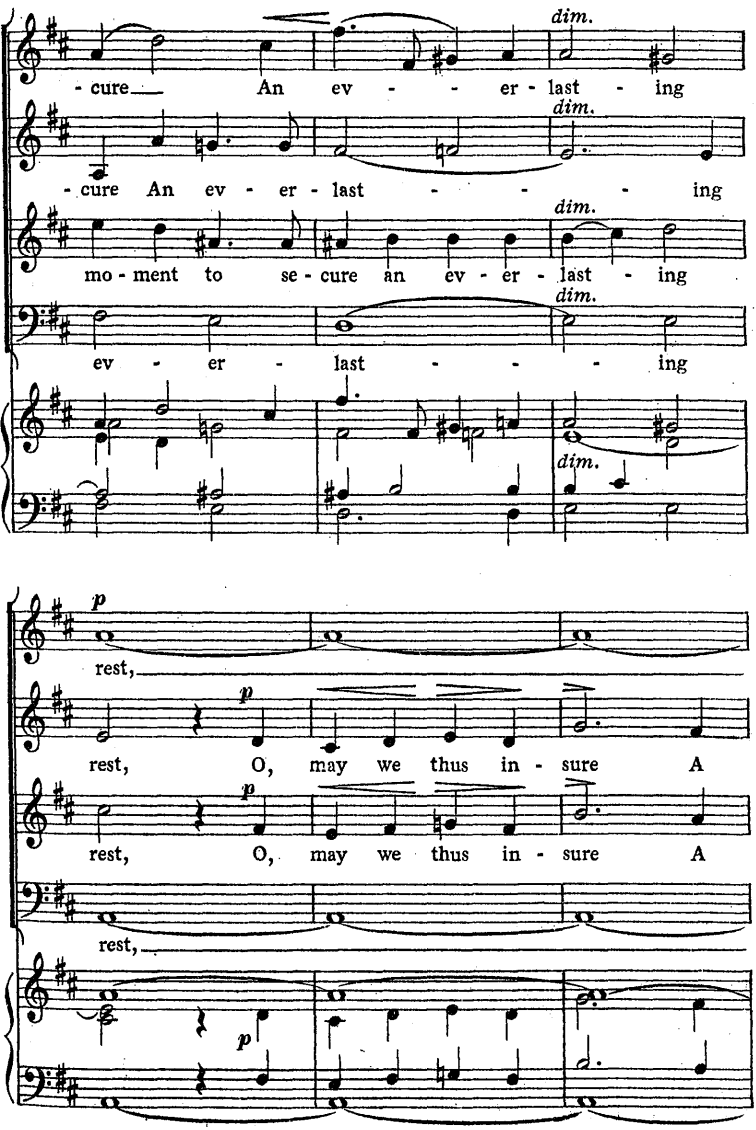
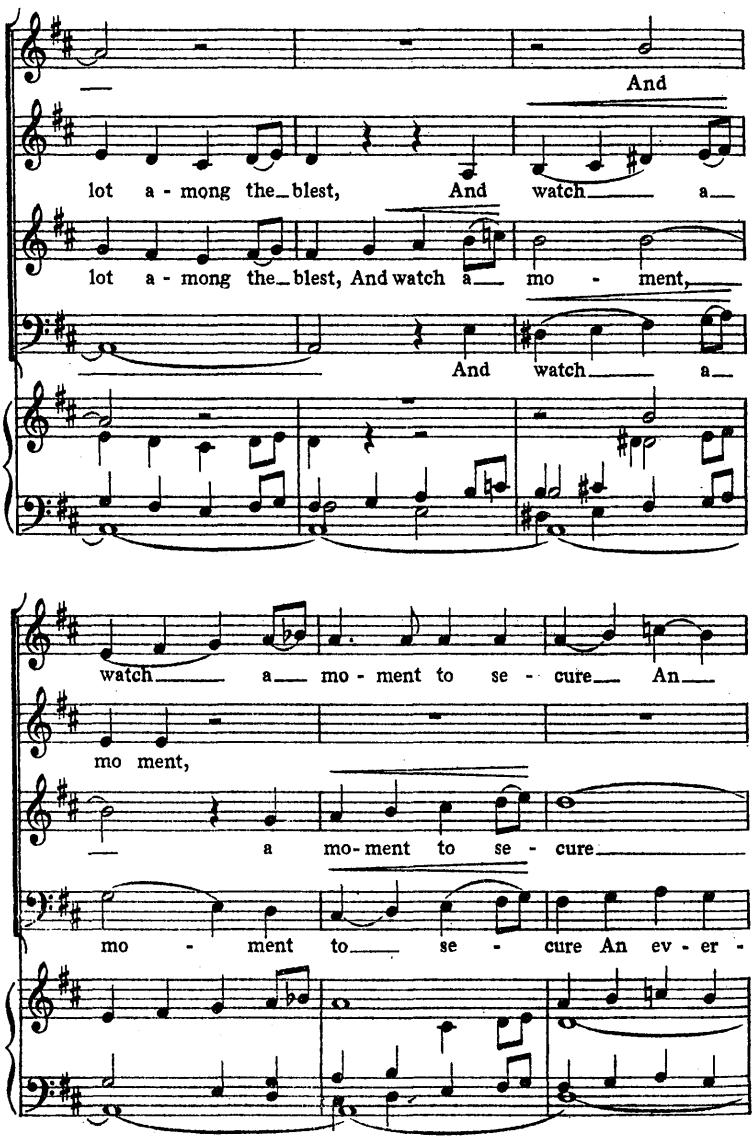
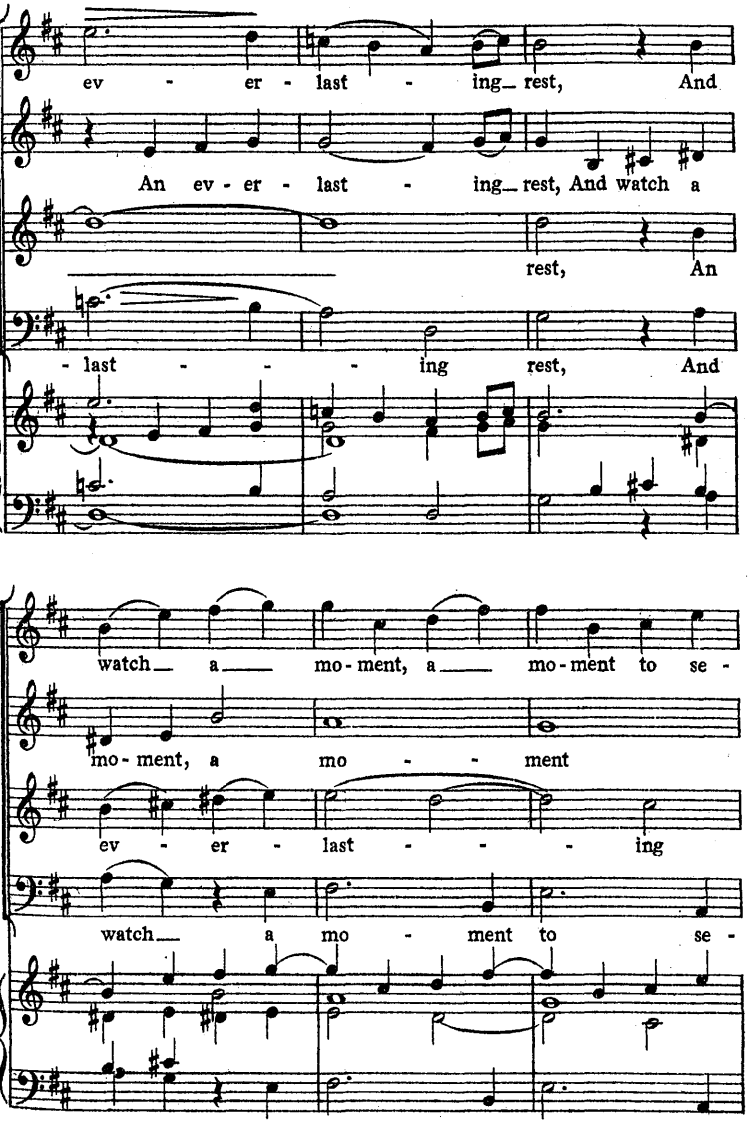
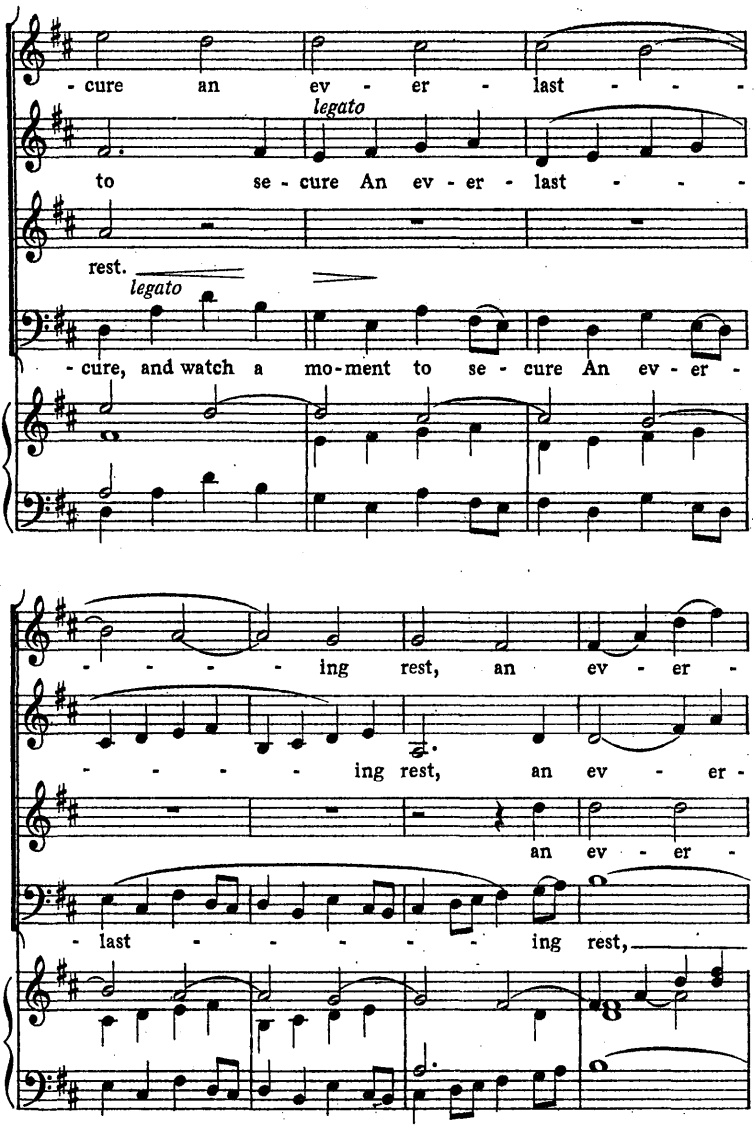
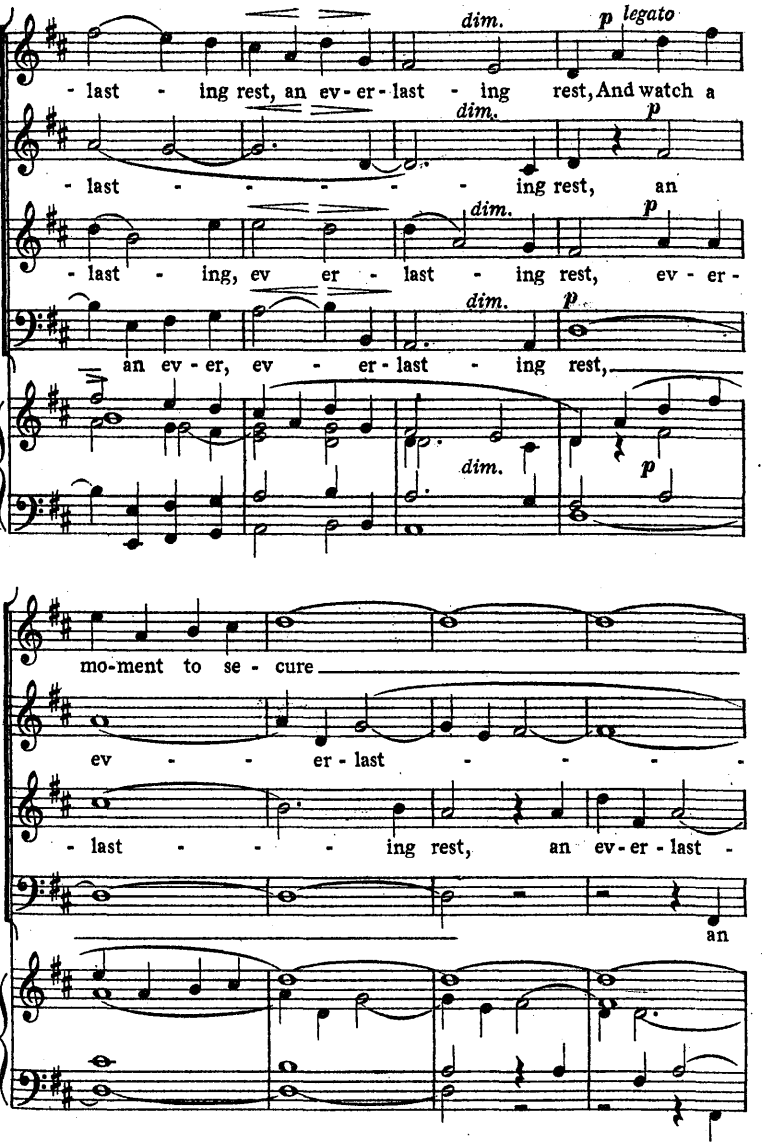
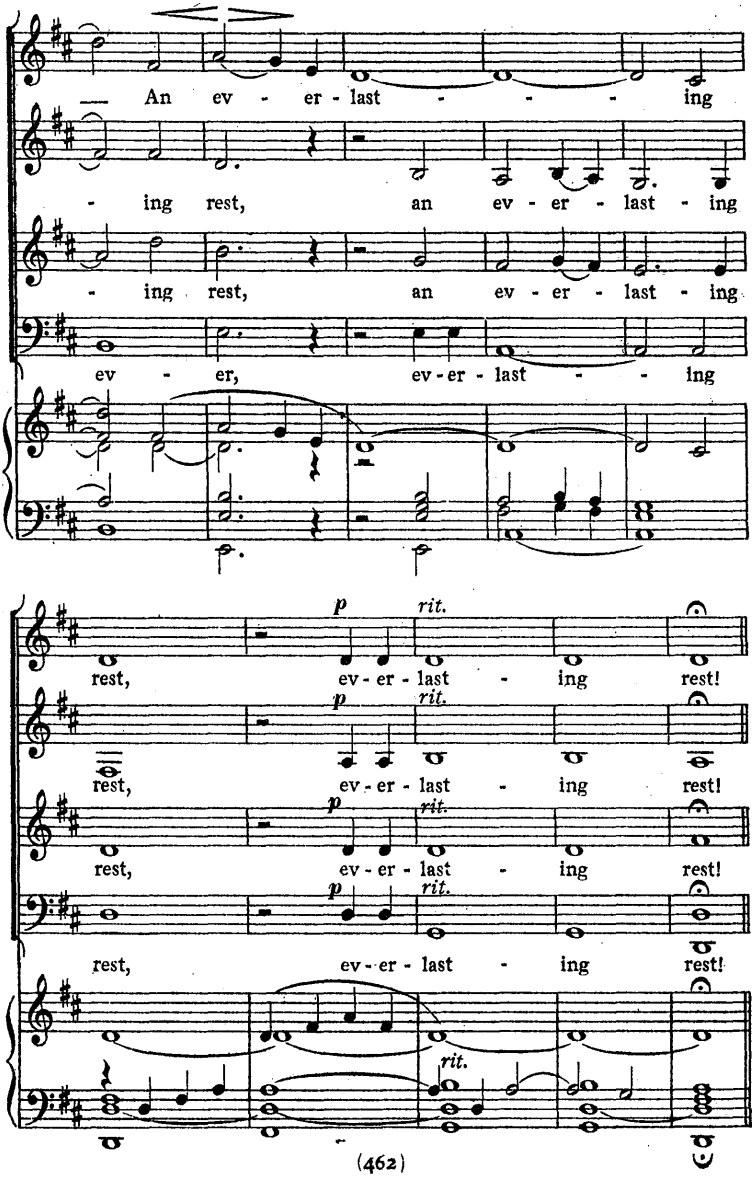
THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE CREATOR'S GLORY
(Die Ehre Gottes)

C. F. Gellert
Tr. U. C. W.

L. van Beethoven

earth doth praise him, the o - ceans pro -
- claim him; Re - ceive, O man, their God - like
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
pp
word!
Who holds the
sf
pp

num - ber-less stars in the hea-vens? Who
cresc.
lead - eth forth the flam - ing sun?
cresc.
pp
f
He comes re - splen - dent, re -
cresc.
f
Sw.
senza gvi.

The small notes in the accompaniment are for use when a pedal organ is available.

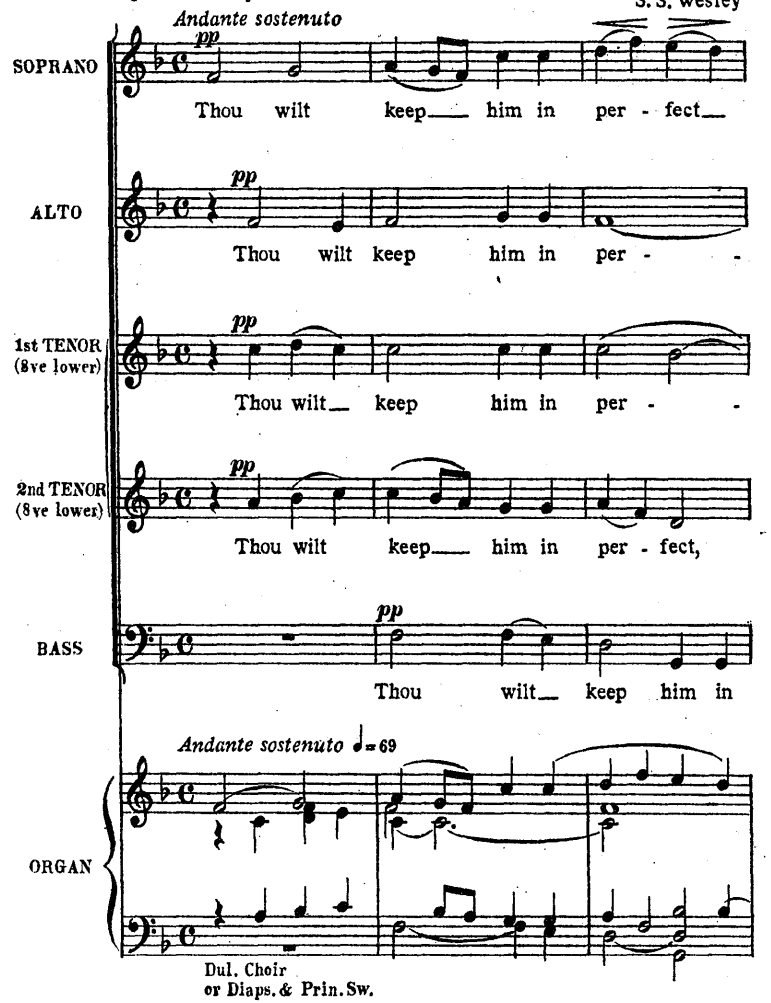
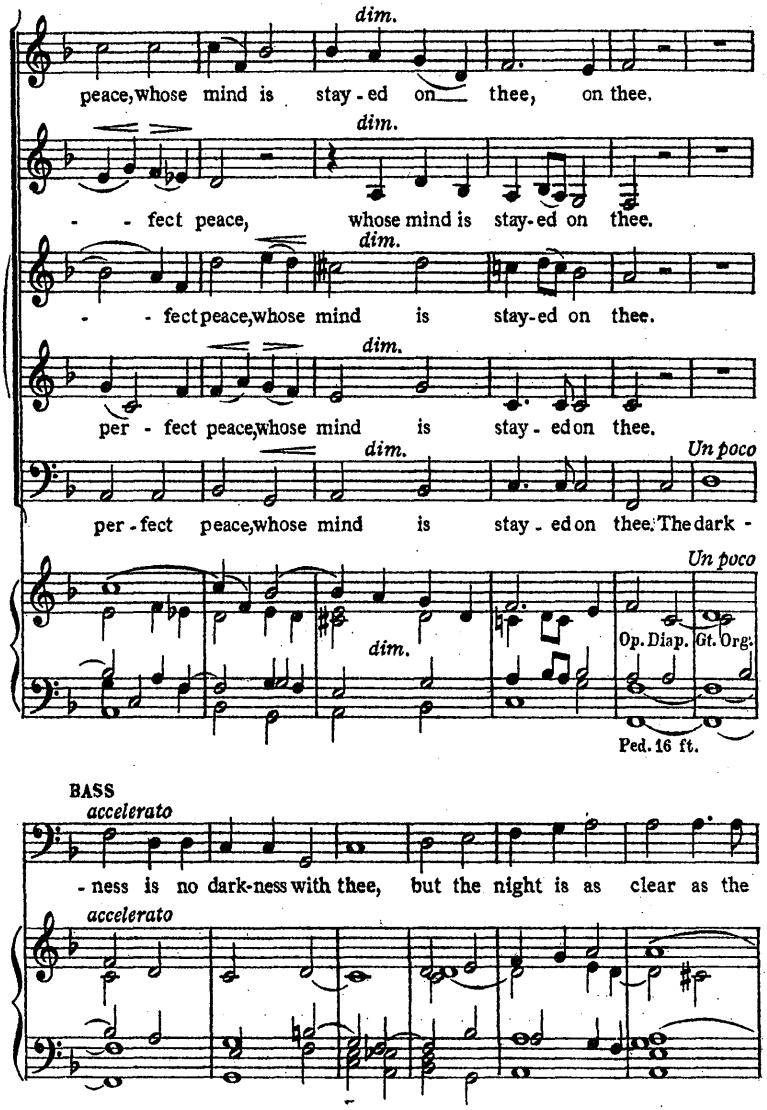
Wesley

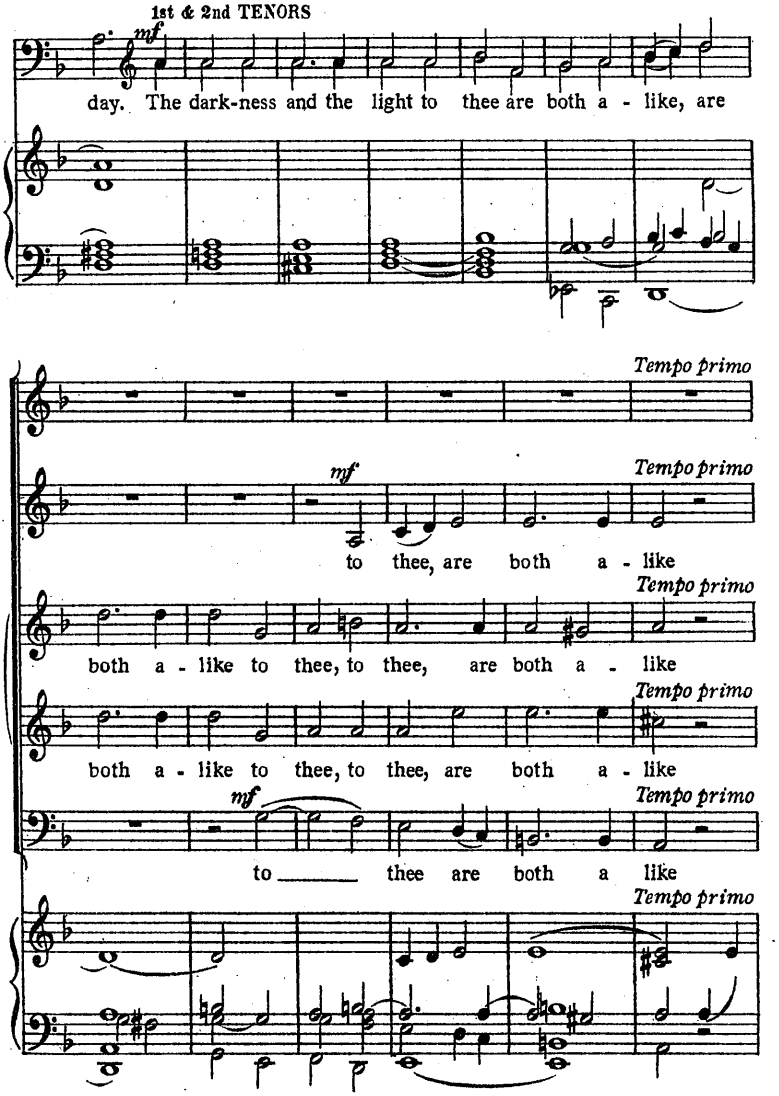
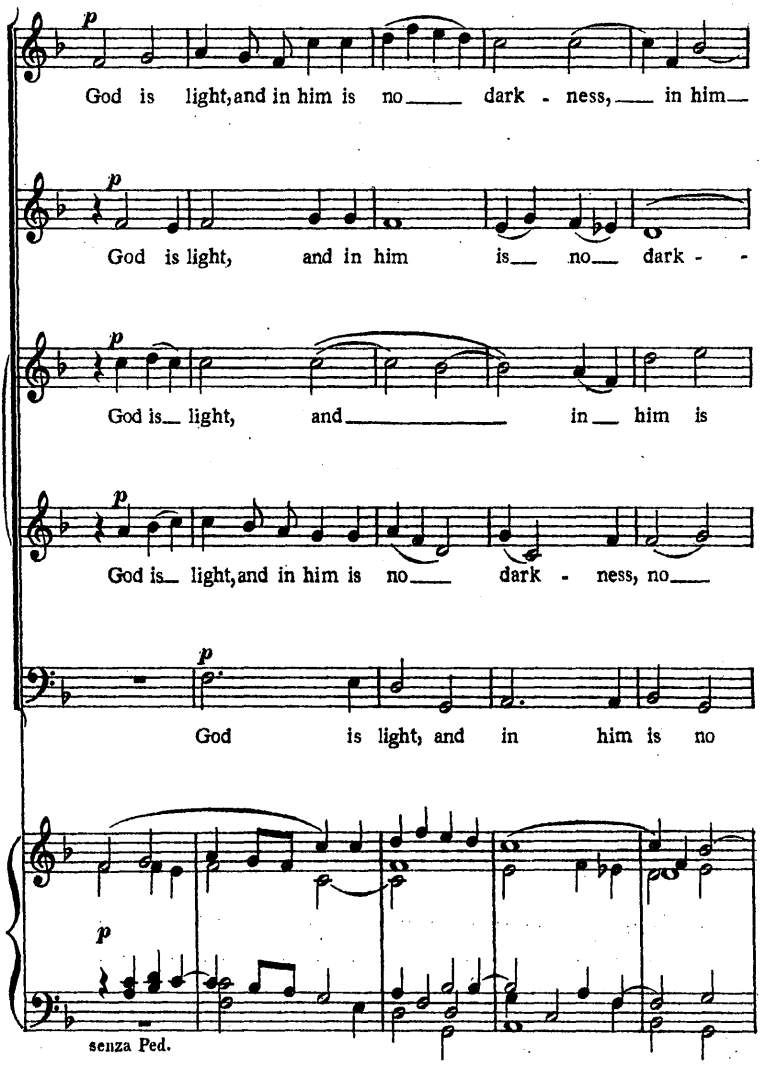
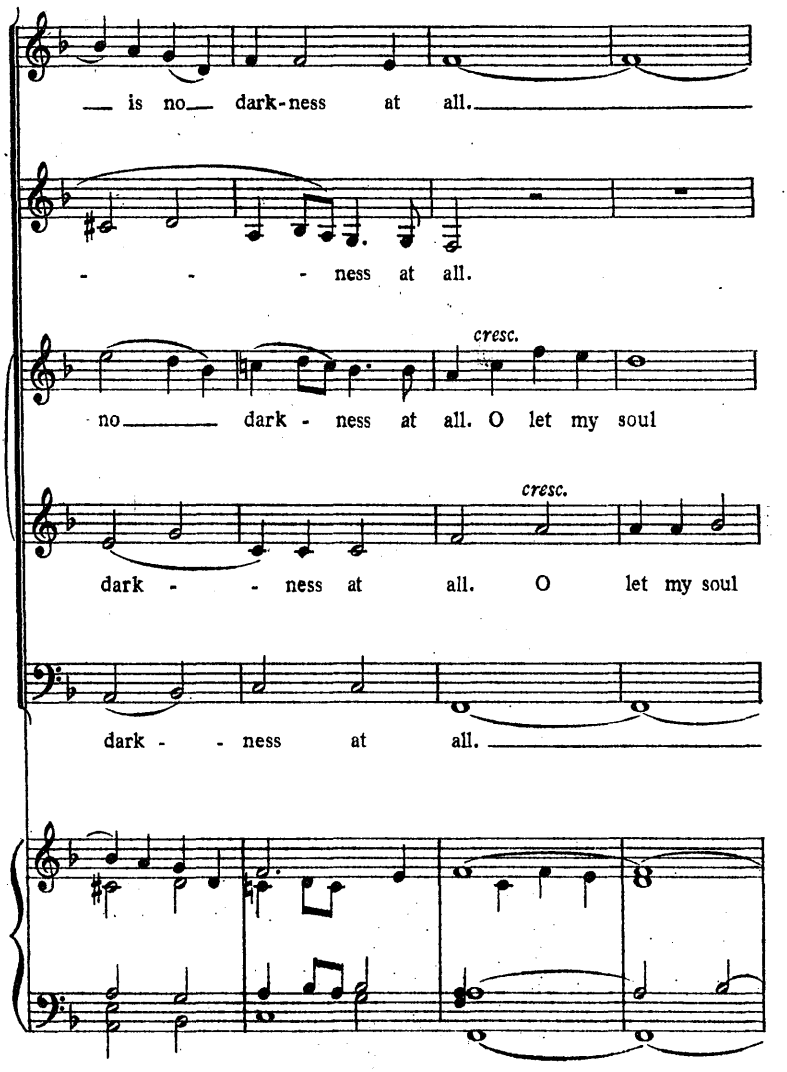
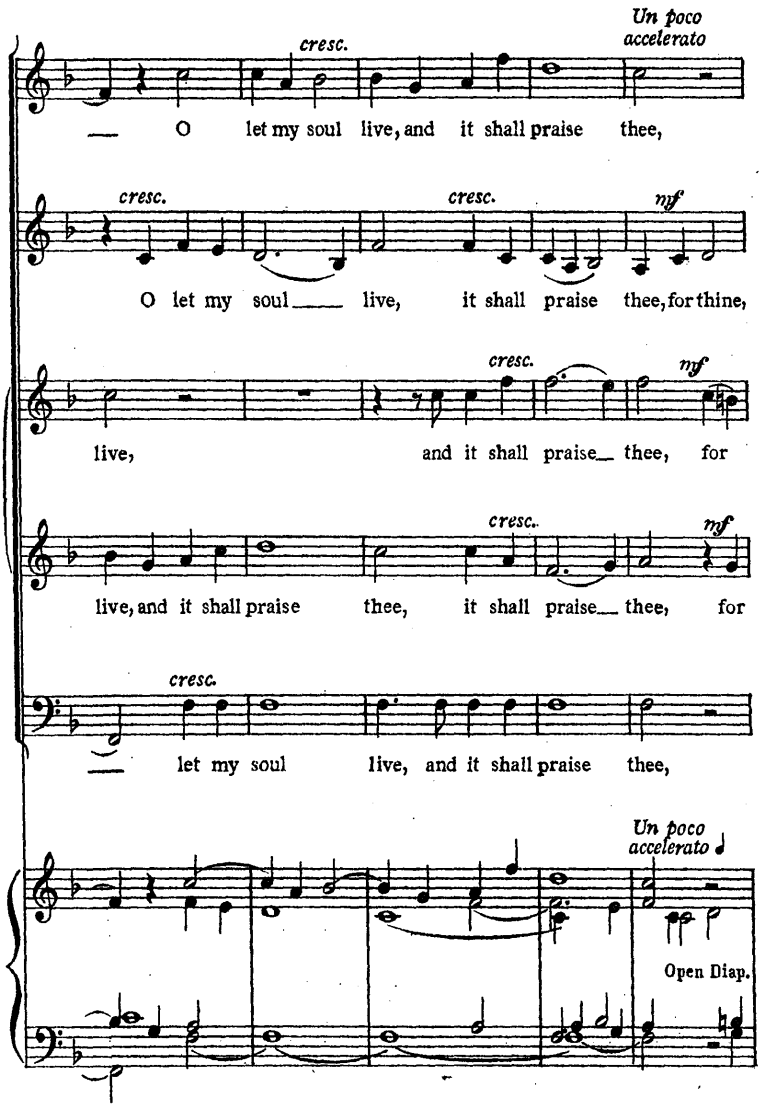
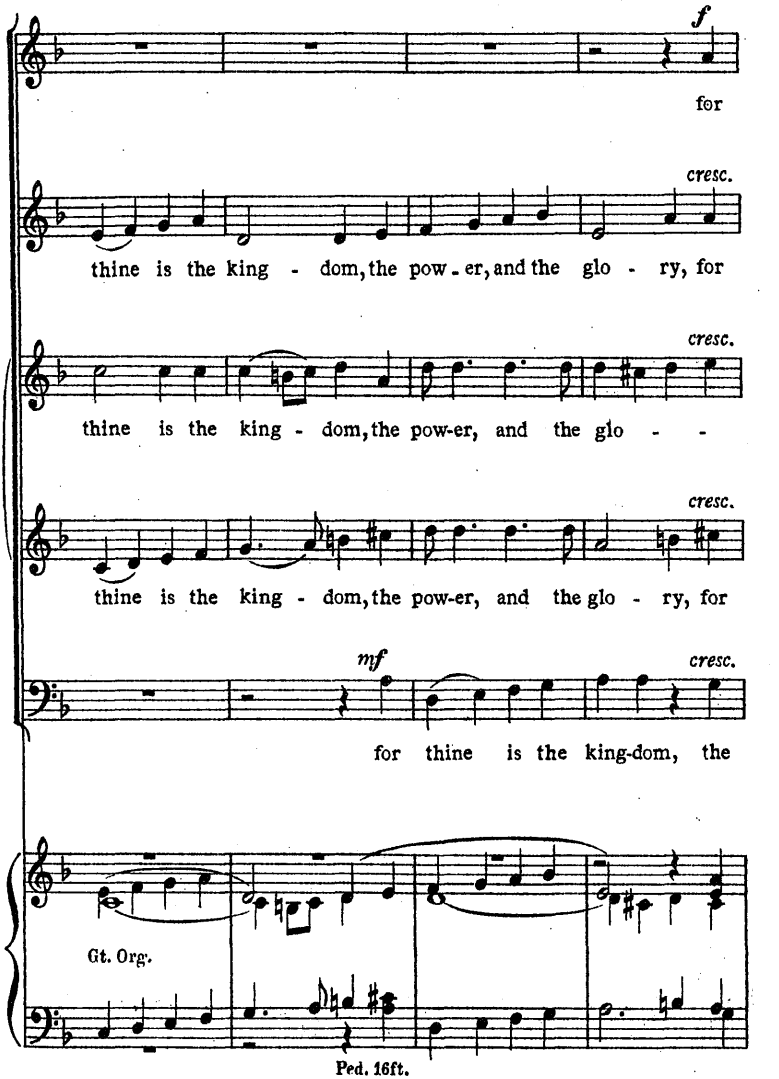
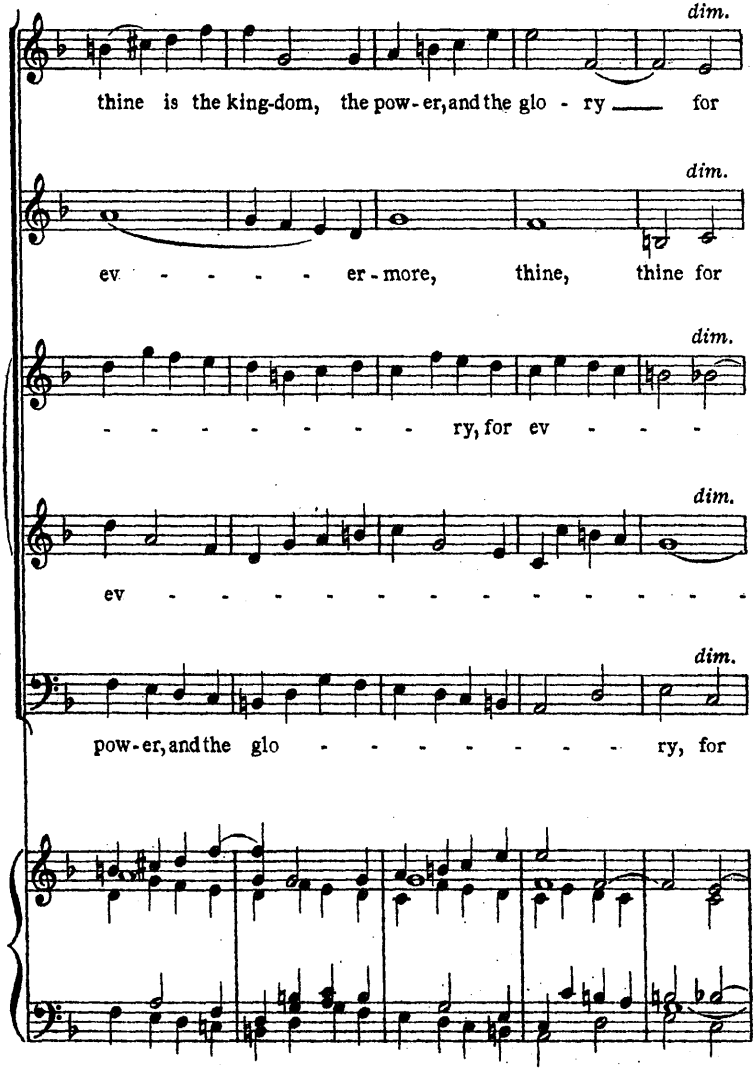
S. S. Wesley

From the Anthem, 'Let us lift up our hearts.'

With ho - ly joy or guil - ty dread We
With ho - ly joy or guil - ty dread We
With ho - ly joy or guil - ty dread We
f
Do
all shall_ soon_ ap - pear; Do
all shall_ soon_ ap - pear; Do
all shall_ soon_ ap - pear; Do

thou our souls pre - pare For that tre -
thou our souls pre - pare For that tre -
thou our souls pre - pare For that tre -
thou our souls pre - pare For that tre -
men - dous day, for that tre - men - dous
- men - dous day, for that tre - men - dous
- men - dous day, pre pare for that tre - men - dous
- men - dous day, for that tre - men - dous

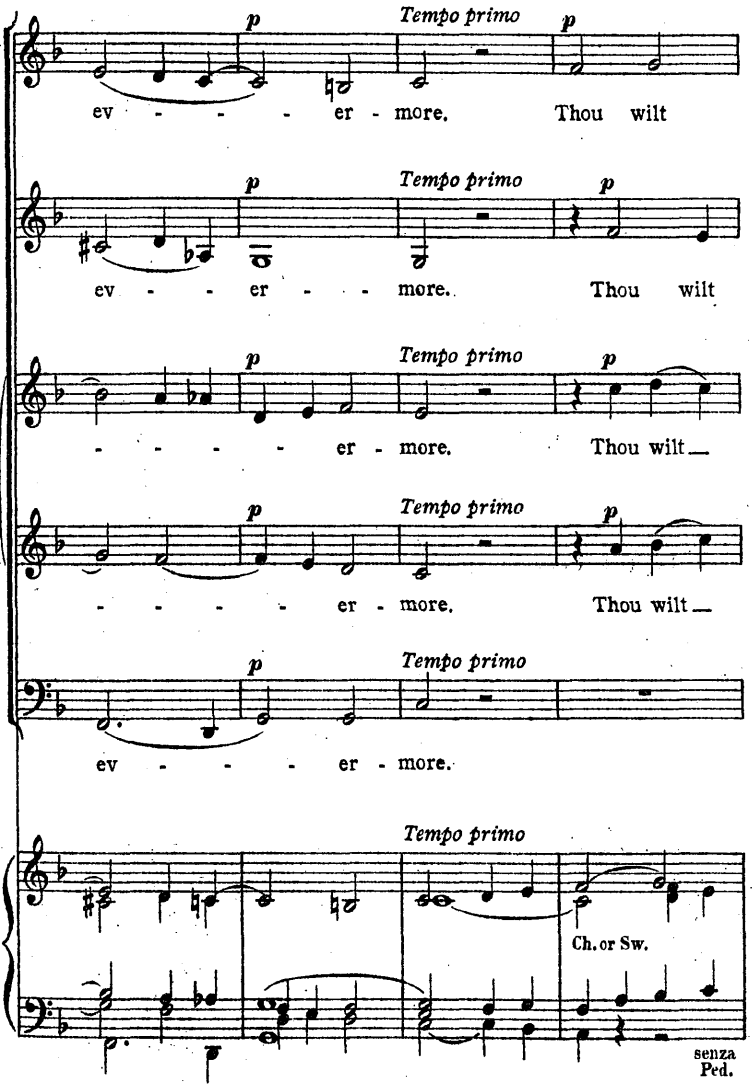

day;
mf
day; And fill us now with watch - ful
mf
day; And fill us now with watch -
mf
day; And fill us now with watch -
mf
cresc.
care, And teach our hearts to pray, and
cresc.
- - - - - - ful care,
cresc.
- - ful care, And teach

dim.
And teach our hearts to pray.
dim.
teach, and teach our hearts to pray.
dim.
And teach our hearts to pray.
dim.
and teach our hearts to pray.
dim.
Andante sostenuto, sempre legato
p FULL
O, may we thus in - sure A lot a - mong the
Andante sostenuto ♩=132
Gt. Diaps and Sw. Reeds coupled.

p
O, may we thus in - sure A
blest, thus in -
p
O, may we thus in - sure A
lot a - mong the blest, thus in - sure a
- sure, in - sure A lot a -

lot a - mong the blest, the blest,
p
Oh, may we thus in -
lot a - mong the blest,
- mong the blest, a
p
And watch a
- sure A lot a - mong the blest, a
Oh, may we thus in - sure,
lot a - mong the blest, the blest, a

mo - ment to se - cure An ev - er - last - ing
lot a - mong the blest,
And watch a mo - ment to se -
lot a - mong the blest, And watch a
cresc.
rest, O may, O,
cresc.
And watch a mo - ment, O,
cresc.
- cure, to se - cure, And
cresc.
mo - ment to se - cure, And

f
dim.
may we thus in - sure A lot a - mong the
f
dim.
may we thus in - sure A lot a - mong the
f
dim.
watch a mo - ment,
f
dim.
watch a mo - ment to se -
blest, And watch a mo-ment to se-
blest, And watch a mo-ment to se - cure, se -
watch, and watch a mo-ment, a
- cure, a mo-ment to se - cure An

dim.
- cure An ev - - er - last - ing
dim.
- cure An ev - er - last - - - ing
dim.
mo - ment to se - cure an ev - er - last - ing
dim.
ev - er - last - - - ing
dim.
p
rest,
p
rest, O, may we thus in - sure A
p
rest, O, may we thus in - sure A
rest,
p

And
lot a - mong the_ blest,
And watch a
lot a - mong the_ blest, And watch a mo - ment,
And watch a
watch a mo - ment to se - cure An
mo ment,
a mo- ment to se - cure
mo - ment to se - cure An ev - er -

ev - er - last - ing_ rest, And
An ev - er - last - ing_ rest, And watch a
rest, An
- last - - - ing rest, And
watch_ a_ mo - ment, a_ mo - ment to se -
mo - ment, a mo - - - ment
ev - er - last - - - ing
watch_ a mo - ment to se -

- cure an ev - er - last - - -
legato
to se - cure An ev - er - last - - -
rest.
legato
- cure, and watch a mo-ment to se - cure An ev - er -
- - - - ing rest, an ev - er -
- - - - ing rest, an ev - er -
an ev - er -
- last - - - - ing rest,

dim.
p legato
- last - ing rest, an ev - er - last - ing rest, And watch a
dim.
p
- last - - - - - ing rest, an
dim.
p
- last - ing, ev er - last - ing rest, ev - er -
dim.
p
an ev - er, ev - er - last - ing rest,
dim.
p
mo-ment to se - cure
ev - - er - last - - - -
- last - - - ing rest, an ev - er - last -
an

An ev - er - last - - - ing
- ing rest, an ev - er - last - ing
- ing rest, an ev - er - last - ing
ev - er, ev - er - last - - ing
p
rit.
rest, ev - er - last - ing rest!
rest, ev - er - last - ing rest!
rest, ev - er - last - ing rest!
rest, ev - er - last - ing rest!
rit.

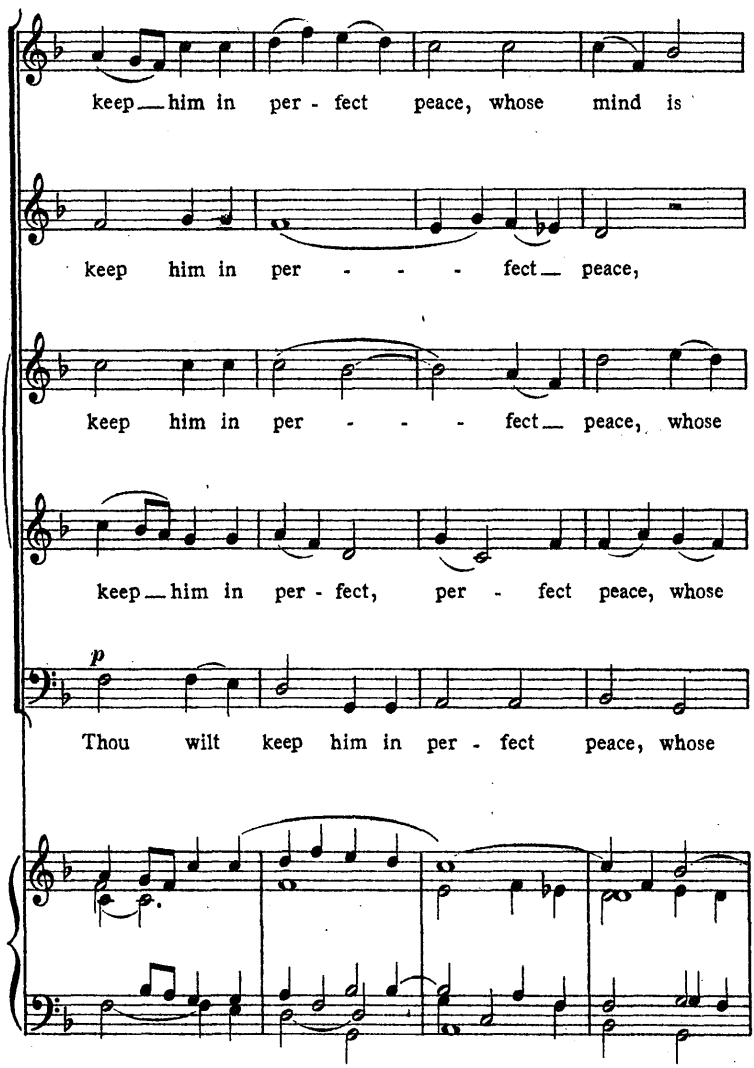
Edited by R. R. Terry, in accordance with the composer's text of 1853

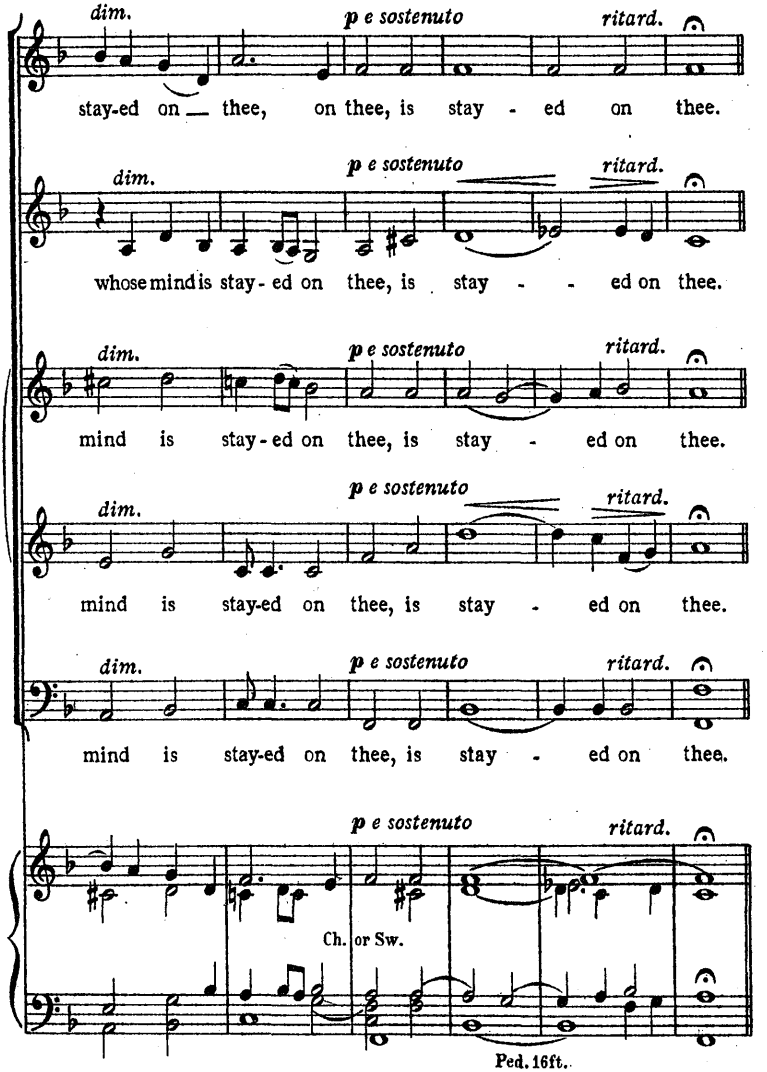
S. S. Wesley



dim.
peace, whose mind is stay - ed on thee, on thee.
dim.
- - fect peace, whose mind is stay-ed on thee.
dim.
- - fect peace, whose mind is stay-ed on thee.
dim.
per - fect peace, whose mind is stay - ed on thee.
dim.
Un poco
per - fect peace, whose mind is stay - ed on thee. The dark -
Un poco
dim.
Op. Diap. Gt. Org.
Ped. 16 ft.
BASS
accelerato
- ness is no dark-ness with thee, but the night is as clear as the
accelerato

1st & 2nd TENORS
mf
day. The dark-ness and the light to thee are both a - like, are
Tempo primo
mf
Tempo primo
to thee, are both a - like
Tempo primo
both a - like to thee, to thee, are both a - like
Tempo primo
both a - like to thee, to thee, are both a - like
mf
Tempo primo
to ____ thee are both a like
Tempo primo

p
God is light, and in him is no dark - ness, in him
p
God is light, and in him is no dark - -
p
God is light, and in him is
p
God is light, and in him is no dark - ness, no
p
God is light, and in him is no
p
senza Ped.

is no dark-ness at all.
ness at all.
cresc.
no dark - ness at all. O let my soul
cresc.
dark - ness at all. O let my soul
dark - ness at all.

Un poco accelerato
cresc.
— O let my soul live, and it shall praise thee,
cresc.
cresc.
mf
O let my soul — live, it shall praise thee, for thine,
cresc.
mf
live, and it shall praise — thee, for
cresc.
mf
live, and it shall praise thee, it shall praise — thee, for
cresc.
— let my soul live, and it shall praise thee,
Un poco accelerato
Open Diap.

f
for
cresc.
thine is the king - dom, the pow - er, and the glo - ry, for
cresc.
thine is the king - dom, the pow-er, and the glo - -
cresc.
thine is the king - dom, the pow-er, and the glo - ry, for
mf
cresc.
for thine is the king-dom, the
Gt. Org.
Ped. 16ft.

dim.
thine is the king-dom, the pow-er, and the glo - ry for
dim.
ev - - - - - er-more, thine, thine for
dim.
- - - - - - - - - ry, for ev - - -
dim.
ev - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
dim.
pow-er, and the glo - - - - - - - - ry, for


p
Tempo primo
p
ev - - - - er - more. Thou wilt
p
Tempo primo
p
ev - - - er - - - more. Thou wilt
p
Tempo primo
p
- - - - - er - more. Thou wilt
p
Tempo primo
p
- - - - - er - more. Thou wilt
p
Tempo primo
ev - - - - er - more.
Tempo primo
Ch. or Sw.
senza Ped.


keep — him in per - fect peace, whose mind is
keep him in per - - - fect — peace,
keep him in per - - - fect — peace, whose
keep — him in per - fect, per - fect peace, whose
p
Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, whose

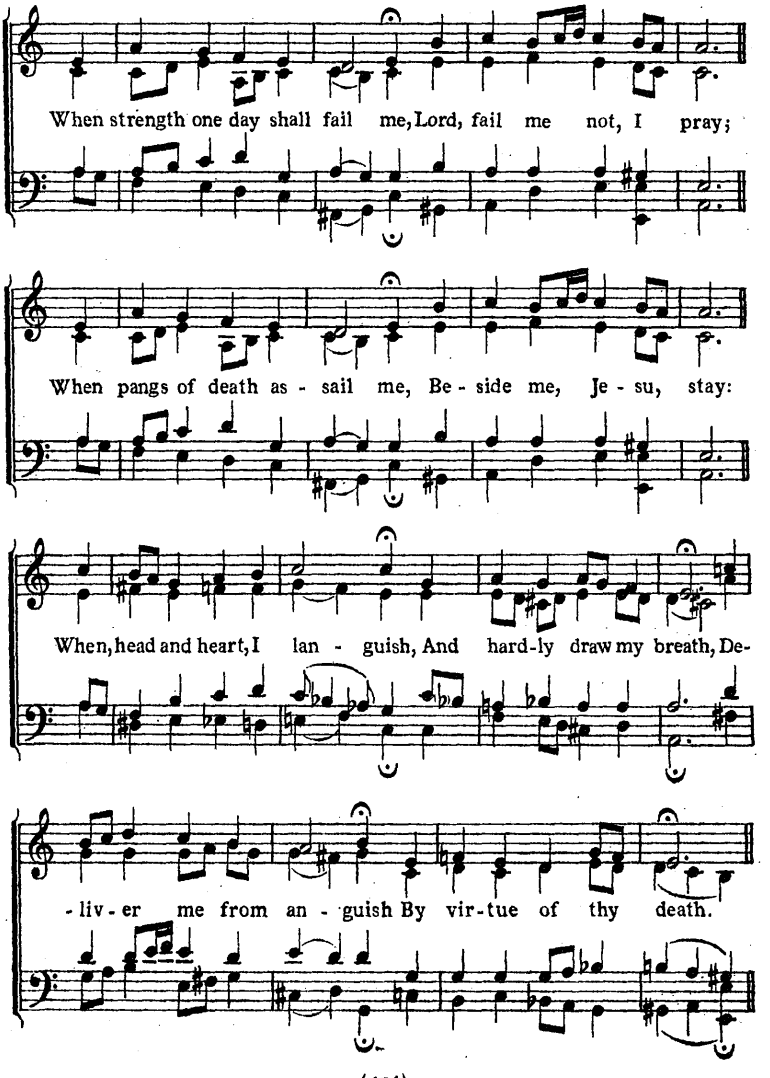

dim.
p e sostenuto
ritard.
stay-ed on thee, on thee, is stay - ed on thee.
dim.
p e sostenuto
ritard.
whose mind is stay - ed on thee, is stay - - ed on thee.
dim.
p e sostenuto
ritard.
mind is stay - ed on thee, is stay - ed on thee.
dim.
p e sostenuto
ritard.
mind is stay-ed on thee, is stay - ed on thee.
dim.
p e sostenuto
ritard.
mind is stay-ed on thee, is stay - ed on thee.
p e sostenuto
ritard.
Ch. or Sw.
Ped. 16ft.

19

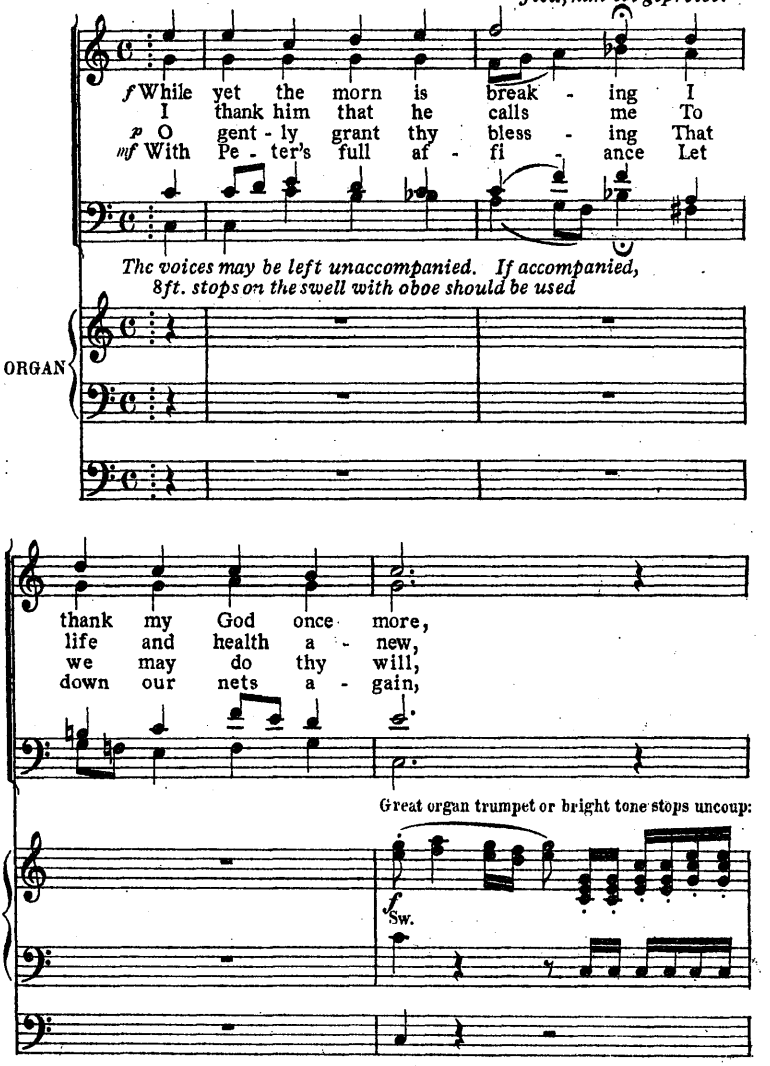
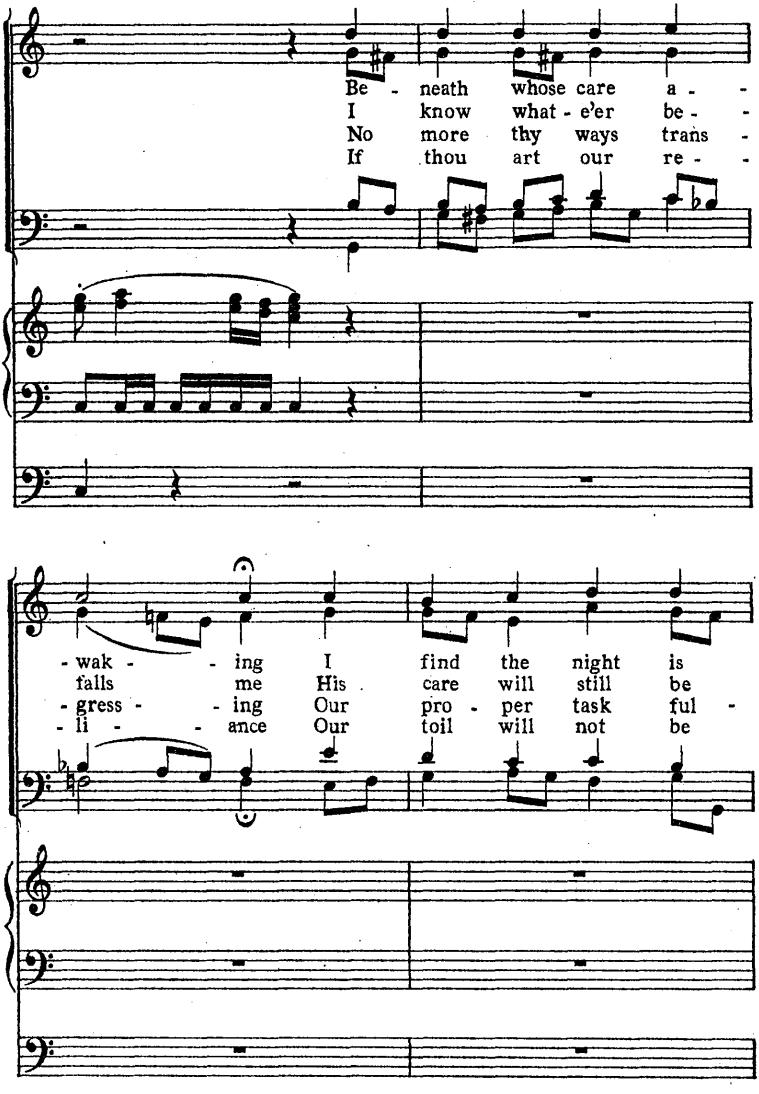
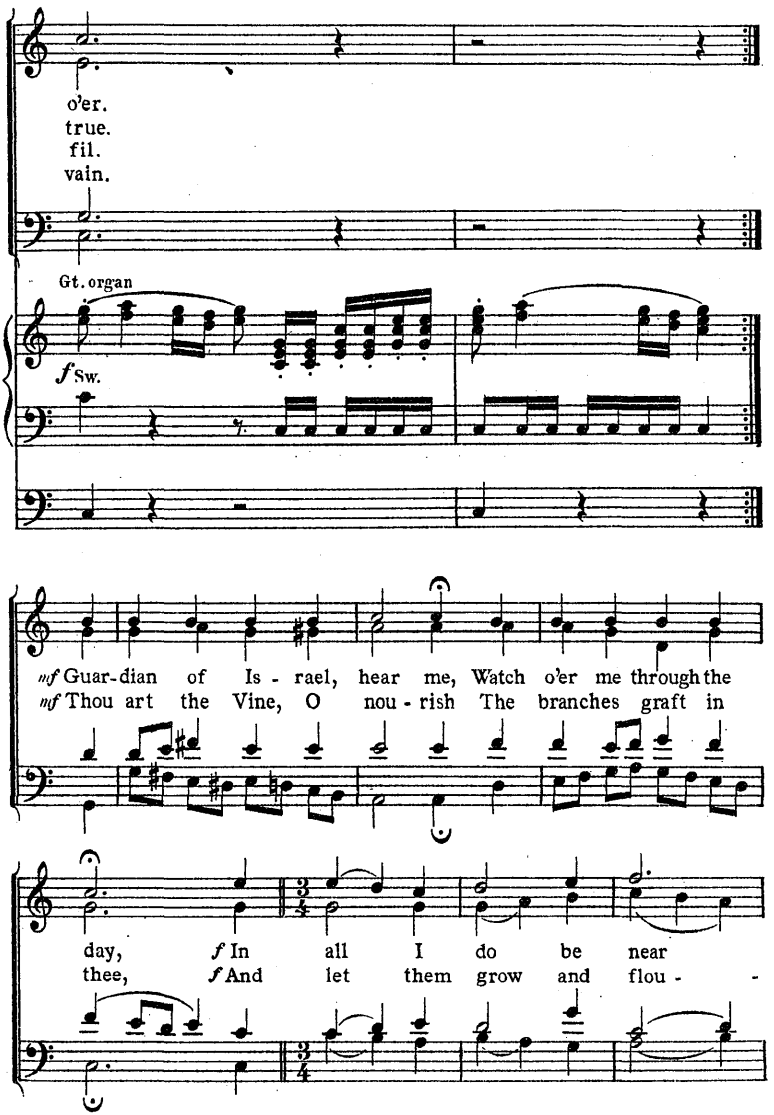
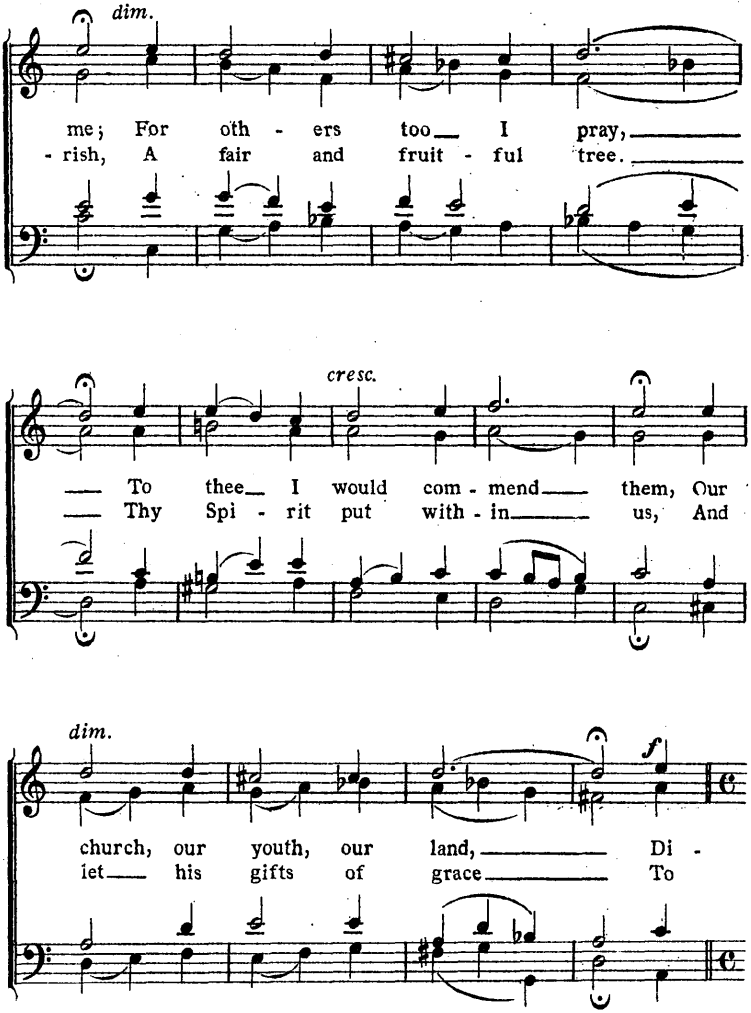
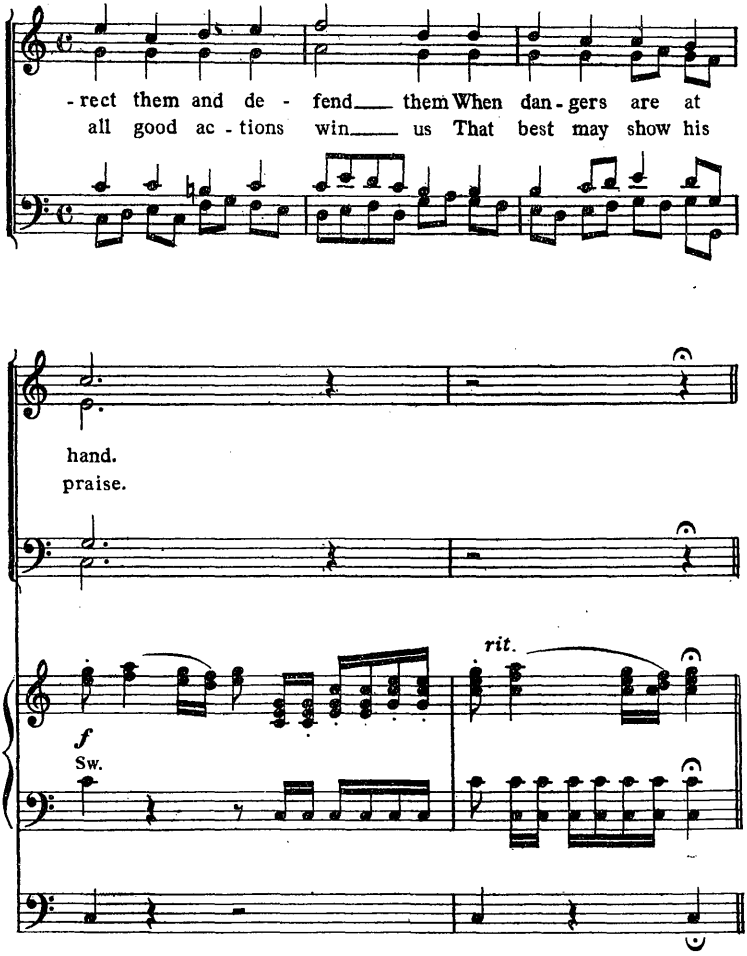
WHEN STRENGTH ONE DAY SHALL FAIL ME

Mein G'mut ist mir verwirret

J. S. Bach

From the St. Matthew Passion

WHILE YET THE MORN IS BREAKING

J. S. Bach

Chorale from Cantata No. 41
'Jesu, nun sei gepreiset'

Be - neath whose care a - -
I know what - e'er be - -
No more thy ways trans -
If thou art our re - -
- wak - - ing I find the night is
falls me His care will still be
- gress - - ing Our pro - per task ful -
- li - - ance Our toil will not be

o'er.
true.
fil.
vain.
Gt. organ
f Sw.
mf Guar-dian of Is - rael, hear me, Watch o'er me through the
mf Thou art the Vine, O nou - rish The branches graft in
day, f In all I do be near
thee, f And let them grow and flou - -

dim.
me; For oth - ers too I pray,
- rish, A fair and fruit - ful tree.
cresc.
To thee I would com - mend them, Our
Thy Spi - rit put with - in us, And
dim.
f
church, our youth, our land, Di -
iet his gifts of grace To

-rect them and de- fend them When dan-gers are at
all good ac-tions win us That best may show his
hand.
praise.
rit.
f
Sw.

GENERAL INDEX

First Line of Hymn	No.	Name of Tune	Author or Source	Composer or Source	Metre
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide	1	Old 124th	H. F. Lyte	Adapted from the Genevan Psalter	10.10.10.10
Again the Lord's own day is here	2	Beccles	Thomas à Kempis. Tr. by J. M. Neale	J. S. Bach	L.M.
Ah, Holy Jesu	3	Herzliebster Jesu	J. Hermann. Yattendon Hymnal No. 42	J. Crüger. Harm. by J. S. Bach	11.11.11.5
Ah! my sweet home, Jerusalem	4	Old 44th	L. Anderton	One and Fiftie Psalms, 1556	D.C.M.
All glory, laud and honour	5	St Theodulph	St Theodulph of Orleans. Tr. adapted from J. M. Neale	M. Teschner	76.76.D
All hail the power	6	Brynhyfryd	E. Perronet	Welsh Melody	C.M.
All my heart this night rejoices	7	Ebeling	P. Gerhardt. Tr. by C. Winkworth	J. G. Ebeling	8336.D
All my hope on God is founded	8	Meine Hoffnung	J. Neander. Yattendon Hymnal No. 69	Ascribed to J. Neander	87.87.33.7
All people that on earth do dwell	9	Old 100th	W. Kethe	L. Bourgeois	L.M.
All ye who seek for sure relief	10	St Bernard	XVIIIth Cent. Tr. by E. Caswall	From Tochter Sion, 1741	C.M.
Alleluia, song of sweetness	11	Corinth	XIth Cent. Tr. by J. M. Neale	Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782	87.87.87
Angels, from the realms of glory	12	St Thomas	J. Montgomery	S. Webbe	87.87.47
As now the sun's declining rays	13	St Columba	C. Coffin. Tr. by J. Chandler	Irish Melody	C.M.
As pants the hart for cooling streams	14	Martyrdom	Tate and Brady	Smith, Sacred Music, 1825. Supposed Scottish	C.M.
As with gladness men of old	15	Dix (Treuer Heiland)	W. C. Dix	Adapted from Conrad Kocher by W. C. Dix	77.77.77
At even, when the sun was set	16	Angelus	H. Twells	G. Joseph	L.M.
At the cross, her station keeping	17	Stabat Mater	Ascribed to Jacopone da Todi. Tr. by E. Caswall	Maintzisch Gesangbuch, 1661	88.6.D
At the Lamb's high feast we sing	18	Salzburg	R. Campbell. Adapted from Ad cenam Agni	J. Hinze. Harm. by J. S. Bach	7.7.7.7.D
At thy feet, O Christ	19	Nicht so traurig	W. Bright	J. S. Bach	77.77.77

First Line of Hymn	No.	Name of Tune	Author or Source	Composer or Source	Metre
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	20	Barthélémon	T. Ken	F. H. Barthélémon	L.M.
Be thou my guardian and my guide	21	Abridge	I. Williams	I. Smith	C.M.
Behold us, Lord, a little space	22	Walsall	J. Ellerton	Attributed to H. Purcell	C.M.
Behold, we come, dear Lord, to thee	23	Glenluce	J. Austin	Scottish Psalter	C.M.
Blessed city, heavenly Salem	24	Urbs Caelestis	VIIth or VIIIth Cent. Tr. by J. M. Neale	H. E. Hodson	87.87.87
Blest are the pure in heart	25	Franconia	J. Keble	J. B. König. Adapted by W. H. Havergal	S.M.
Bread of heaven, on thee we feed	26	Arfon	J. Conder	Welsh Melody	77.77.77
Bread of the world in mercy broken	27	Rendez à Dieu	R. Heber	L. Bourgeois. Set by H. E. Wooldridge	98.98.D
Brief life is here our portion	28	Christus der ist mein Leben	Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by J. M. Neale	M. Vulpius. Adapted by J. S. Bach	76.76
Bright and joyful is the morn	29	Gwalchmai	Cotterill's Psalter, 1819	Welsh Melody	74.74.D
Bright the vision that delighted	30	Dresden (Redhead No. 46)	R. Mant	R. Redhead	87.87
Children of the heavenly King	31	Culbach	J. Cennick	Scheffler's Heilige Seelenlust, 1652	77.77
Christ is our corner-stone	32	Ramoth	From the Latin VIIth Cent. Tr. by J. Chandler	J. R. Jones	6.6.6.6.8.8
Christ the Lord is risen again	33	Wurtemburg	M. Weisse. Tr. by C. Winkworth	Attributed to J. Rosenmüller	7.7.7.7.4
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	34	St George's	Xth or XIth Cent. Tr. by J. E. Leeson	G. J. Elvey	77.77.D
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	35	Gogerddan	From C. Wesley	Joseph Parry	74.74.D
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	36	Ratisbon	C. Wesley	Werner's Choralbuch, 1875	77.77.77
Christ's loving children	37	Herzliebster Jesu	H. Gregory. Yattendon Hymnal, No. 49	J. Crüger. Harm. by J. S. Bach	11.11.11.5
City of God, how broad and far	38	Richmond	S. Johnson	T. Haweis. Adapted by S. Webbe, Junr.	C.M.
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	39	Veni Creator	Rabanus Maurus, from St Ambrose. Tr. by J. Cosin	T. Attwood	88.88.88

First Line of Hymn	No.	Name of Tune	Author or Source	Composer or Source	Metre
Come, sing with holy gladness	40	Ellacombe	J. J. Daniell	Wirtemburgische Gesangbuch, 1784	76.76.D
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem	41	Neander	J. Hupton and J. M. Neale	J. Neander	87.87.87
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	42	Ave Virgo Virginum	St John Damascene. Tr. by J. M. Neale	Leisentritt's Gesangbuch, 1584	76.76.D
Come, ye thankful people, come	43	St George (Elvey)	H. Alford	G. J. Elvey	77.77.D
Conquering kings their titles take	44	Orientis Partibus	XVIIIth Cent. Tr. by J. Chandler	Attributed to Pierre de Corbeil	L.M.
Dark'ning night the land doth cover	45	Marot 38	From the Greek. Yattendon Hymnal, No. 64	L. Bourgeois. Set by H. E. Wooldridge	847.D
Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness	46	Schmücke dich	J. Franck. Tr. by C. Winkworth	J. Crüger	88.88.D
Disposer supreme, and Judge of the earth	47	Old 104th	J B. de Santeüil. Tr. by Isaac Williams	T. Ravenscroft	5555.65.65
Earth has many a noble city	48	Stuttgart	Prudentius. Tr. by E. Caswall	From Psalmodia Sacra, 1715	87.87
Eternal Father, strong to save	49	Vater unser	W. Whiting	From Martin Luther	88.88.88
Eternal God, we look to thee	50	Bangor	James Merrick	William Tans'ur, from The Harmony of Zion, 1724	C.M.
Father most holy, merciful and tender	51	Herr Deiner Zorn	Xth Cent. Tr. P. D.	J. Crüger	11.11.11.5
Far from my heavenly home	52	Yattendon 46	H F. Lyte	H. E. Wooldridge	S.M.
Fast climbs the sun	53	Morganwg	W. J. Blew	Welsh Melody	87.87
Fight the good fight with all thy might	54	Duke Street	J. S. B. Monsell	J. Hatton	L.M.
For all the saints	55	'Sine Nomine'	W. Walsham How	R. Vaughan-Williams	10.10.10 With Alleluia
For ever with the Lord	129	Llanlyfni	J. Montgomery	J. Jones	D.S.M.
For thee, O dear, dear country	56	Jabez	St Bernard. Tr. by J. M. Neale	Welsh Melody	76.76.D
For thy mercy and thy grace	57	Vienna	H. Downton	J. A. Knecht	77.77
Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go	58	Melcombe	C. Wesley	S. Webbe	L.M.

First Line of Hymn	No.	Name of Tune	Author or Source	Composer or Source	Metre
Forty days and forty nights	59	Aus der Tiefe	G. C. Smyttan	Nurnberger Gesangbuch, 1677	77.77
From all that dwell below the skies	60	Aeterna Christi munera	I. Watts	Giovanni Guidetti, mode VIII	L.M.
From highest heav'n th' Eternal Son	61	Old 113th	H. W. Baker	From the Strasburg Kirchenampt, 1525	888.888.D
Gethsemane let me recall	62	Llangristiolus	H. Elvet Lewis	Joseph Parry	D.L.M.
Glorious things of thee are spoken	63	Tanycastell	John Newton	Old Welsh	87.87.D
Glory to thee, my God, this night	64	Tallis' canon	T. Ken	T. Tallis	L.M.
Glory to thee, who safe hast kept	65	Tallis' canon	T. Ken	T. Tallis	L.M.
Go to dark Gethsemane	66	Redhead No. 76	James Montgomery	R. Redhead	77.77.77
God from on high hath heard	67	Arran	C. Coffin and J. R. Woodford	S. S. Wesley	66.66
God moves in a mysterious way	68	London New	W. Cowper	Scottish Psalter	C.M.
God omnipotent reigneth	69	Donnez au Seigneur	G. R. Woodward, from Psalm cvii	Pierre Dagnes	Irregular
God that madest earth and heaven	70	Ar hyd y nos	R. Heber and R. Whateley	Welsh Melody	84.84.88.84
Great God, what do I see and hear?	71	Nun freut euch	Adapted from Ringwaldt by W. B. Collyer and T. Cotterill	Klug's Gesangbuch, 1535	87.87.887
Great Shepherd of thy people, hear	72	Durham	J. Newton	Scottish Psalter	C.M.
Guide me, O thou great Redeemer	73	Mannheim	W. Williams	Adapted from F. Filitz	87.87.47
Guide me, O thou great Redeemer	74	Caersalem	W. Williams	Welsh Melody	87.87.47
Hail the day that sees him rise	75	Llanfair	C. Wesley	Welsh Melody	74.74.74.74
Hail to the Lord's anointed	76	Crüger	J. Montgomery	J. Crüger	76.76.D
Hark! a herald voice is calling	77	Merton	From the Latin (VIth Cent.). Tr. by E. Caswall	W. H. Monk	87.87

First Line of Hymn	No.	Name of Tune	Author or Source	Composer or Source	Metre
Happy city, heavenly Salem	78	Dwyfor	VIIth or VIIIth Cent. Tr. by W. J. Blew	Old Melody	87.87.87 trochaic
Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes	79	Bristol	P. Doddridge	T. Ravenscroft	C.M.
Hark! the herald angels sing	80	Mendelssohn	C. Wesley	From F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Harmonized by H. W. D.	7777.7777.77
Have mercy, Lord, on me	81	St Bride	Tate and Brady	S. Howard	S.M.
He is risen	82	Waltham	C. F. Alexander	J. S. Bach, from H. Albert	87.87.77
Heart, thou hast heard of old	83	Dinbych	G. R. Woodward	Old Welsh	664.6664
Holy, Holy, Holy	84	Nicaca	R. Heber	J. B. Dykes	11 12.12 10
Holy Spirit, Truth Divine	85	Battishill	S. Longfellow	J. Battishill	77.77
Hosanna! thou, Lord, art arisen	86	Cyfamod	G. R. Woodward	Welsh Melody	98.98.D
How bright those glorious spirits shine	87	Bromsgrove	I. Watts	Psalmodia Evangelica, 1789	C.M.
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	88	St Peter	J. Newton	A. R. Reinagle	C.M.
How welcome was the call	89	St George	H. W. Baker	H. J. Gauntlett	Gauntlett, S.M.
I linger sadly, near	90	Moab	Evan Evans. Tr. by H. Elvet Lewis	Ieuan Gwyllt	65.65.666.5
It is finished!	91	Jesu, meines Glaubens Zier	Gabriel Gillett	J. S. Bach	78.87.87.87
Jerusalem on high	92	Croft's 136th	S. Crossman	W. Croft	66.66.44.44
Jerusalem, my happy home	93	Tye	From Laurence Anderton. XVIIth Cent.	C. Tye	D.C.M.
Jerusalem the golden	94	Caerllyngoed	J. M. Neale. From Bernard of Cluny	Stephen Lloyd	76.76.D
Jesu, best and dearest	95	Jesu, meine Freude	J. Franck. Yattendon Hymnal, No. 57	Harm. by J. Crüger	665.665.786
Jesu, grant me this, I pray	96	Gibbons	From the Latin. Adapted by H. W. Baker	O. Gibbons	7777
Jesus, Lord of life and glory	97	Llanilar	J. J. Cummins	Old Welsh	87.87.47
Jesu, lover of my soul	98	Aberystwyth	C. Wesley	Joseph Parry	7.7.7.7.D
Jesu, meek and gentle	99	Filitz	G. R. Prynne	F. Filitz	65.65

First Line of Hymn	No.	Name of Tune	Author or Source	Composer or Source	Metre
Jesu, meek and lowly	100	Ave Maris Stella	H. Collins	C. Ett, Cantica Sacra, 1840	6.6.6.6
Jesu, Refuge of the weary	101	In Babilone	From Savonarola	Dutch Traditional Melody	87.87.D
Jesu, the very thought of thee	102	Metzler's No. 66	XIth Cent.	R. Redhead	C.M.
Jesu, where'er thy people meet	103	Eisenach	W. Cowper	J. H. Schein Harm. by J. S. Bach	L.M.
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	104	Easter Hymn	Lyra Davidica. Ascribed to H. Carey	Lyra Davidica, 1708	7777 with Alleluias
King of glory, King of peace	105	Tiberias	George Herbert	Welsh Melody	7.4.7.4.D
Lead, me, almighty Father, Spirit, Son	106	Gibbons' Song No.1	W. Stubbs	O. Gibbons	10.10.10.10. 10.10
Let our choir new anthems raise	107	Ave Virgo Virginum	From the Greek by J. M. Neale	Leisentritt's Gesangbuch, 1585	76.76.D
Let sighing cease and woe	108	St Michael Old 134th	C. Coffin	Este's Psalter	S.M.
Let us approach	109	Lasst uns erfreuen	H. Kynaston Hudson	Melody from Geistliche Kirchengesang, Cöln, 1623	8888 and Hallelujahs
Light's abode, celestial Salem	110	Regent's Square	From Thomas à Kempis by J. M. Neale	H. Smart	87.87.87
Lo ! round the throne, a glorious band	111	Beccles	R. Hill and others	J. S. Bach	L.M.
Lord, enthroned in heavenly splendour	112	Bryn Calfaria	G. H. Bourne	Old Welsh	87.87.47
Lord God of morning and of night	113	Lledrod	F. T. Palgrave	Welsh Melody	L.M.
Lord, in this thy mercy's day	114	Weston	I. Williams	S. S. Wesley	777
Lord, in thy presence dread and sweet	115	Chapel Royal	Anon. c. 1850	W. Boyce	886. 886
Lord Jesus, think on me	116	Southwell	Bishop Synesius. Tr. by A. W. Chatfield	Damon's Psalter, 1579	S.M.
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation	117	Herzliebster Jesu	P. Pusey	J. Crüger	11.11.11.5
Lord, thy word abideth	118	Yattendon 4	H. W. Baker	H. E. Wooldridge	66.66

First Line of Hymn	No.	Name of Tune	Author or Source	Composer or Source	Metre
Lord, when we bend before thy throne	119	Praetorius	J. D. Carlyle	Gorlitz Gesangbuch, 1599	C.M.
Love Divine, all loves excelling	120	Hyfrydol	C. Wesley	R. H. Prichard	87.87.D
Love of love, and light of light	121	Jesu meine Zuversicht	Yattendon Hymnal, No. 97	Harm. by J. S. Bach	78.78.77
Love of the Father, love of God the Son	122	Gibbons' Song 22	Yattendon Hymnal No. 28	O. Gibbons	10.10.10.10
My Father, for another night	123	St Peter	H. W. Baker	A. R. Reinagle	C.M.
My God, accept my heart this day	124	Bangor	M. Bridges	W. Tans'ur	C.M.
My God, how wonderful thou art	125	Birmingham	F. W. Faber	J. Turle	C.M.
My life's a shade	126	Yattendon 73	S. Crossman	H. Lawes. Mean parts by H. E. Wooldridge	66.66.88
My soul, there is a country	127	Christus der ist mein Leben (Vulpius)	H. Vaughan	M. Vulpius	76.76. Irreg.
Nearer, my God, to thee	128	Liverpool	S. F. Adams	Ieuan Gwyllt	64.64.66.64
New every morning is the love	130	Melcombe	J. Keble	S. Webbe	L.M.
Now at the night's return	131	Tallis' canon	William Bright	T. Tallis	L.M.
Now cheer our hearts this eventide	132	Tallis' canon	N. Selnecker. Yattendon Hymnal, No. 13	T. Tallis	L.M.
Now God be with us	133	Christe Sanctorum	Petrus Herbert. Tr. by C. Winkworth	From La Feillée's Méthode du plain-chant, 1782	11.11.11.5
Now on land and sea descending	134	Moriah	S. Longfellow	Old Welsh	87.87.D
Now thank we all our God	135	Nun Danket	M. Rinckart. Tr. by C. Winkworth	J. Crüger	67.67.66.66
Now that the daylight fills the sky	136	Te Deum Patrem	Probably VIIIth Cent. Tr. by J. M. Neale	B. Rogers	L.M.
O Christ, our hope, our heart's desire	137	St Magnus	VIIIth Cent. Tr. by J. Chandler	Ascribed to J. Clarke	C.M.
O Christ who art the light and day	138	Ely	From the Latin. Tr. by W. J. Copeland and others	Bishop Turton	L.M.

First Line of Hymn	No.	Name of Tune	Author or Source	Composer or Source	Metre
O come, all ye faithful	139	Adeste fideles	Adapted from a Latin prose by F. Oakeley	Ascribed to J. Reading	
O come, O come, Emmanuel	140	Veni Emmanuel	From the Latin, by J. M. Neale	The Hymnal Noted, 1854	8888.88
O day of rest and gladness	141	Es flog ein kleins Waldvögelein	C. Wordsworth	Old German. Harm. by G. R. Woodward	76.76.D
O Father, all creating	142	Dank sei Gott	J. Ellerton	J. S. Bach	76.76.D
O for a closer walk with God	143	Old 137th (Yattendon)	W. Cowper	Crespin, 1556. H. E. W. after Richard Allison, 1559	D.C.M.
O for a heart to praise my God	144	Dunfermline	C. Wesley	Scottish Psalter	C.M.
O gladsome light, O grace	145	Song of Symeon	Yattendon Hymnal, No. 88	L. Bourgeois. Harm. by C. Goudimel	667.667
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	146	Martyrs	P. Doddridge and J. Logan	Scottish Psalter	C.M.
O God, of good th' unfathomed sea	147	Llangoedmor	J. Scheffler. Tr. by J. Wesley	Welsh Melody	888.D
O God of truth, whose living word	148	Culross	T. Hughes	Scottish Psalter	C.M.
O God, our help in ages past	149	St Anne	Isaac Watts	Attributed to W. Croft	C.M.
O God, thou art my God alone	150	Beccles	J. Montgomery	J. S. Bach	L.M.
O God, unseen yet ever near	151	St Flavian	E. Osler	Old English. Adapted from Ravenscroft	C.M.
O happy band of pilgrims	152	Knecht	J. M. Neale	J. Knecht	76.76
O heavenly Jerusalem	153	Christus der ist mein Leben	I. Williams. From Paris Breviary, 1822	M. Vulpius	76.76
O Heavenly Word, eternal Light	154	Dies Irae	From the Latin(Xth Cent.)	Joseph Parry	D.L.M.
O help us, Lord	155	Caithness	H. H. Milman	Scottish Psalter	C.M.
O Holy Spirit, Lord of grace	156	Tallis' Ordinal	C. Coffin. Tr. by J. Chandler	T. Tallis	C.M.
O Holy Spirit, Lord of life	157	Das walt Gott	S. Ambrose. Yattendon Hymnal, No. 45	Daniel Vetter	L.M.
O Jesu, Lord of heav'nly grace	158	Ely	S. Ambrose. Tr. by J. Chandler	T. Turton	L.M.
O let him whose sorrow	159	Clewer	H. S. Oswald. Tr. From the German by F. E. Cox	F. Filitz	65.65

First Line of Hymn	No.	Name of Tune	Author or Source	Composer or Source	Metre
O let your loins be girt agen	160	Was Gott thut	From St Luke xii, 35–40 by G. R. Woodward	Nürnbergisches Gesangbuch, 1690. Harm. by C. Wood	87.87.44.77
O Light of life, O Saviour dear	161	Zeuch meinen geist	F. T. Palgrave	From J. B. König. Harmonischer Liederschatz. Adapted by W. H. Monk	L.M.
O Lord, our Maker	162	Llef	W. J. Blew	Welsh Melody	L.M.
O Lord, our Maker (alternative tune)	162	Beccles		J. S. Bach	L.M.
O Love divine	163	St John	C. Wesley	Welsh Melody	886.886
O love, how deep! how broad! how high!	164	Eisenach	XVth Cent. Tr. by B. Webb	J. H. Schein. Harm. by J. S. Bach	L.M.
O Love, who formedst me to wear	165	Yattendon 12	J. Scheffler. Tr. by C. Winkworth	Old English. Set by H. E. Wooldridge	88.88.88
O Maker of the stars of night	166	Von Himmel hoch	From the Latin (IXth Cent.). Yattendon Hymnal, No. 47	M. Luther	L.M.
O earth, with all thy vales of green	167	Auch jetzt macht Gott	W. C. Bryant	Koch's Choralbuch	86.86.88
O praise ye the Lord	168	Hanover	H. W. Baker	Ascribed to W. Croft	5555.6565
O quickly come, dread Judge of all	169	Forbes	L. Tuttiett	Melody from Forbes Cantus	888888
O sacred head once wounded	170	Passion Chorale	P. Gerhardt. Yattendon Hymnal, No. 62	Hans Leo Hasler	76.76.D
O Saviour, may we never rest	171	Cheshire	W. H. Bathurst	J. Farmer. Este's Psalter.	C.M.
O sinner, lift the eye of faith	172	Allein Gott' in der Höh (Stettin)	J. M. Neale	Geistlicher Lieder, 1539	87.87.88.7
O sons and daughters, let us sing	173	O Filii et Filiæ	From the Latin. Tr. by J. M. Neale	Proper Melody. Arranged by S. Webb	888.4
O strength and stay upholding all creation	174	Donne Secours	J. Ellerton and F. J. A. Hort	L. Bourgeois	11.10.11.10
O thou, from whom all goodness flows	175	Windsor	T. Haweis	G. Kirby in Este's Whole Book of Psalms, 1592	C.M.
O thou, in all thy might so far	176	Solomon	F. L. Hosmer	From Handel	C.M.
O thou sweetest source of gladness	177	Ainsi que la biche rée	P. Gerhardt. Tr. by G. R. Woodward	Melody by L. Bourgeois	87.87.77.88

First Line of Hymn	No.	Name of Tune	Author or Source	Composer or Source	Metre
O thou who dost accord us	178	Innsbruck	From the Latin, VIth Cent. Tr. by J. W. Hewett and others	H. Isaac. Harm. by J. S. Bach	776.778
O thou who makest souls to shine	179	Das walt Gott	J. Armstrong	Daniel Vetter	L.M.
O Trinity, most blessèd light	180	Brynteg	From the Latin. Ascribed to St Ambrose	J. A. Lloyd	L.M.
O worship the King	181	Hanover	R. Grant	Ascribed to W. Croft	55.55.65.65
Of the Father's love begotten	182	Divinum Mysterium	J. M. Neale and H. W. Baker	Melody from Piae Cantiones	87.87 87.7
O joy! because the circling year	183	Warrington	From the Latin. Tr. by J. Ellerton and F. J. A. Hort	R. Harrison	L.M.
Oh! what, if we are Christ's	184	St Michael	H. W. Baker	From Four Score and Seven Psalms, 1561	S.M.
Oh! what the joy	185	O quanta qualia	Abélard. Tr. by J. M. Neale	Regnator Orbis, from Plainsong	10.10.10 10
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry	186	Winchester New	C. Coffin. Tr. by J. Chandler	Musikalisches Handbuch, Hamburg, 1690	L.M.
On this day, the first of days	187	Lubeck	Le Mans Breviary	Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch, 1704	77.77.
Once he came in blessing	188	Ravenshaw	From the German of J. Roh. Tr. adapted from C. Winkworth	Old German. Adapted by H. W. Monk	66.66
Once he came, how meek and lowly	189	Peniel	W. W. Hull	Old Welsh	87.87.47
Once, only once, and once for all	190	Albano	W. Bright	V. Novello	C.M.
Onward, Christian soldiers	191	Haydn	S. Baring-Gould	J. Haydn	65.65.*ter*
Open, Lord, mine inward ear	192	Llangeitho	C. Wesley	Old Welsh	76.76.78.76
Our redemption, our salvation	193	Groeswen	G. R. Blew and Rev. G. R. Woodward	J. A. Lloyd	87.87.67
Out of the depths I cry to thee	194	Aus tiefer Not	M. Luther. Tr. by C. Winkworth	Walther's Gesangbuch. Harm. by J. S. Bach	87.87.88.7
Pleasant are thy courts above	195	Salzburg (Alle Menschen)	H. F. Lyte	J. Hintze	77.77.D
Pour down thy Spirit, gracious Lord	196	Tallis	J. Newton	T. Tallis	C.M.

First Line of Hymn	No.	Name of Tune	Author or Source	Composer or Source	Metre
Praise, O praise our God and King	197	Monkland	H. W. Baker	Arranged by J. B. Wilkes	77.77
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	198	Corinth	H. F. Lyte	S. Webbe	87.87.87
Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore him	199	Austria	(?) J. Kempthorne	J. Haydn	87.87.D
Praise to the holiest	200	Richmond	J. H. Newman	T. Haweis. Arranged by S. Webbe	C.M.
Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of Creation	201	Hast du denn Liebster	J. Neander. Tr. by C. Winkworth and others	Stralsund Gesangbuch	14.14.478
Pray, pray	202	Braint	Rev. G. R. Woodward	Welsh Melody	2.8888.44
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	203	Cassel	J. Newton	From Erbaulicher Musikalischer Christen-Schatz, 1745	77.77.77
Rejoice! from east to west	204	Glan Geirionydd	Rev. G. R. Woodward	Old Welsh	Irreg.
Rejoice, O land, in God thy might	205	Wareham	Yattendon Hymnal, No. 54	C. Knapp	L.M.
Rejoice, the Lord is king	206	Gopsal	C. Wesley	G. F. Handel	66.66.88
Rejoice to-day	207	Ein feste Burg	H. W. Baker	M. Luther. Harm. by J. S. Bach	87.87.6666.7
Rejoice, ye pure in heart	208	Ich halte treulich still	E. H. Plumptre	Attributed to J. S. Bach	D.S.M.
Ride on! ride on in majesty	209	Von Himmel hoch (Erfurt)	H. H. Milman	Geistliche Lieder, 1539	L.M.
Rise, my soul, to watch and pray	210	Straf' mich nicht	J. B. Freystein. Tr. by C. Winkworth	From Hundert Arien, Dresden, 1694	76.76.33.66
Rock of ages, cleft for me	211	Petra (or Redhead No. 76)	A. M. Toplady	R. Redhead	77.77.77
Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise	212	Ellingham	J. Ellerton	S. S. Wesley	10.10.10.10
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph	213	Ebenezer (Ton-y-Botel)	C. Wordsworth	Welsh Melody	87.87.D
Shepherd divine, our wants relieve	214	Wigton	C. Wesley	Scottish Psalter	C.M.

First Line of Hymn	No.	Name of Tune	Author or Source	Composer or Source	Metre
Shine on our souls, eternal God	215	Gräfenberg	P. Doddridge	J. Crüger	C.M.
Sing praise to God who reigns above	216	Es ist das Heil	F. E. Cox. From J. J. Schütz	Miltenburg Processionale	87.87.88.7
Sleepers, wake	217	Wachet auf	P. Nicolai. Tr. by C. Winkworth	P. Nicolai. Harm. by J. S. Bach	898.898.664 88
Soldiers of Christ, arise	218	Narenza	C. Wesley	From the German, by W. H. Havergal	S.M.
Soldiers, who are Christ's below	219	Orientis Partibus	J. H. Clark	Attributed to Pierre de Corbeil	7777
Son of God, eternal Saviour	220	Werde munter	S. C. Lowry	J. S. Bach	87.87.87.87
Songs of praise the angels sang	221	Culbach	J. Montgomery	Heilige Seelenlust, 1652	7777
Spirit of mercy, truth and love	222	Melcombe	Foundling Hospital Collection, 1774	S. Webbe	L.M.
Stand up and bless the Lord	223	Narenza	J. Montgomery	From the German, by W. H. Havergal	S.M.
Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright	224	Trisagion	St Joseph the Hymnographer. Tr. by J. M. Neale	H. Smart	10.10.10.10
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear	225	Winscott	J. Keble	S. S. Wesley	L.M.
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	226	Ringe recht (Batty)	Adapted from James Allen	Moravian Melody	87.87
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said	227	Breslau	C. W. Everest	C. Gall, As Hymnodus Sacer, Leipsic, 1625	L.M.
Ten thousand times ten thousand	228	Komm, Seele	H. Alford	J. W. Franck	76.86.D
That day of wrath, that dreadful day	229	Yattendon 36	From the Latin. Tr. by Sir W. Scott	T. Campion	L.M.
The advent of our King	230	Franconia	C. Coffin. Tr. by J. Chandler	J. B. König. Adapted by W. H. Havergal	S.M.
The Church's one foundation	231	Aurelia	S. J. Stone	S. S. Wesley	76.76.D
The day of resurrection	232	Komm, Seele	St John Damascene. Tr. by J. M. Neale	J. W. Franck	76.76.D
The day, O Lord, is spent	233	Selma	J. M. Neale	Traditional Melody of Arras. Adapted by R. A. Smith	S. M.
The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended	234	Lève le cœur	J. Ellerton	L. Bourgeois	98.98

First Line of Hymn	No.	Name of Tune	Author or Source	Composer or Source	Metre
The duteous day now closeth	235	Innsbruck	Yattendon Hymnal, No. 83	H. Isaac	776.778
The God of Abraham praise	236	Leoni	T. Olivers	Jewish Melody	66.84.D
The God of love my Shepherd is	237	St Paul's	George Herbert	J. Clarke	C.M.
The head that once was crown'd with thorns	238	Tye	T. Kelly	From Christopher Tye	D.C.M.
The King of love	239	Puer nobis nascitur	H. W. Baker	Adapted from Puer Nobis Nascitur	87.87.
The heavenly child in stature grows	240	Tallis' ordinal	From J. B. de Santeüil. Tr. by J. Chandler and others	T. Tallis	C.M.
The light of the morning is breaking	241	Crugybar	H. Elvet Lewis	Welsh Melody	98.98.D
The Lord ascendeth upon high	242	Nun freut euch	A. T. Russell	Wittenburg Gesangbuch. Harmonized by J. S. Bach	87.87.887
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	243	Yarmouth	J. Addison	H. Carey	88.88.88
The Lord of life and breath	244	Llandowror	From the Greek. Tr. by Rev. G. R. Woodward	Welsh Melody	664.6664
The Lord of might from Sinai's brow	245	Nun freut euch	R. Heber	Klug's Gesangbuch, 1535	87.87.887
The people that in darkness sat	246	Dundee	J. Morison	Scottish Psalter	C.M.
The royal banners forward go	247	Winchester New	Venantius Fortunatus. Tr. by J. M. Neale and others	Musikalische Handbuch, Hamburg, 1690	L.M.
The spacious firmament on high	248	Addison's	J. Addison	Sacred Harmony, 1780	8888.8888
The sun is sinking fast	249	St Columba	XVIIIth Cent. Tr. by E. Caswall	H. S. Irons	64.66
Thee will I love, my God and King	250	Old 138th	Yattendon Hymnal No. 99	Adapted (perhaps from Marot)	89.89.D
There is a blessèd home	251	Annue Christe	H. W. Baker	La Feillée. Méthode du plain-chant, 1782	6.6.6.6.D
There is a book, who runs may read	252	Lincoln	J. Keble	T. Ravenscroft	C.M.
There is a green hill	253	Horsley	C. F. Alexander	W. Horsley	C.M.
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	254	St Matthew	E. H. Plumptre	W. Croft	D.C.M.

First Line of Hymn	No.	Name of Tune	Author or Source	Composer or Source	Metre
Thou art the way	255	Windsor	G. W. Doane	Este's Whole Book of Psalms, 1592	C.M.
Thou hidden love of God, whose height	256	Vater unser	J. Wesley	From M. Luther	88.88.88
Thou Judge of quick and dead	257	St Bride	C. Wesley	S. Howard	S.M.
Thou to whom the sick and dying	258	St Leonard	G. Thring	J. S. Bach	87.87.77
Throned upon the awful Tree	259	Aus tiefer Not	J. Ellerton	Walther's Gesangbüchlein. Adapted by C. Steggall	77.77.77
Through all the changing scenes of life	260	Wiltshire	Tate and Brady	G. Smart	C.M.
Through the day thy love hath spared us	261	Dretzel	T. Kelly	From C. H. Dretzel	87.87.77
To-day we sing the story	262	Twrgwyn	G. R. Woodward	Old Welsh Melody	7673.777.673
To the name of our salvation	263	Oriel	From the Latin. Tr. by J. M. Neale	C. Ett. Cantica Sacra	87.87.87
Try us, O God	264	York (Stilt)	C. Wesley	Scottish Psalter	C.M.
Thy work on earth, O Christ, is done	265	Illsley	C. Coffin. Tr. by R. Campbell	John Bishop	L.M.
Unto thee my heart is sighing	266	Marot	Yattendon Hymnal, No. 58	L. Bourgeois	88.77.D
Wake! wake!	267	Dorcas	G. R. Woodward	David John James, Penrhyndendraeth, 1733–1821	288.44.844
We are heard	268	Gwahoddiad	W. J. Blew and G. R. Woodward	Welsh Melody	87.87.67
We plough the fields and scatter	269	Wir pflügen	M. Claudius. Tr. by J. M. Campbell	Attributed to J. P. Schultz	76.76.D with refrain
We pray thee, heavenly Father	270	Meirionydd	V. S. S. Coles	Welsh Melody	76.76.D
When God of old came down from heaven	271	Winchester Old	J. Keble	G. Kirby, in T. Este's Whole Book of Psalms 1592	C.M.
When I survey the wondrous Cross	272	Rockingham	Isaac Watts	E. Miller	L.M.
Where high the heavenly temple stands	273	Wareham	M. Bruce	W. Knapp	L.M.

First Line of Hymn	No.	Name of Tune	Author or Source	Composer or Source	Metre
Wherefore, faint and fearful ever	274	Calfari	T. H. Gill	S. Stanley	87.87.47
While shepherds watched	275	Winchester Old	N. Tate	G. Kirby, in T. Este's Whole Book of Psalms, 1592	C.M.
Who are these like stars appearing?	276	Zeuch mich	H. T. Schenk. Tr. by Frances E. Cox	Darmstadter Gesangbuch, 1698	87.87.77
Who is this so weak and helpless?	277	Eifionydd	W. W. How	Welsh Melody	87.87.D
With trembling awe	278	Nun freut euch	W. W. How	Klug's Gesangbuch, 1535	87.87.887
Ye choirs of New Jerusalem	279	St Fulbert	St Fulbert. Tr. by R. Campbell	H. J. Gauntlett	C.M.
Ye servants of the Lord	280	Narenza	P. Doddridge	From the German, by W. H. Havergal	S.M.

ANTHEMS

First Line of Anthem	No.	Name	Author or Source	Composer or Source
All glory, laud, and honour	1		From the Latin. Tr. by J. M. Neale	J. S. Bach, from Cantata No. 95, 'Christus der ist mein Leben'
Awake, thou wintry earth	2		The Church Music Society	J. S. Bach, from Cantata No. 129, 'Gelobet sei der Herr'
Christe qui lux es et dies	10	O Christ, who art the light and day. (Compline hymn for five voices)	Edited with an English text by R. R. Terry	William Byrd
Come, Holy Ghost	3		From the Latin. Tr. by J. Cosin	T. Attwood
Come, Holy Ghost	4	Veni Creator (L.M.)	From the Latin. Tr. by J. Cosin	Attributed to T. Tallis
Jesu, joy of man's desiring	5		The Church Music Society	J. S. Bach, from Cantata No. 147, 'Herz und Mund und That und Leben'
Hail, true Body, born of Mary (Ave, Ave verum Corpus)	6	Ave verum	14th Cent. Tr. by H. N. Oxenham	W. A. Mozart
Lead, kindly Light	7	Yattendon 11	J. H. Newman	H. E. Wooldridge
Mine abode may Syon be	8	Now, O now, I needs must part	G. R. Woodward	From J. Dowland
My soul, now praise thy Maker	9		J. Graumann. Tr. by C. Winkworth	J. S. Bach, Chorale from Cantata No. 29, 'Wir danken dir'
O Lord, the maker of all thing	11	Edited from a Christ Church MS (by permission of the Dean and Chapter) by R. R. Terry	The Primer of 1545	Attributed to William Mundy (formerly to Henry VIII)
O thou sweetest source of gladness	12	Liebster Gott, wann werd' ich sterben	P. Gerhardt. Tr. by J. C. Jacobi	J. S. Bach
Rejoice, O land	13	Tallis' canon, full version	Yattendon Hymnal	T. Tallis

First Line of Anthem	No.	Name	Author or Source	Composer or Source
Sing praise to God	14	Es ist das Heil uns kommen her	J. J. Schütz. Tr. by F. E. Cox	Chorale from 'Liedern Wittenburg, 1524. Harm. by Brahms, 1864
The heavens declare the Creator's glory	16	Die Ehre Gottes	C. F. Gellert. Tr. University of Wales	L. van Beethoven
Thou Judge of quick and dead	17		C. Wesley	S. S. Wesley
Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace	18		Isaiah xxvi, 3, etc	S. S. Wesley. Edited by R. R. Terry
Wake, awake, for night is flying	15	Chorale from 'Sleepers, wake'	Tr. by Catherine Winkworth	J. S. Bach
When strength one day shall fail me	19	Mein G'mut ist mir verwirret	Rev. G. R. Woodward	J. S. Bach, from the St Matthew Passion
While yet the morn is breaking	20		The Church Music Society	J. S. Bach. Chorale from Cantata No. 41. 'Jesu nun sei gepreiset'

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Davies
Hymns of Western Europe

JAN 8 '80
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FEB 24 '86
APR 4 '88
JUN 4 '88
JUN 6 '88
APR 8 1843
JUN 26 1950

JAN 22 '90
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